

SMASH

10¢

OCTOBER
No. 73

COMICS

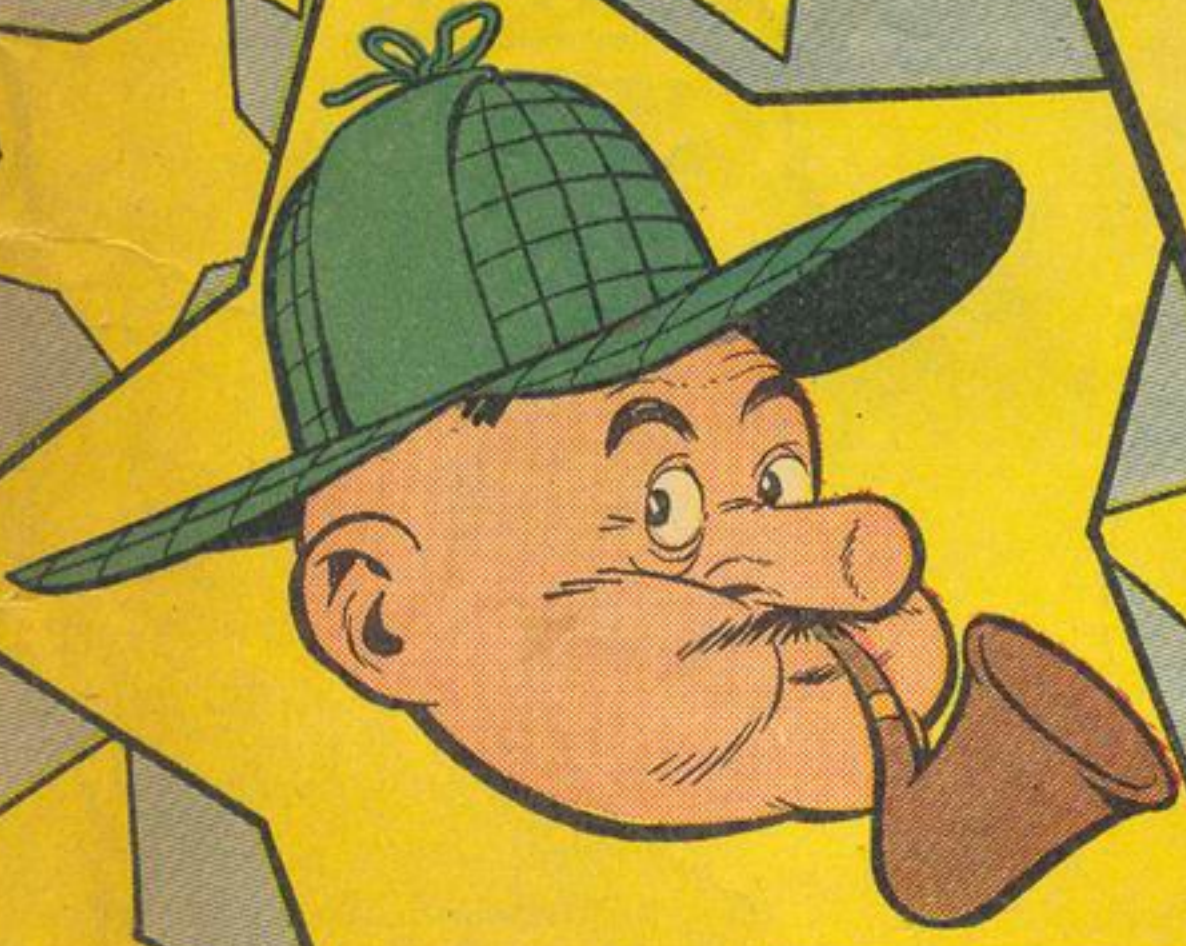
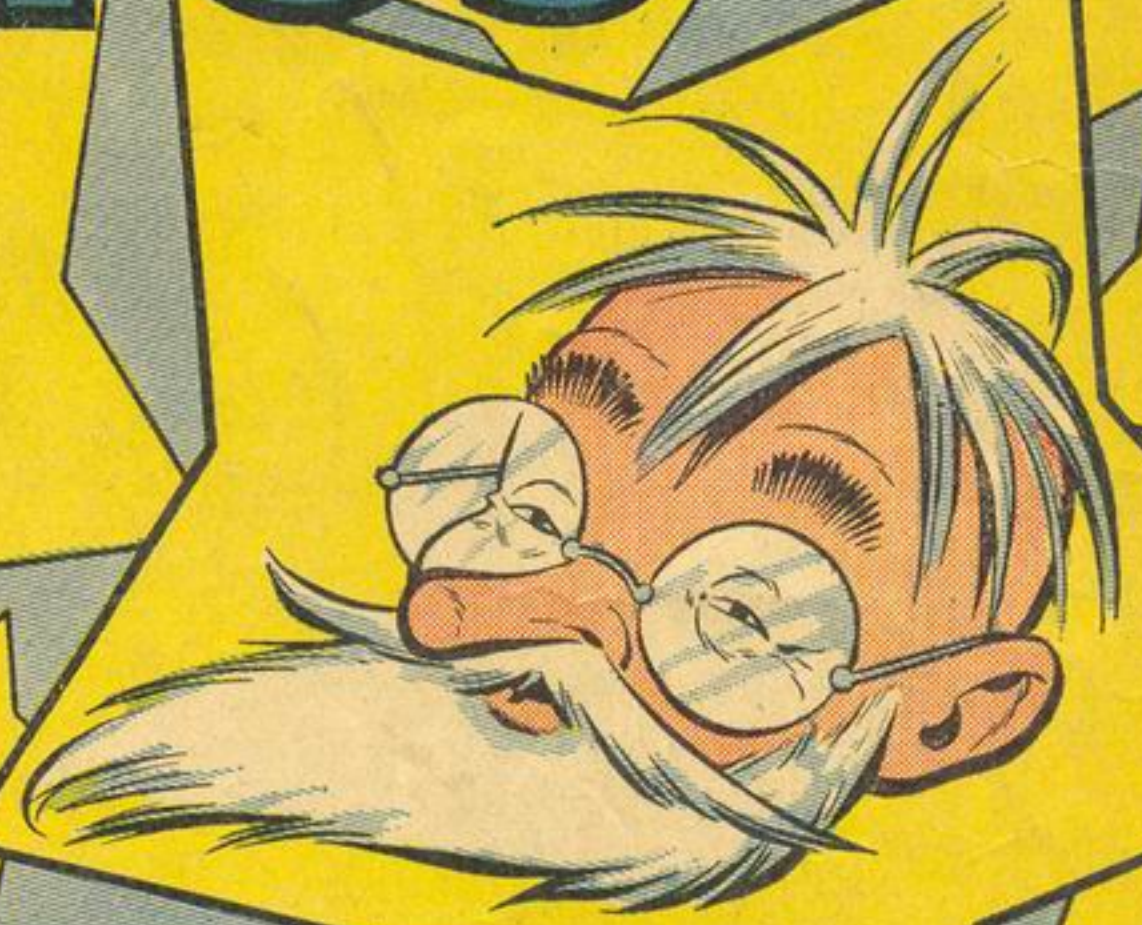
SM
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10
QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

MIDNIGHT

stars as a

**CRIME-
BUSTER!**

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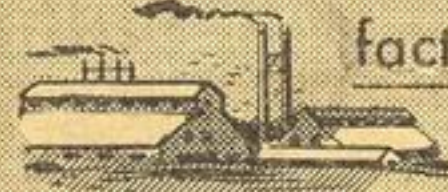


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF PARENTS, PRESENT AND FUTURE AIR RIFLE OWNERS AND THE PUBLIC

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes  factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you... and  should!  Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

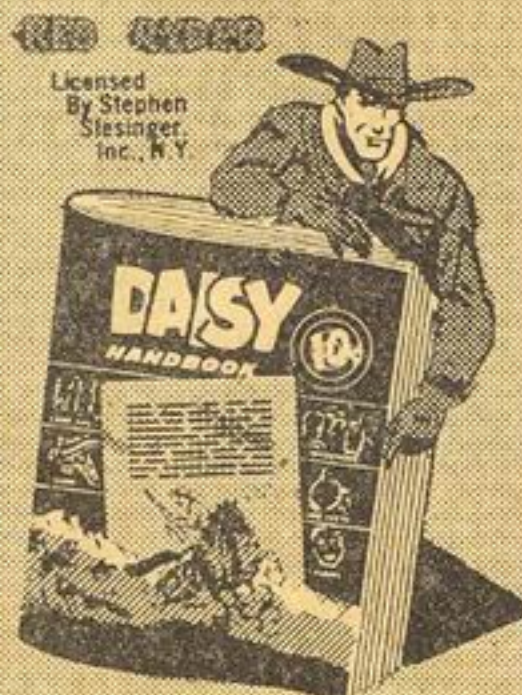


MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

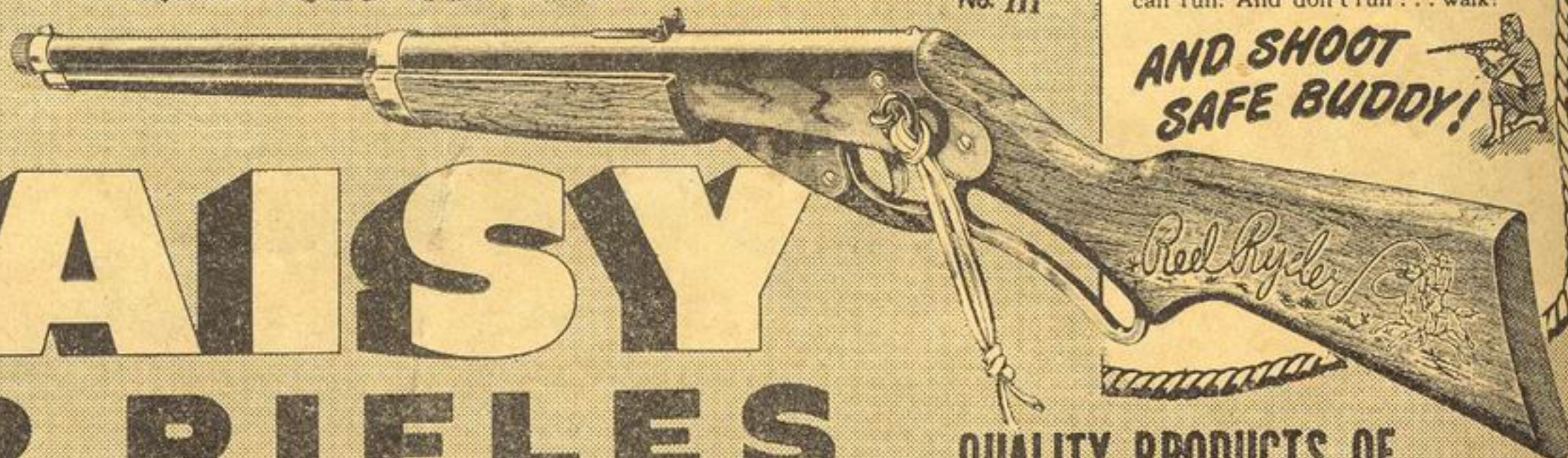
Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE

MODEL No. III



DAISY

AIR RIFLES

... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

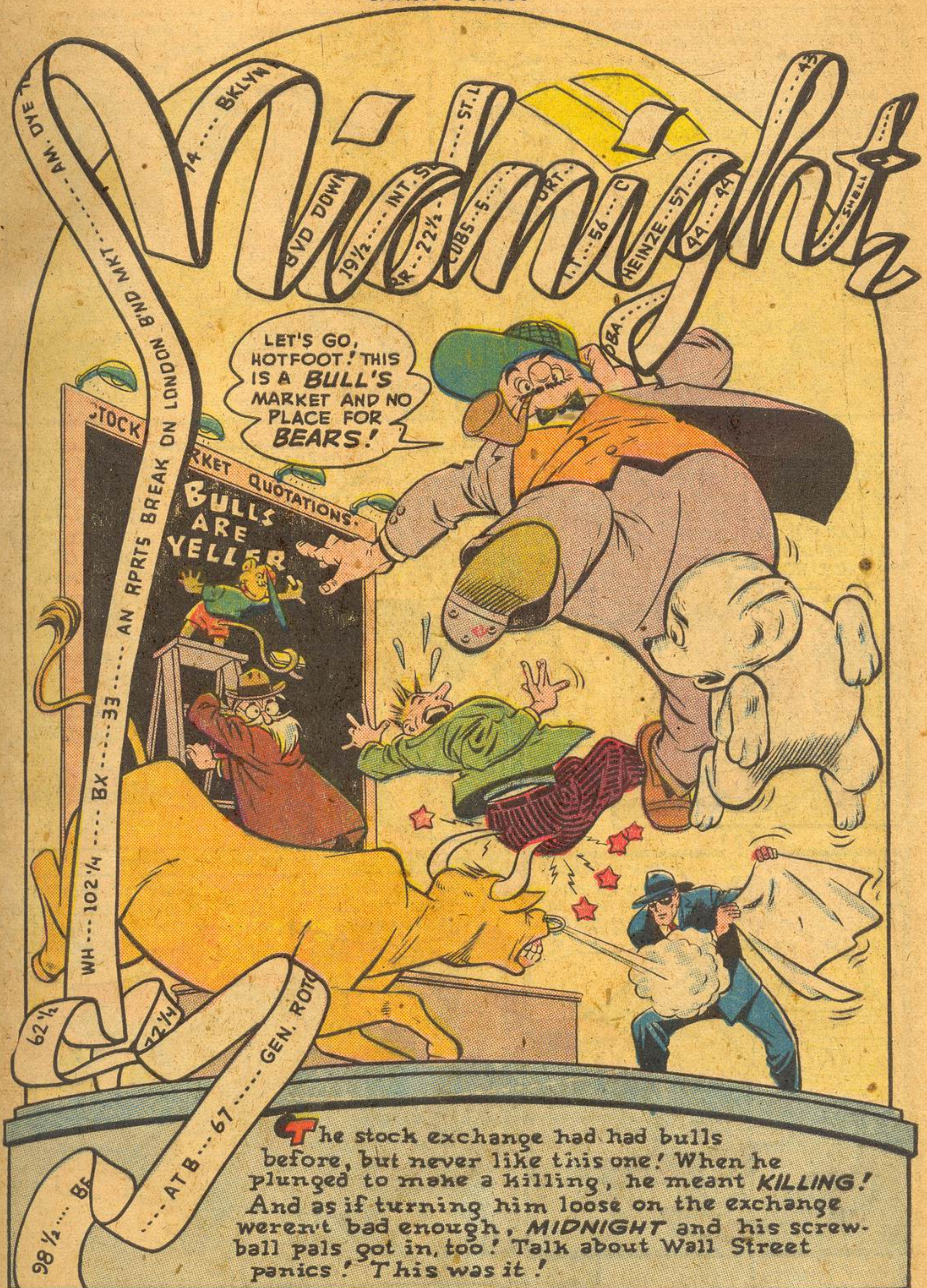
CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!



AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!





The stock exchange had had bulls before, but never like this one! When he plunged to make a killing, he meant **KILLING!** And as if turning him loose on the exchange weren't bad enough, **MIDNIGHT** and his screwball pals got in, too! Talk about Wall Street panics! This was it!

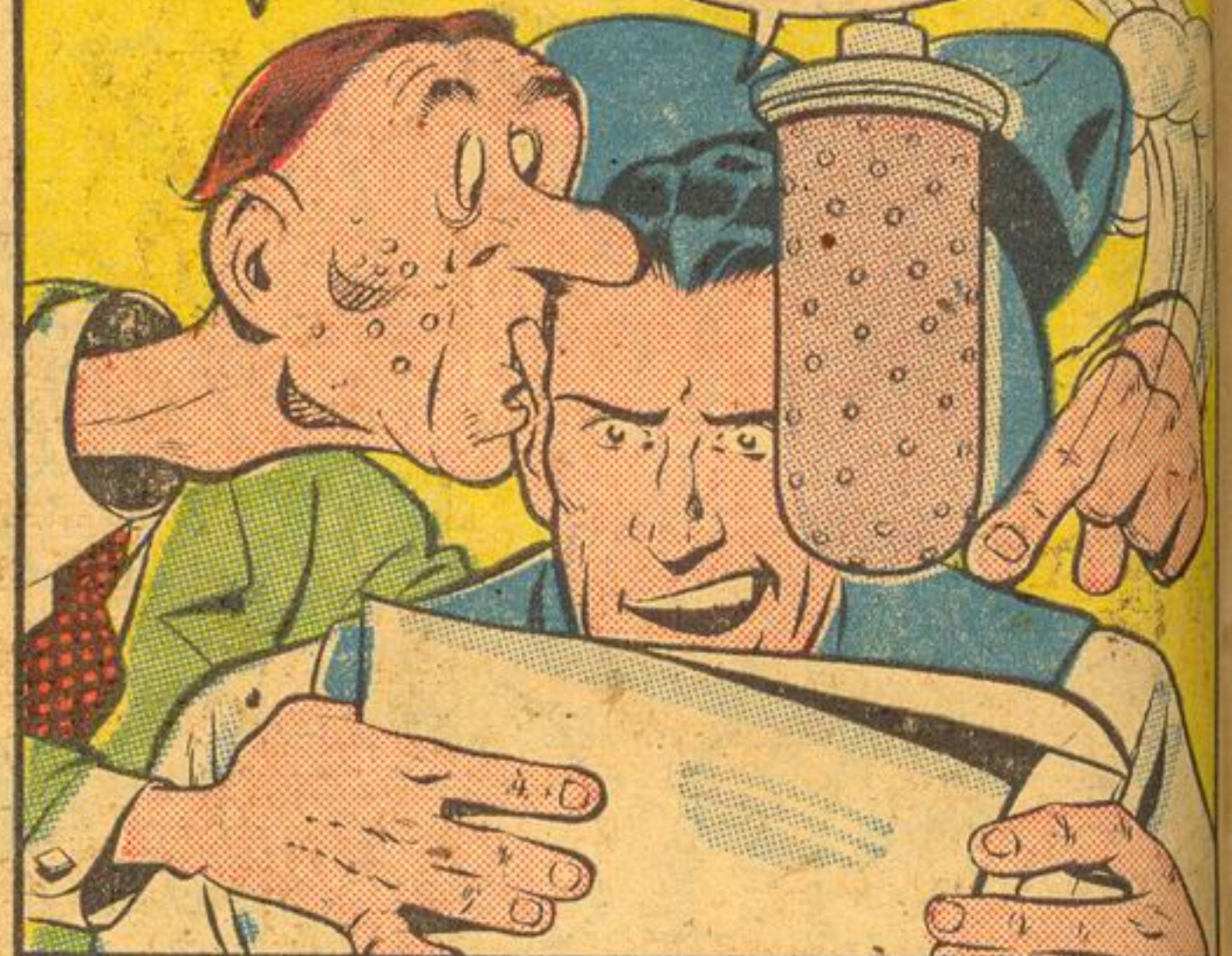
Dave Clark, Radio announcer, does a routine news broadcast...

AND NOW FOR THE STOCK MARKET REPORTS! INTERNATIONAL SALAMI, SEVEN AND THREE QUARTERS... CONSOLIDATED SAWDUST, SIXTEEN AND A HALF...



THIS BULLETIN'S HOT!

A BULLETIN HAS JUST BEEN HANDED ME!

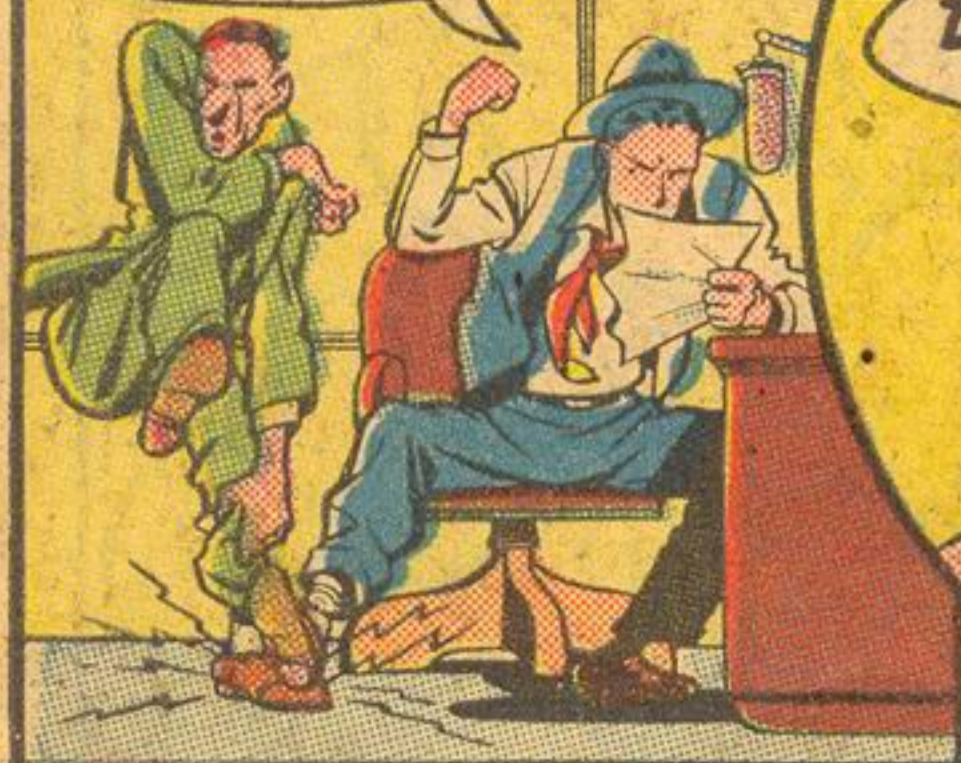


EXCUSE ME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I GUESS THIS IS SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A GAG! IT SAYS A WILD BULL IS LOOSE IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE!

HA! HA! BULL---STOCK EXCHANGE! GET IT? A BULL ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS AN INVESTOR WHO BUYS TO FORCE STOCK PRICES UP! WELL, MAYBE ONE OF THEM DID GO WILD!

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE! STILL THINK IT'S A GAG?

J.B. FRISBY OF FRISBY AND COMPANY GORED BY THE BULL ON THE FLOOR OF THE EXCHANGE!



Dave Clark changes to MIDNIGHT and....

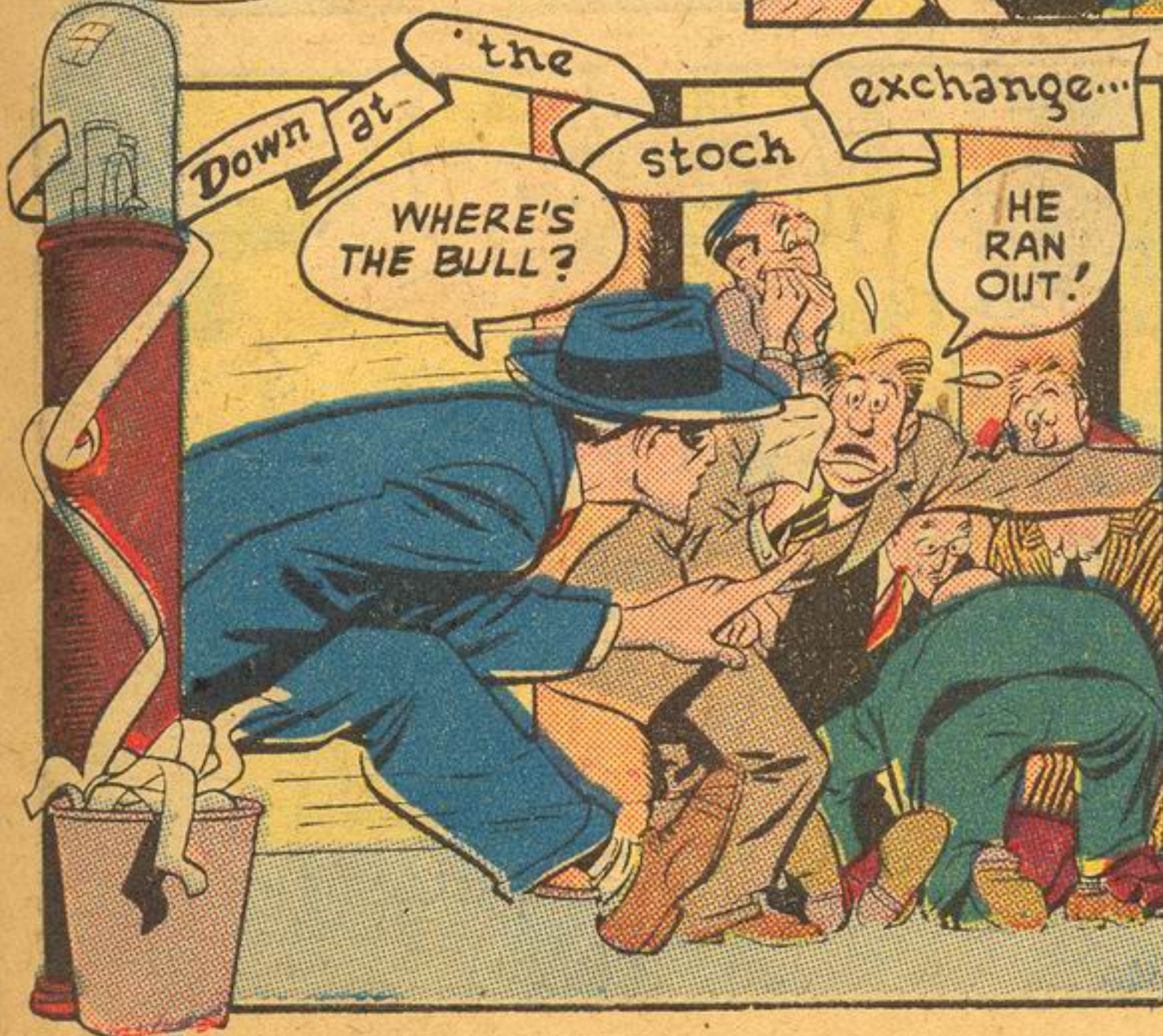
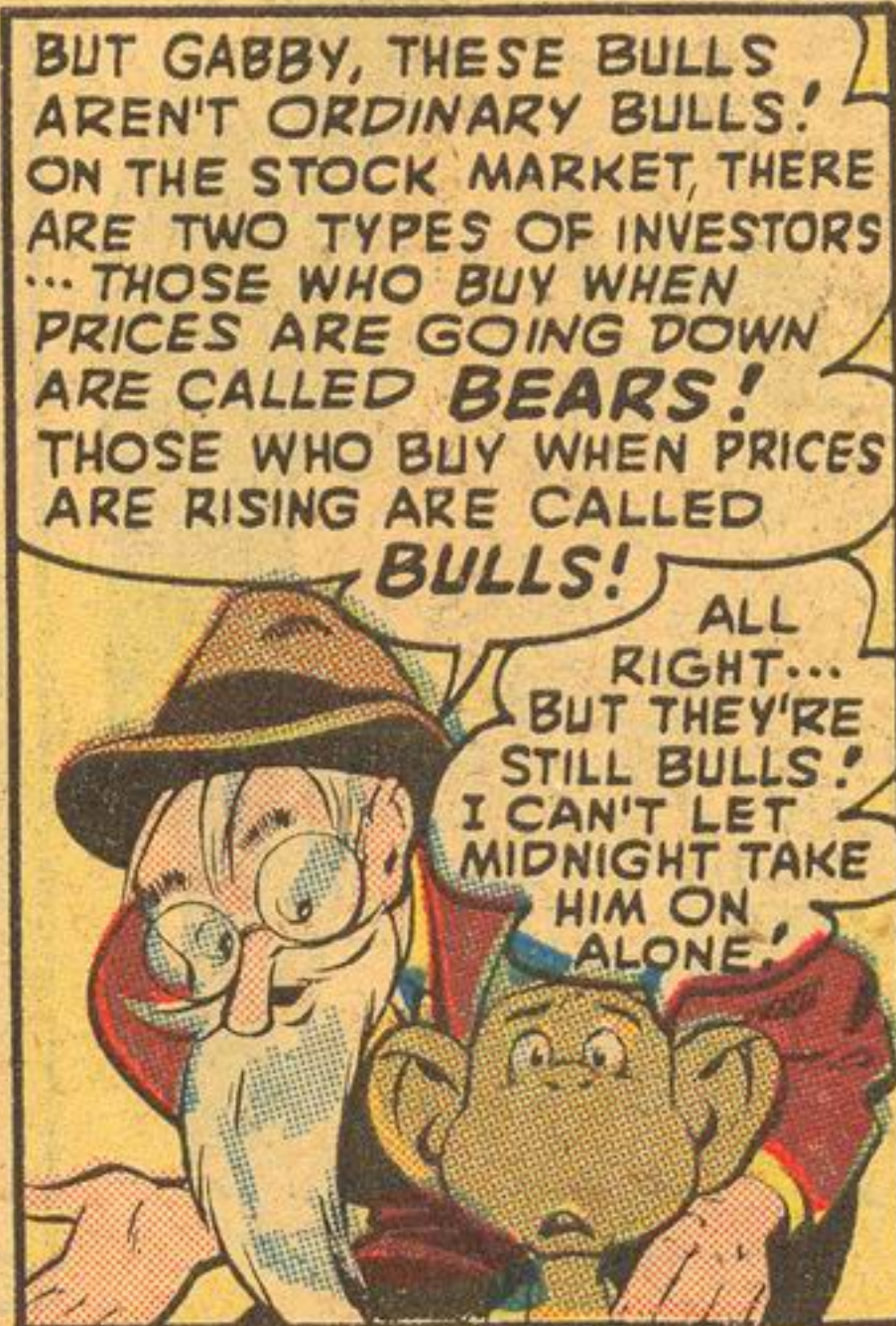
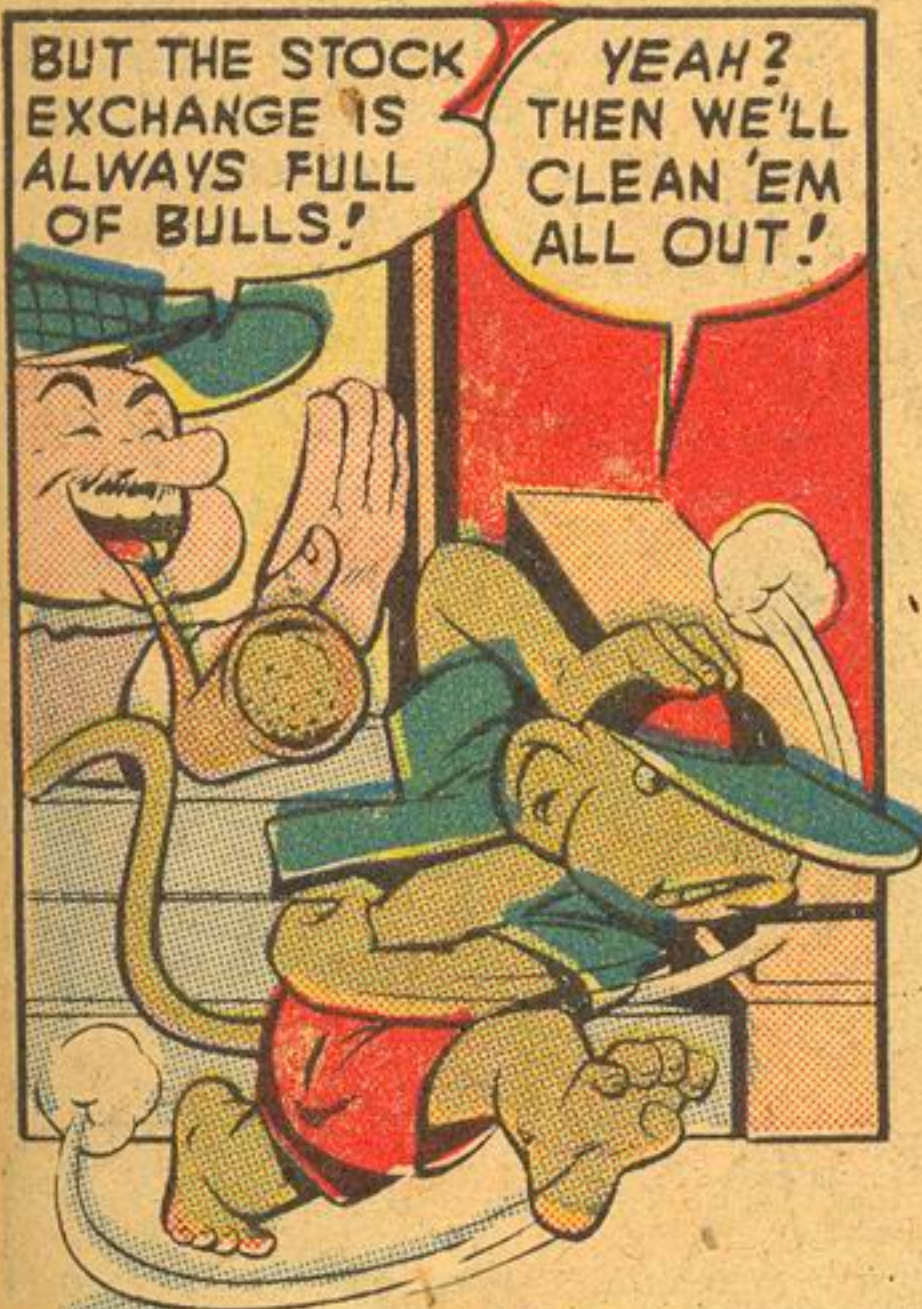
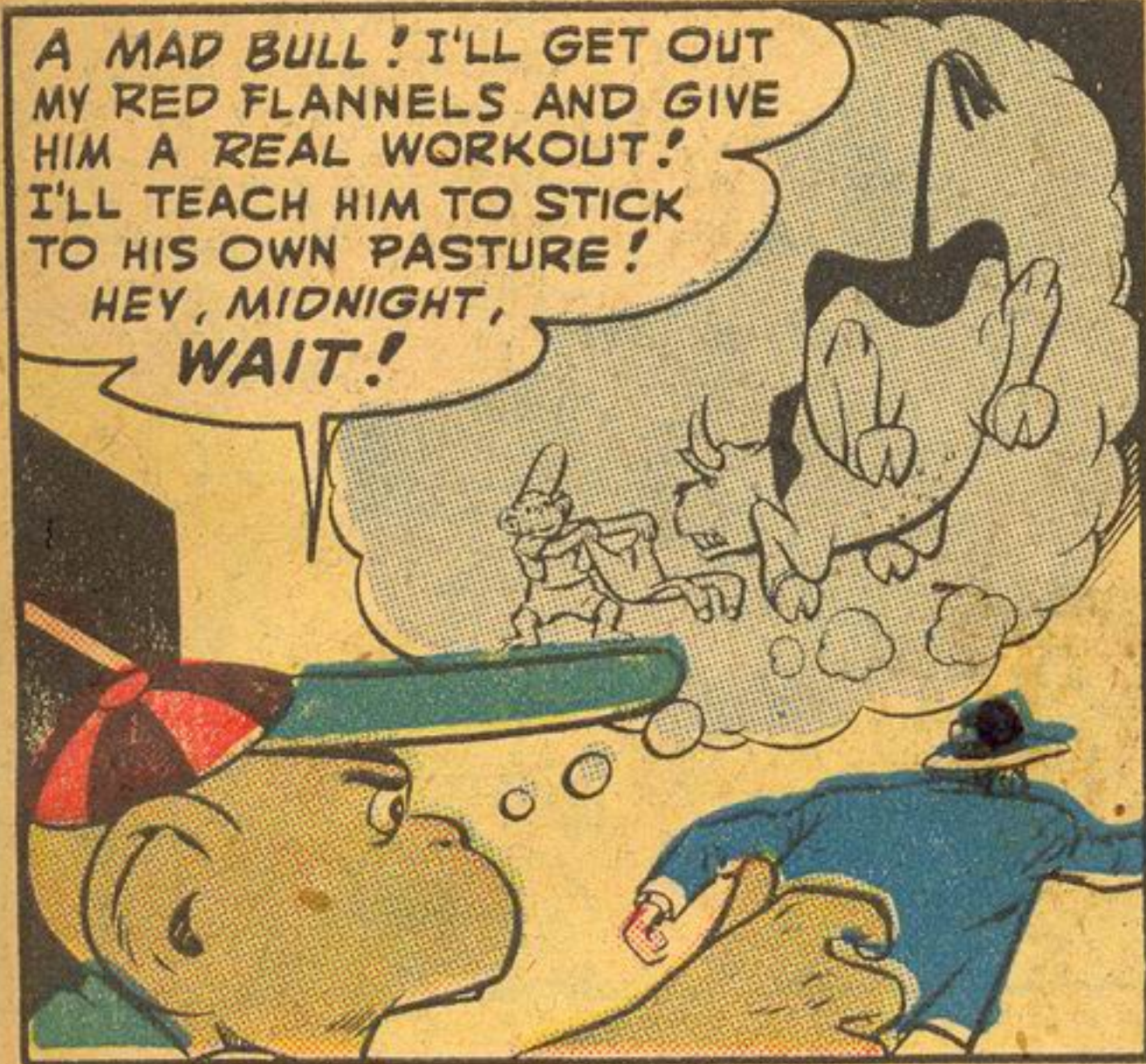
TAKE OVER! I'M GOING TO BE BUSY!

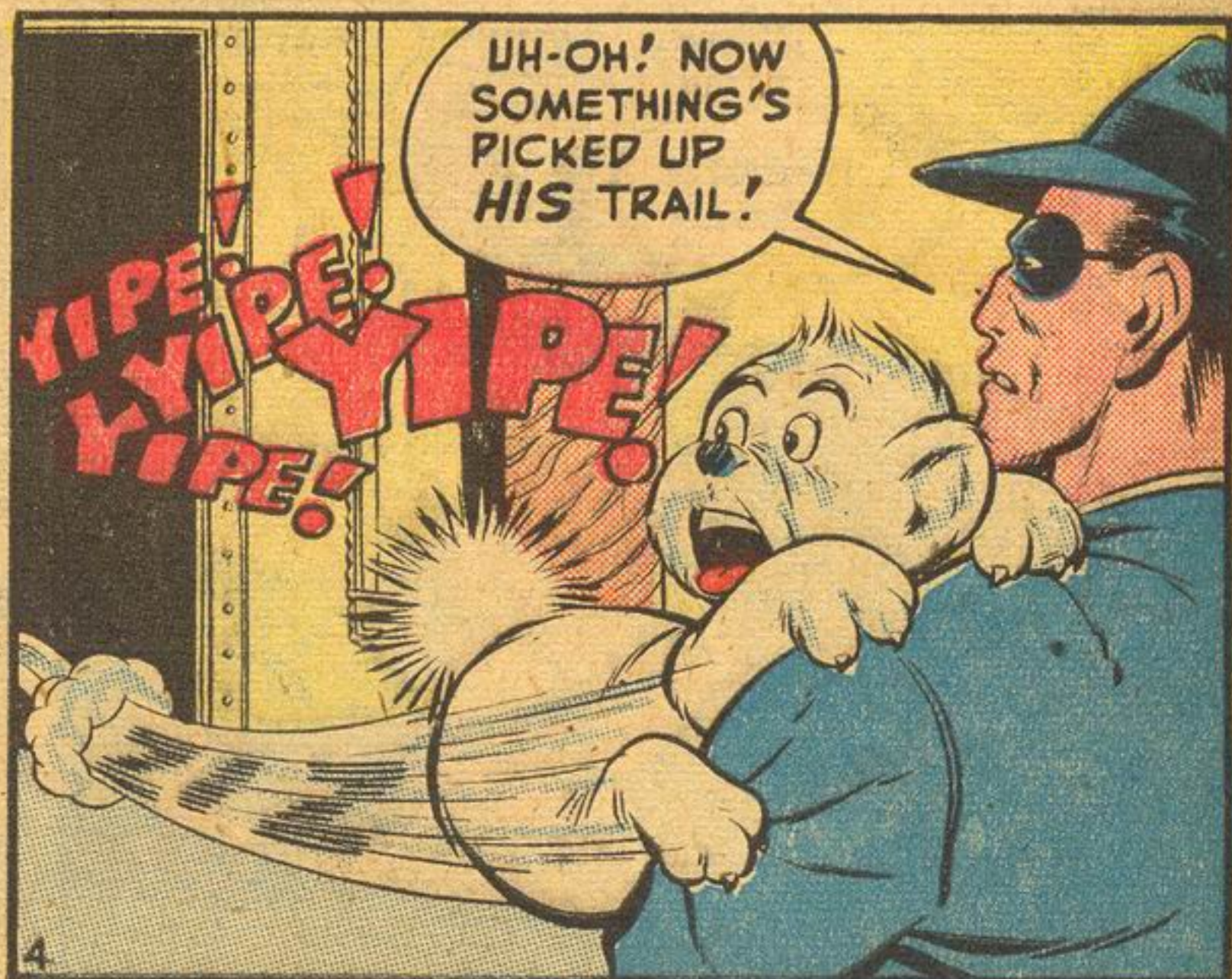
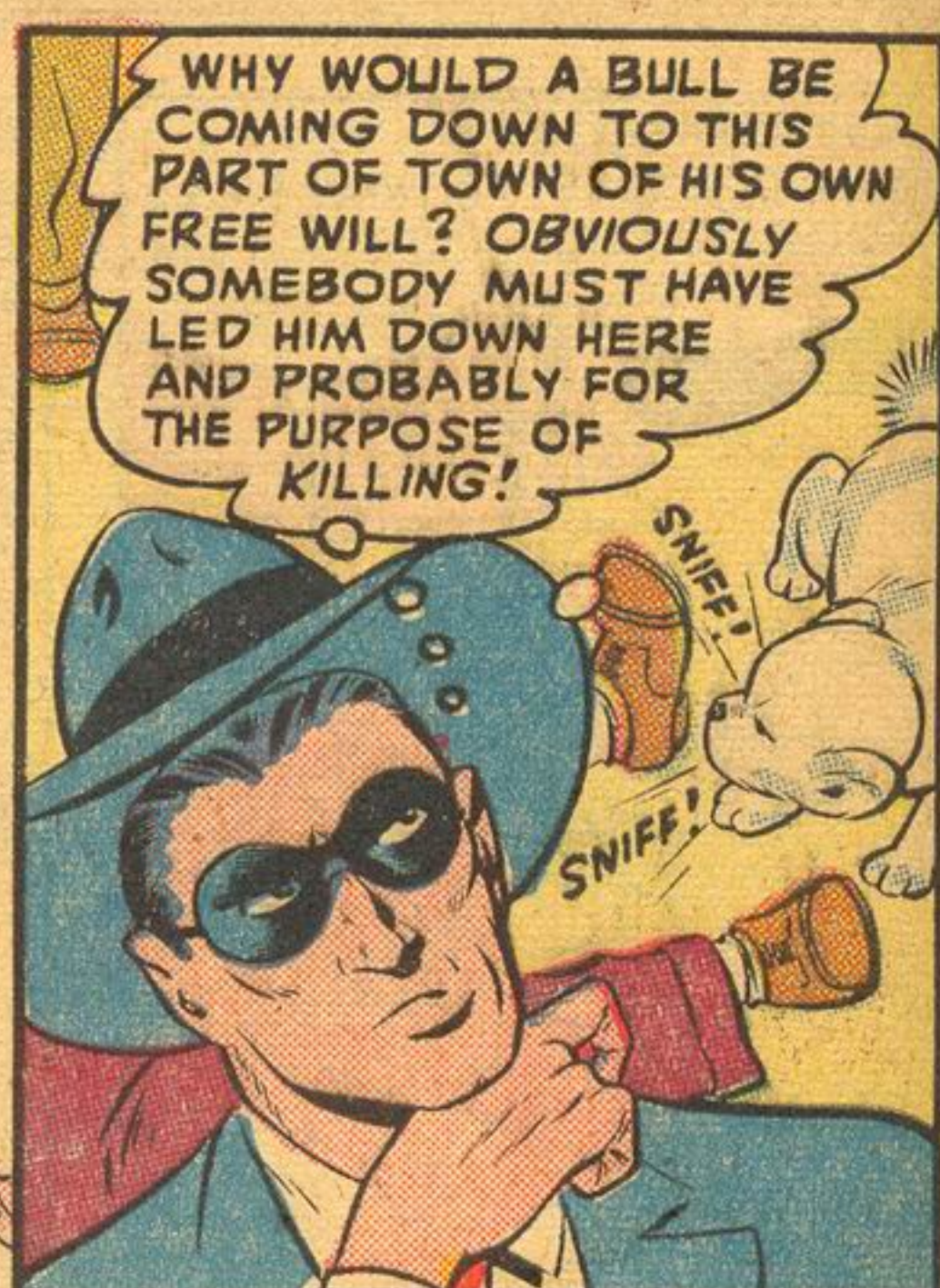
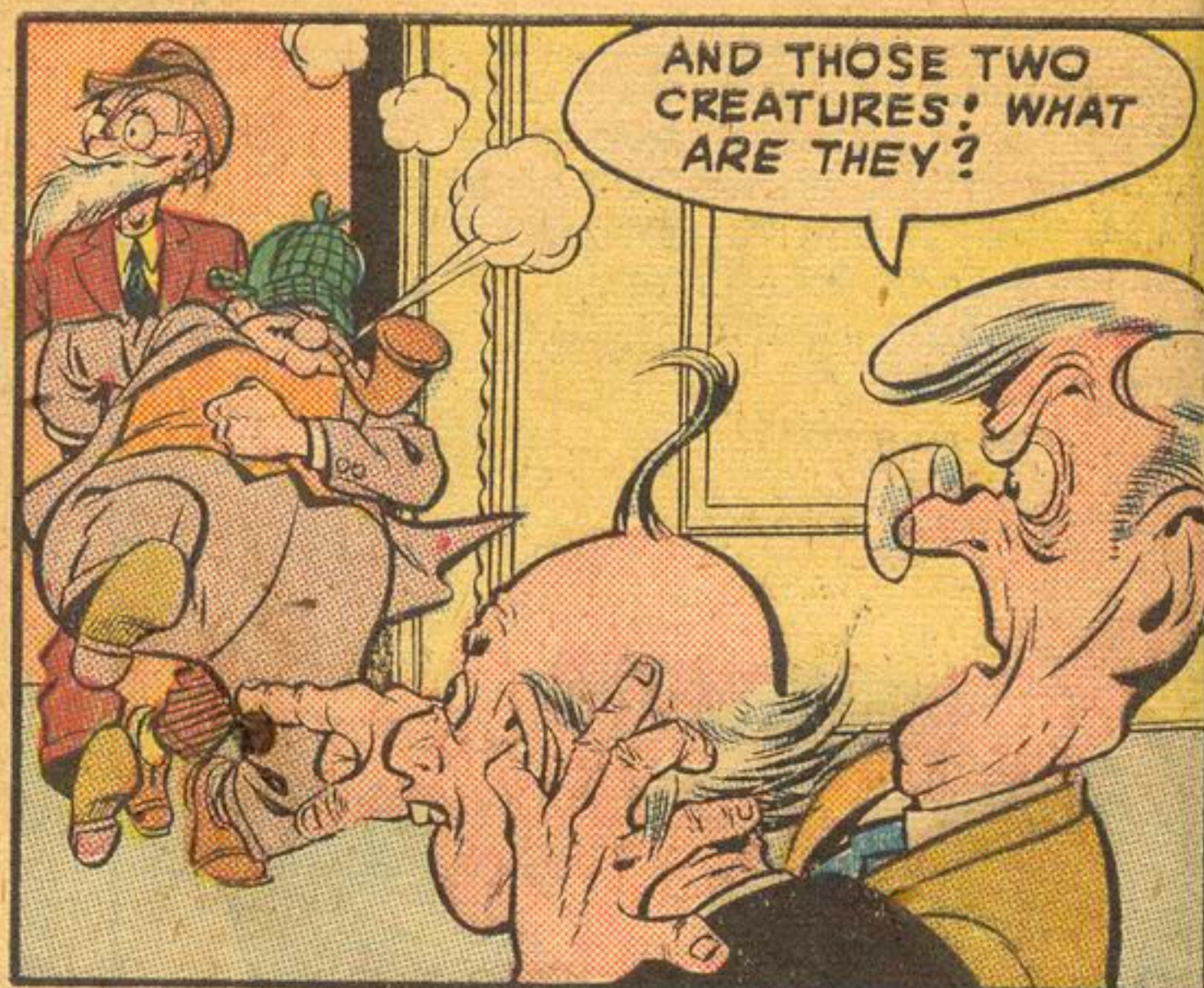
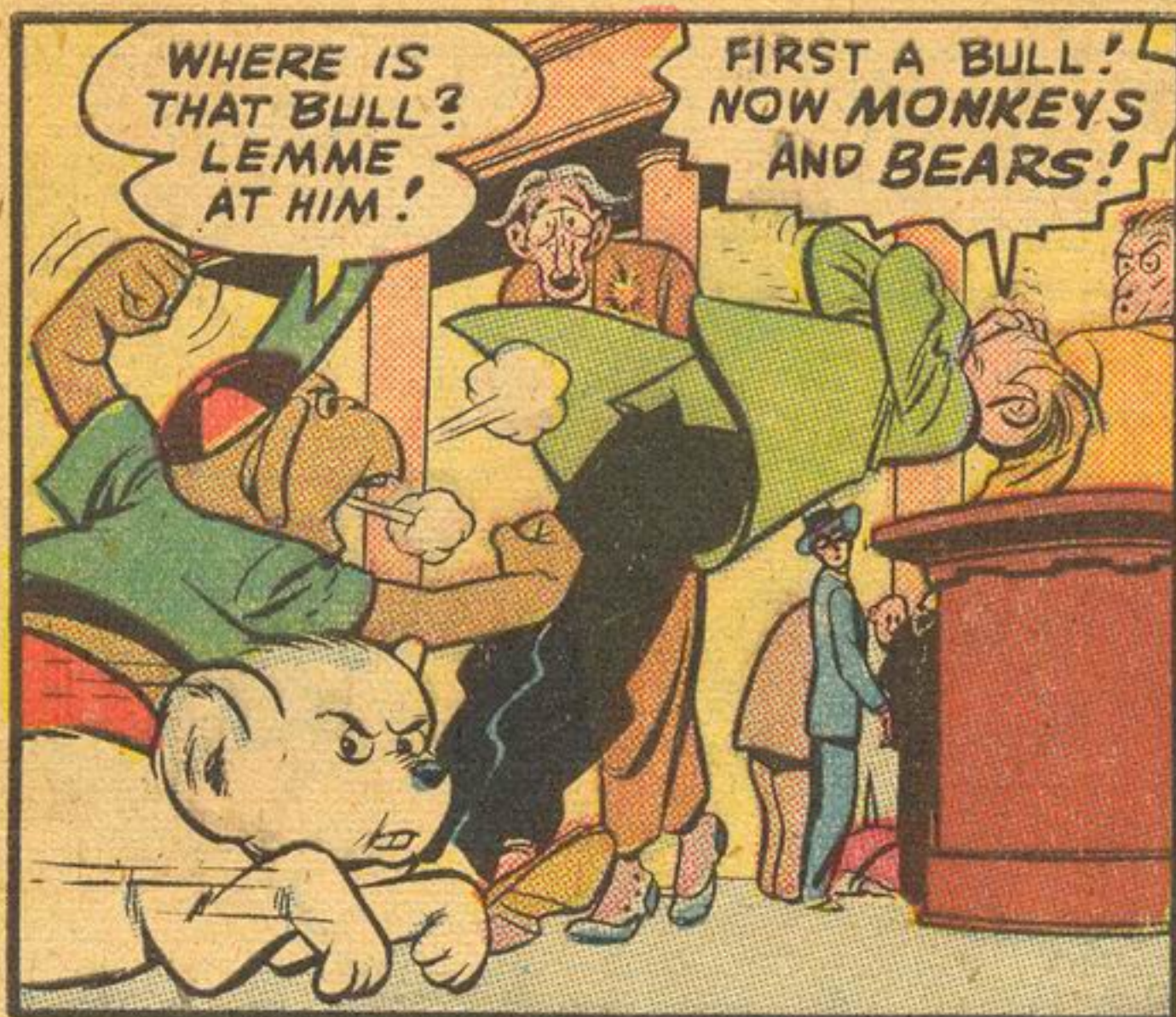
HEY MIDNIGHT! SOMETHING COOKING?

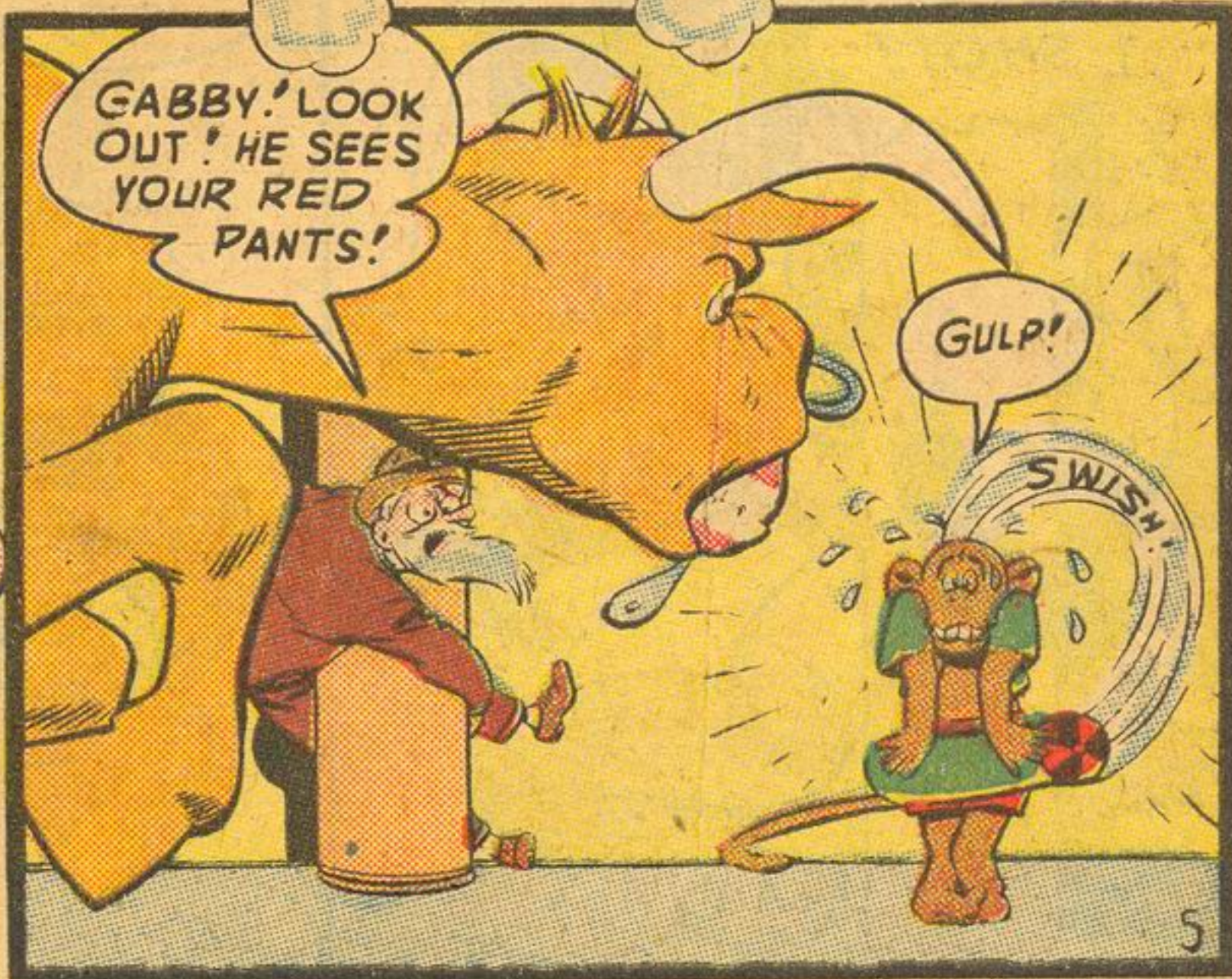
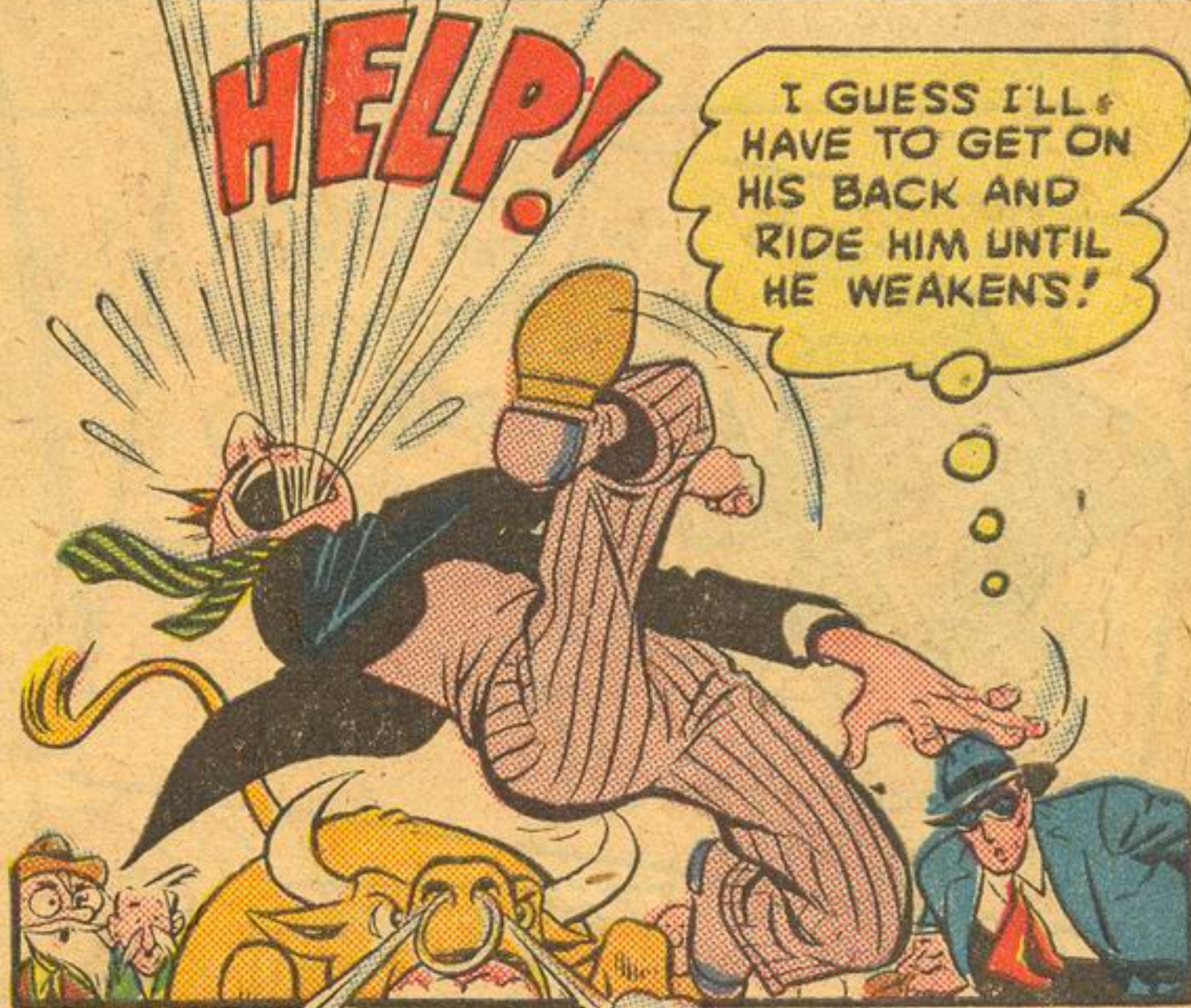
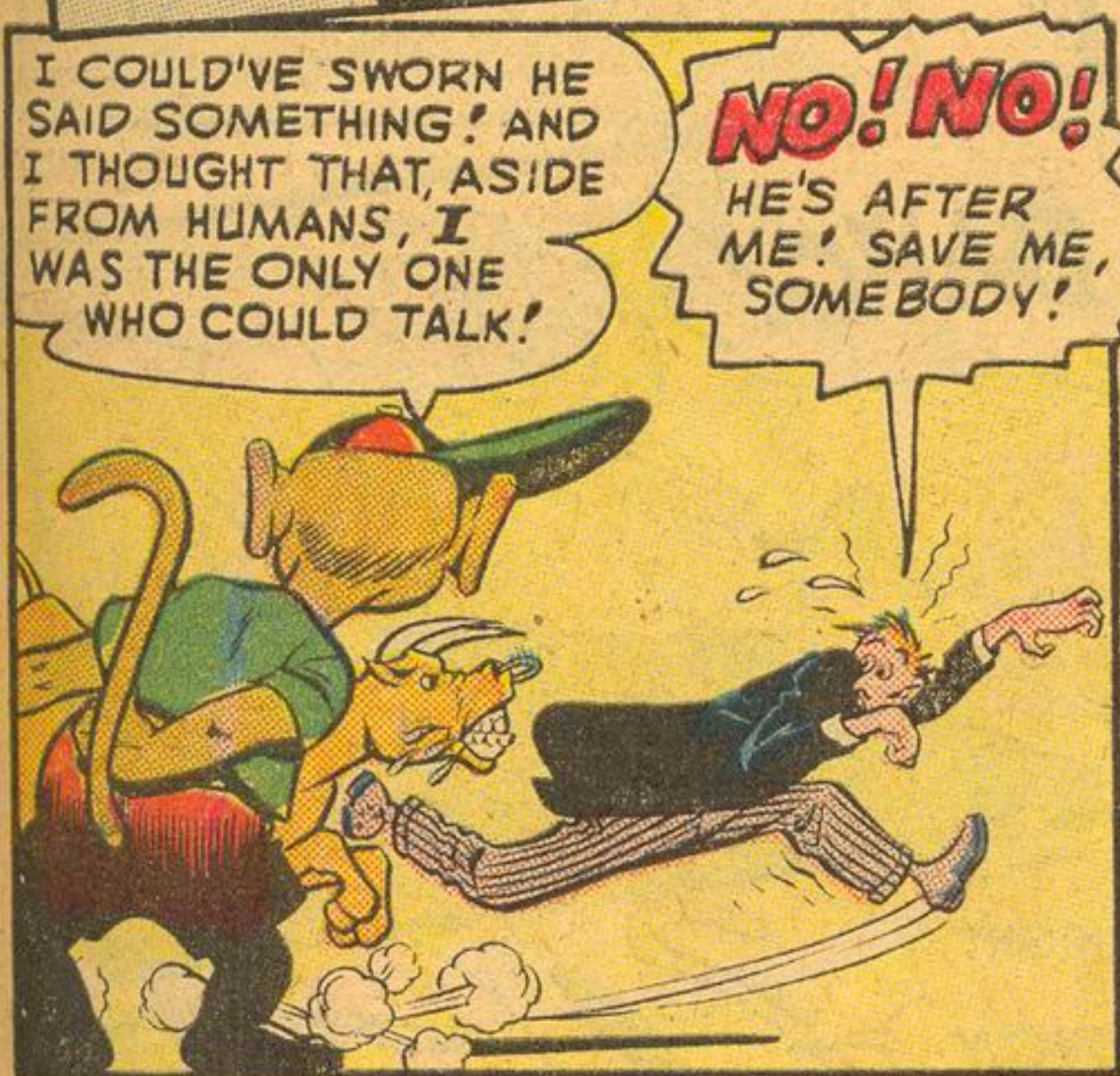
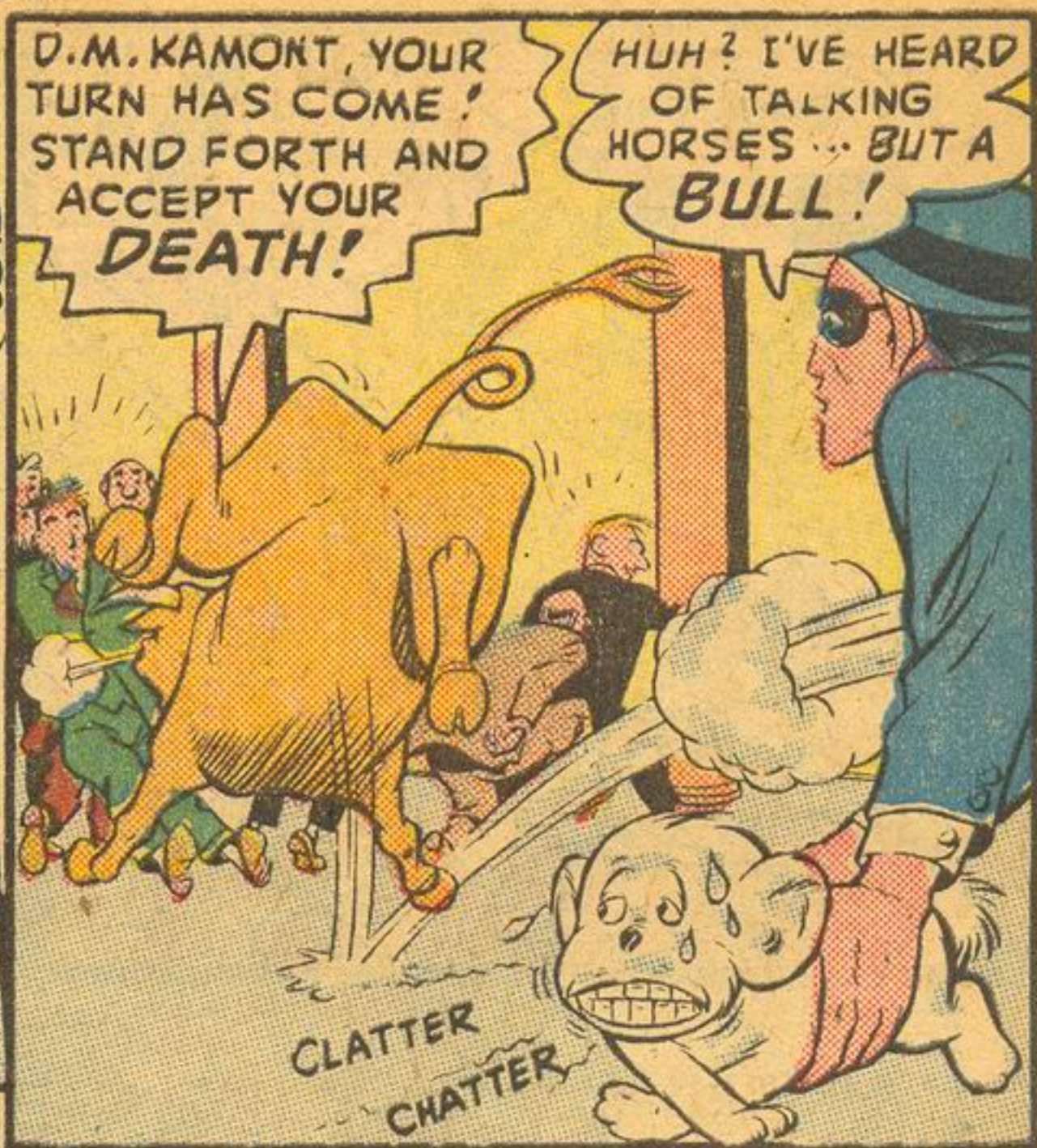
RADIO STATION XYZ

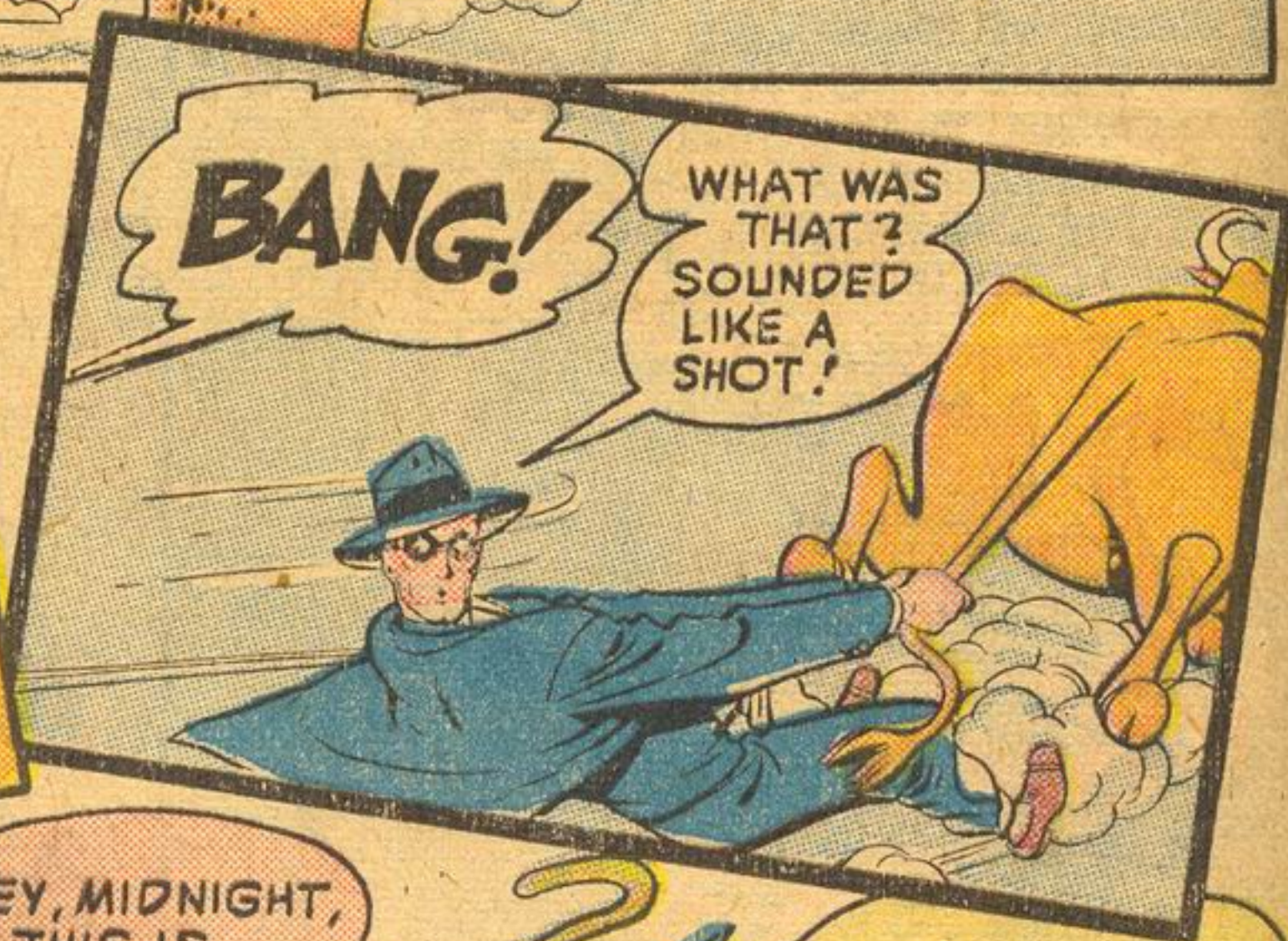
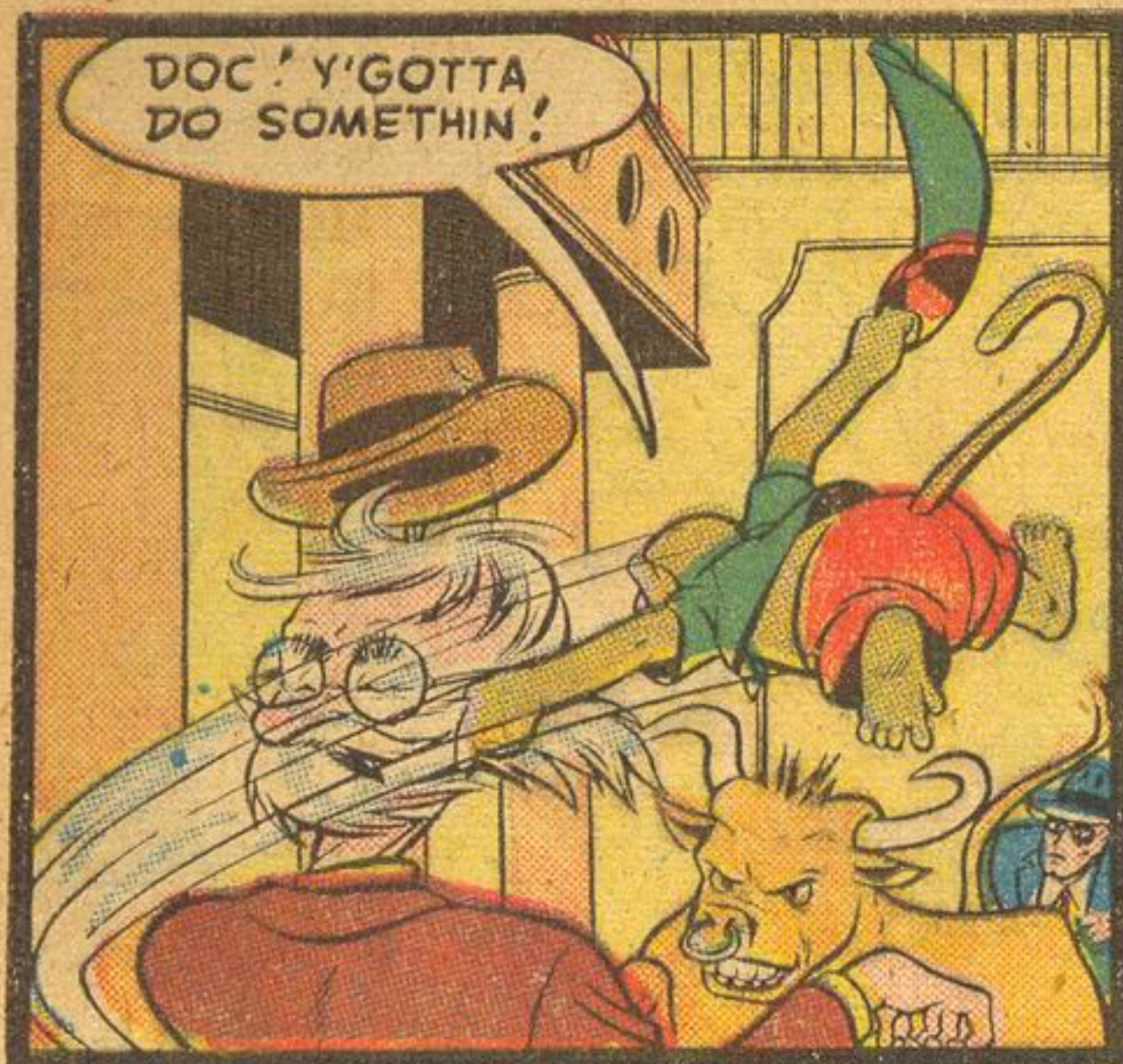
PLENTY! THERE'S A MAD BULL LOOSE ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR!



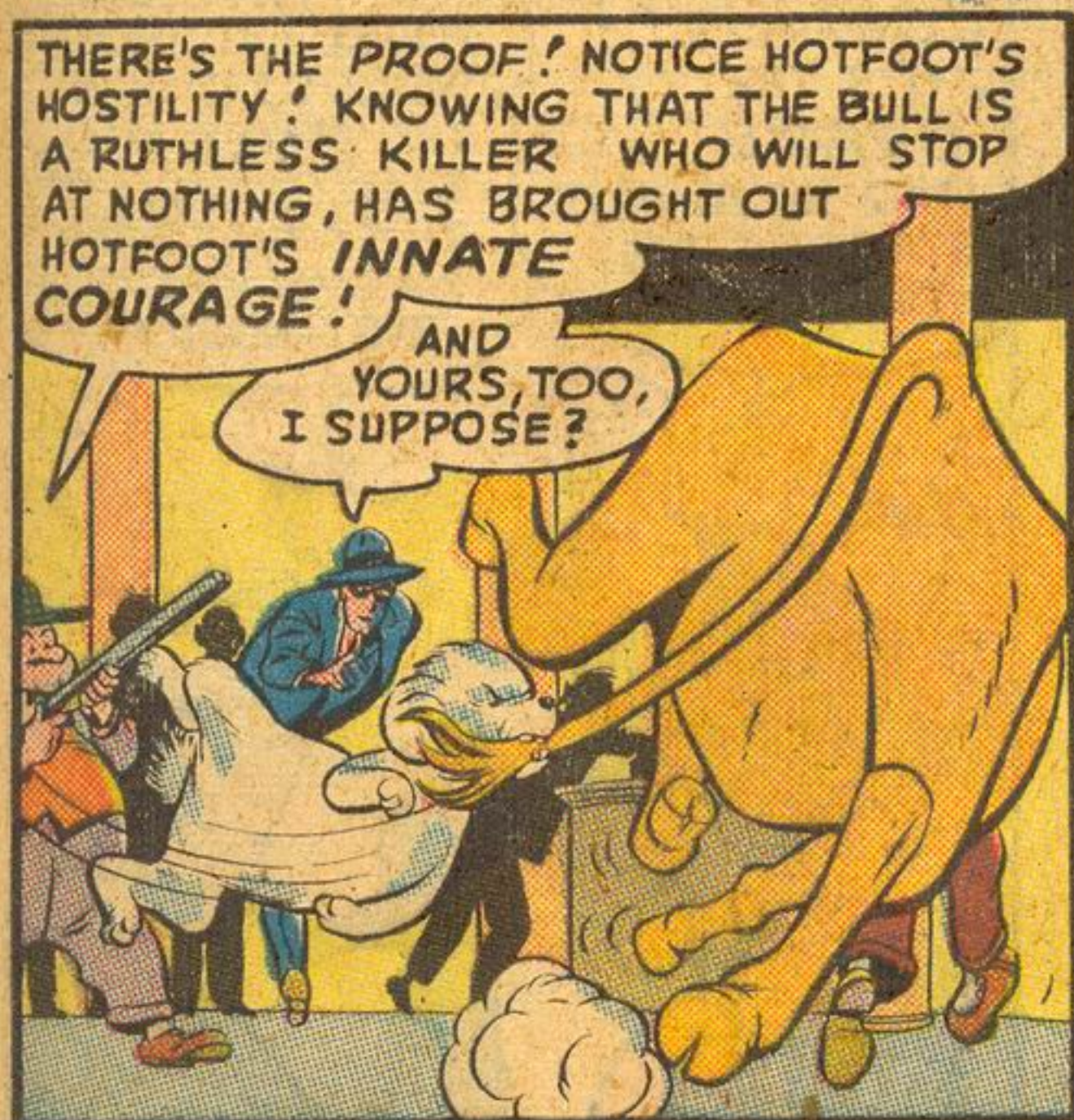
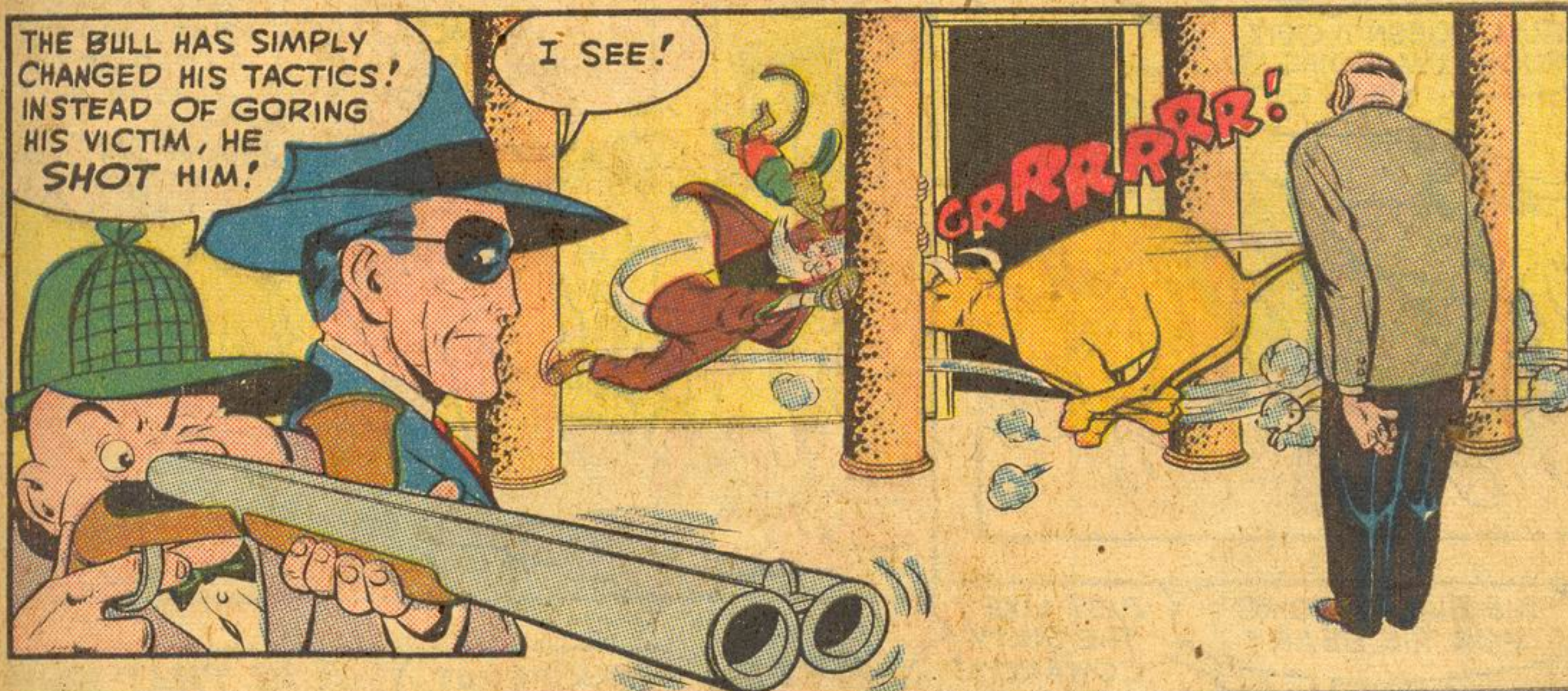


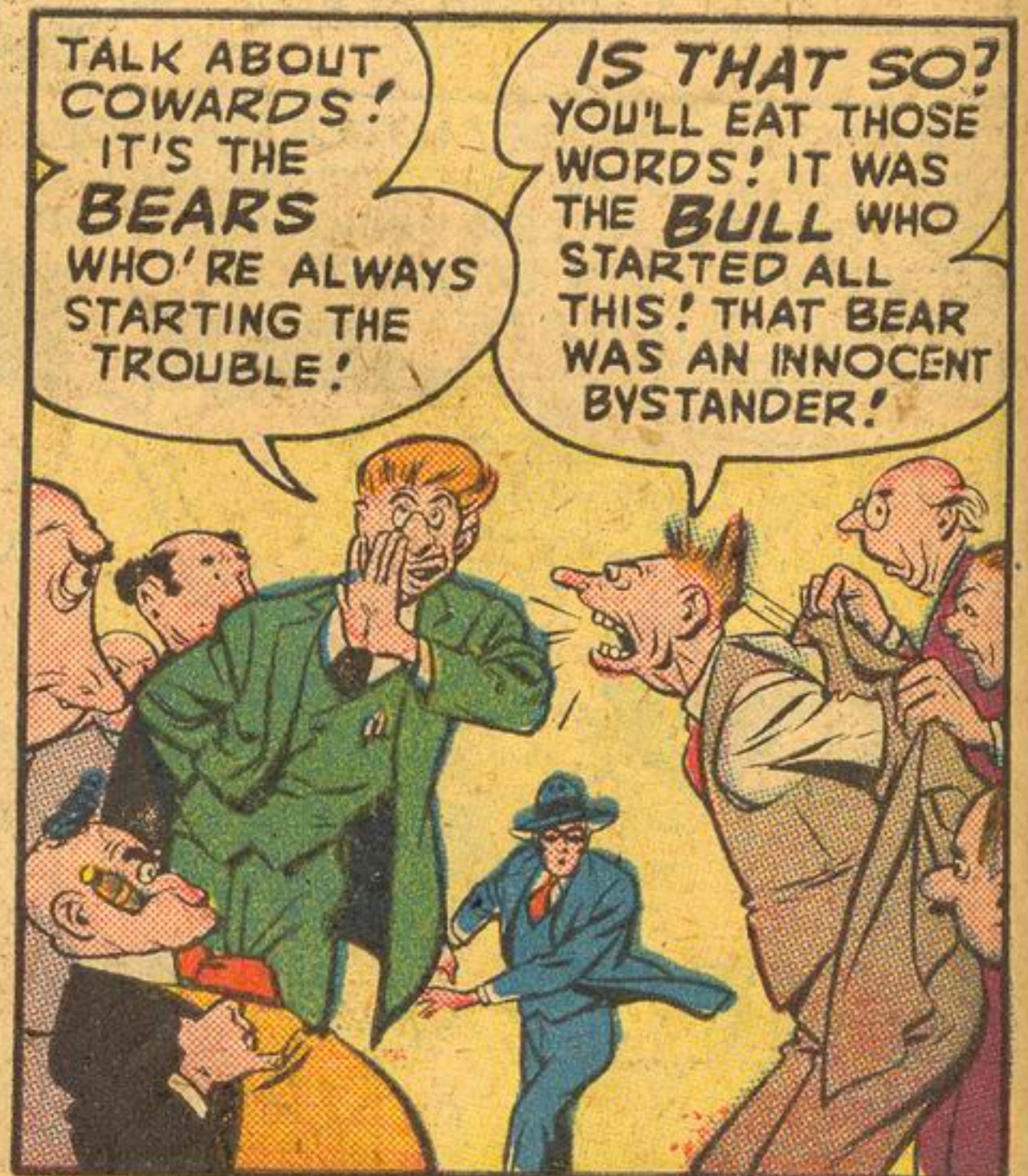
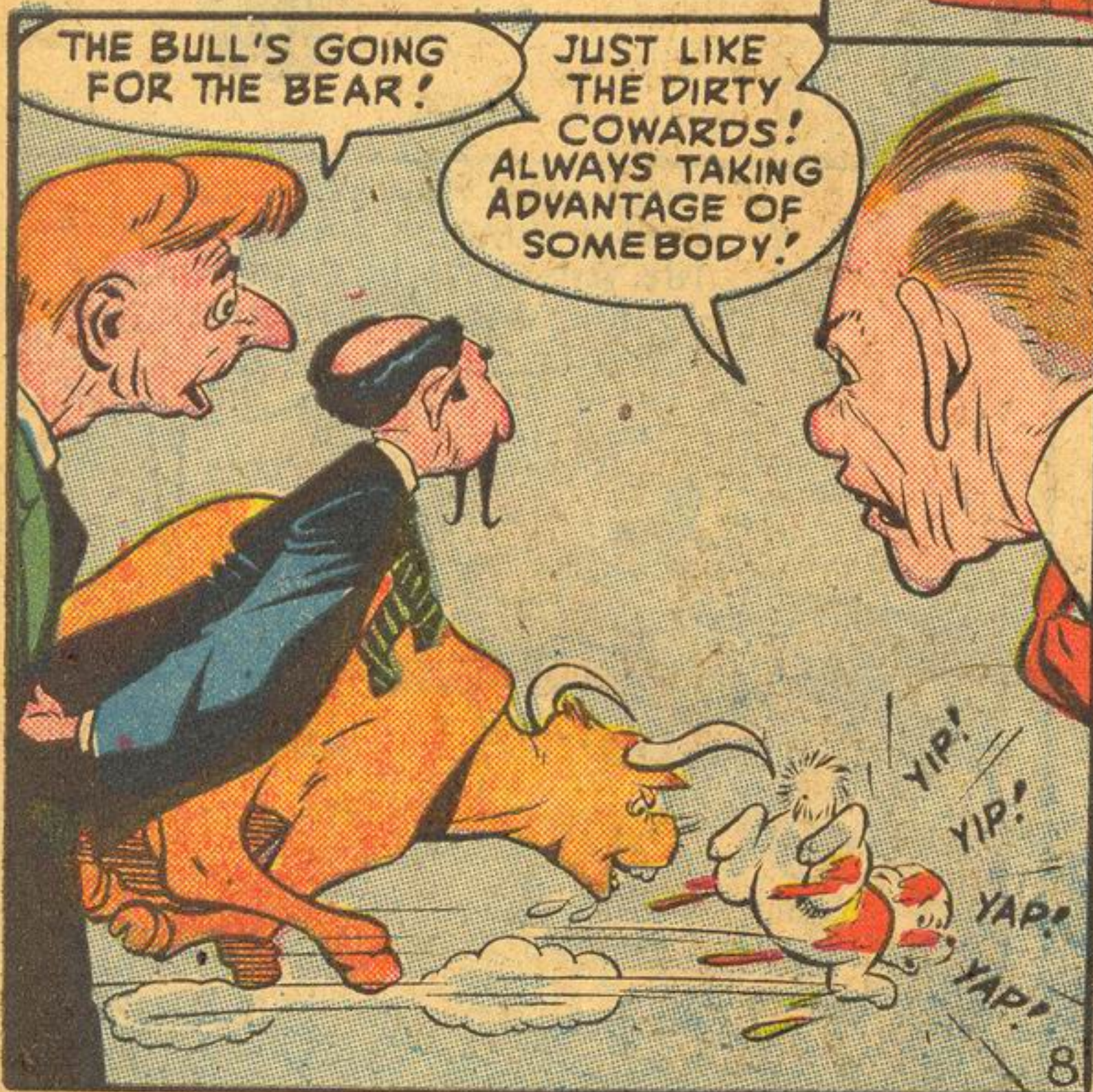
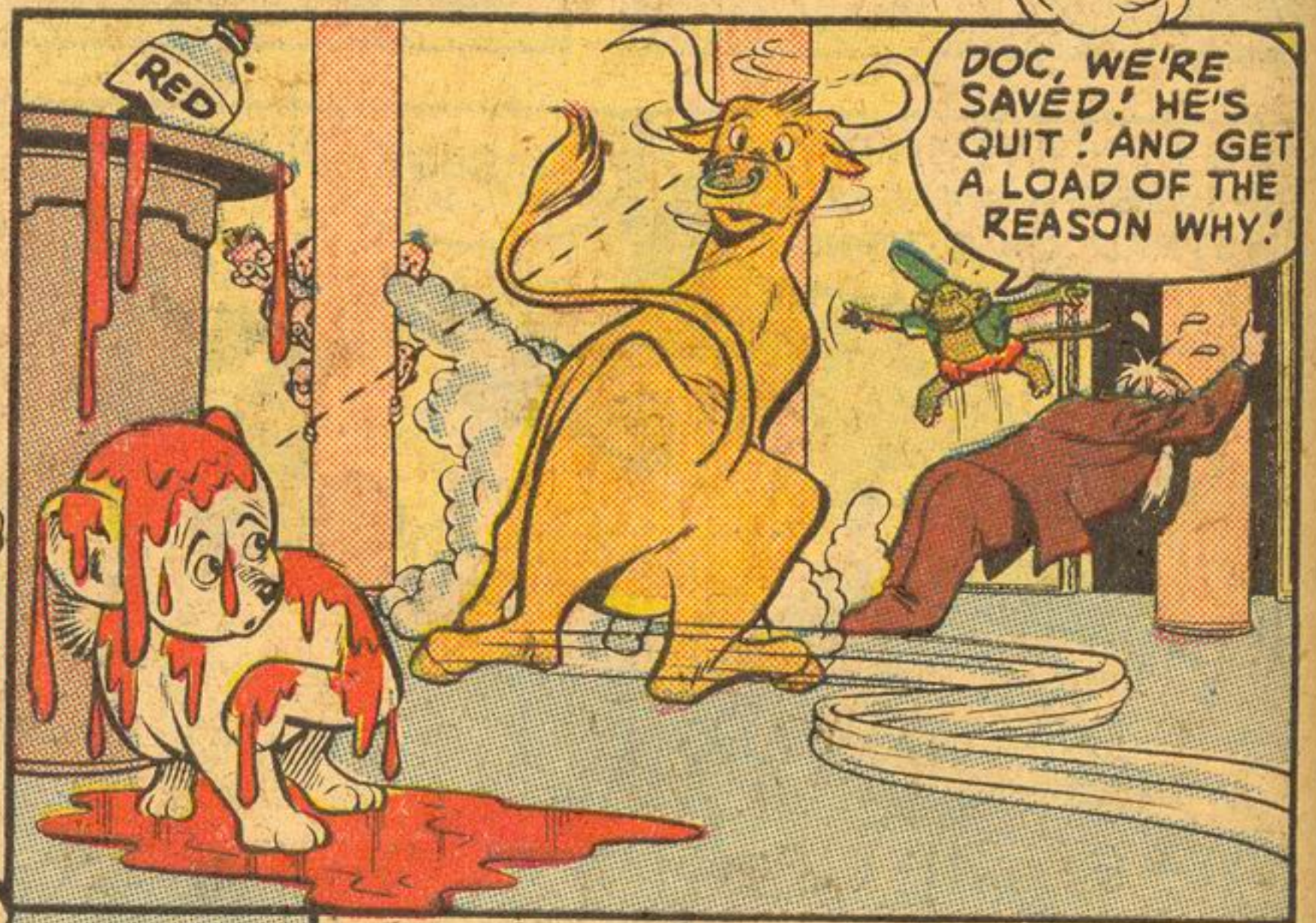
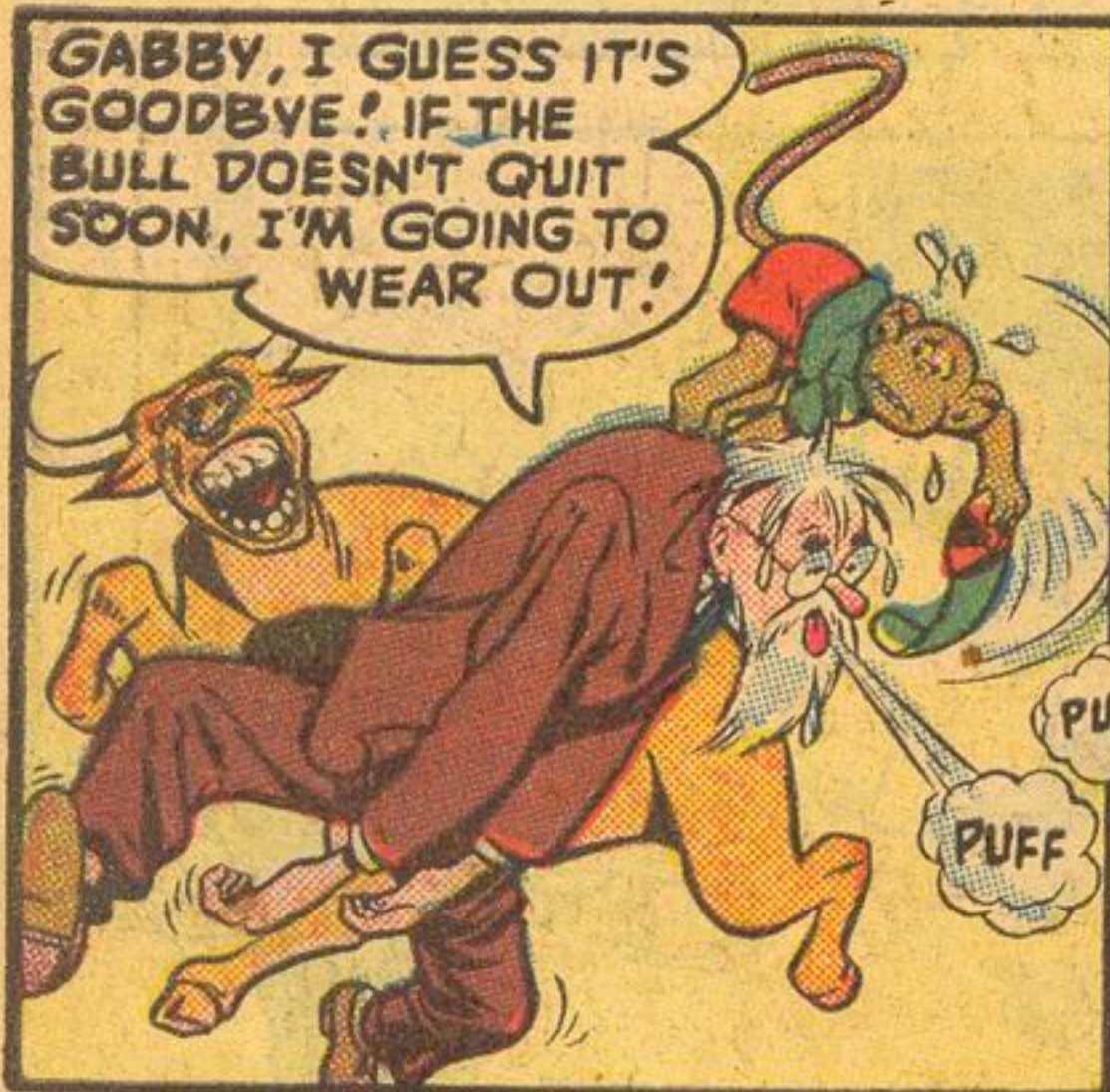
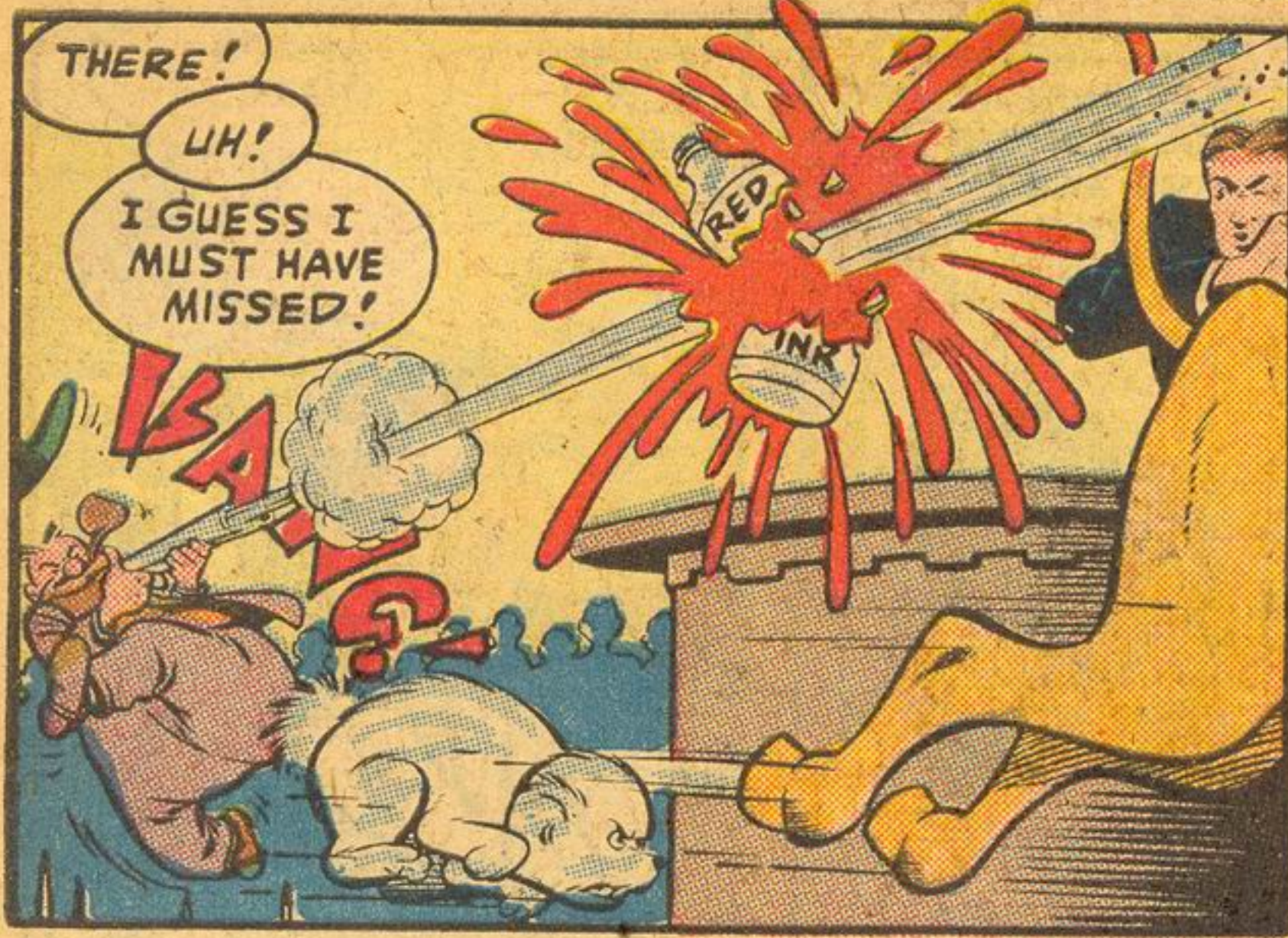


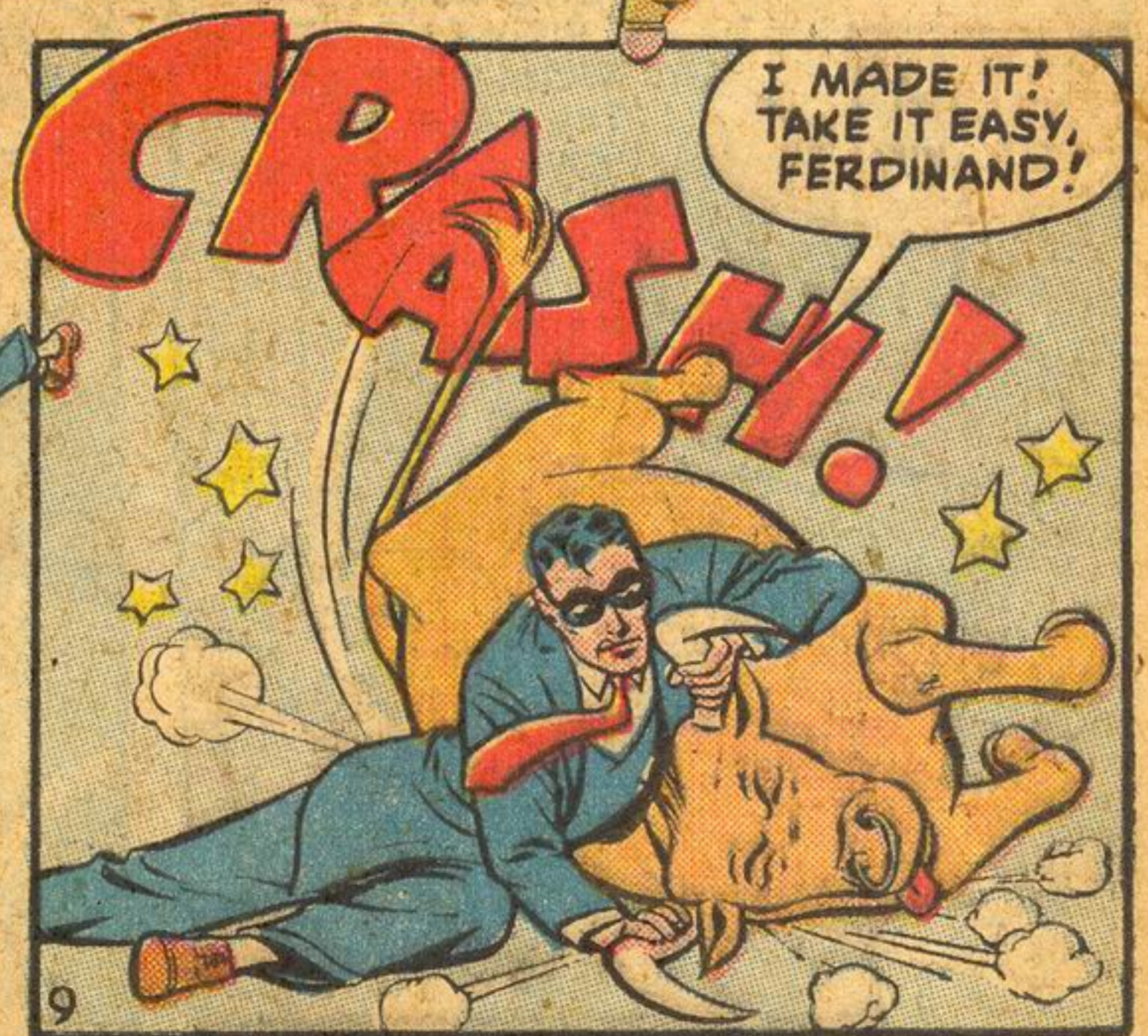
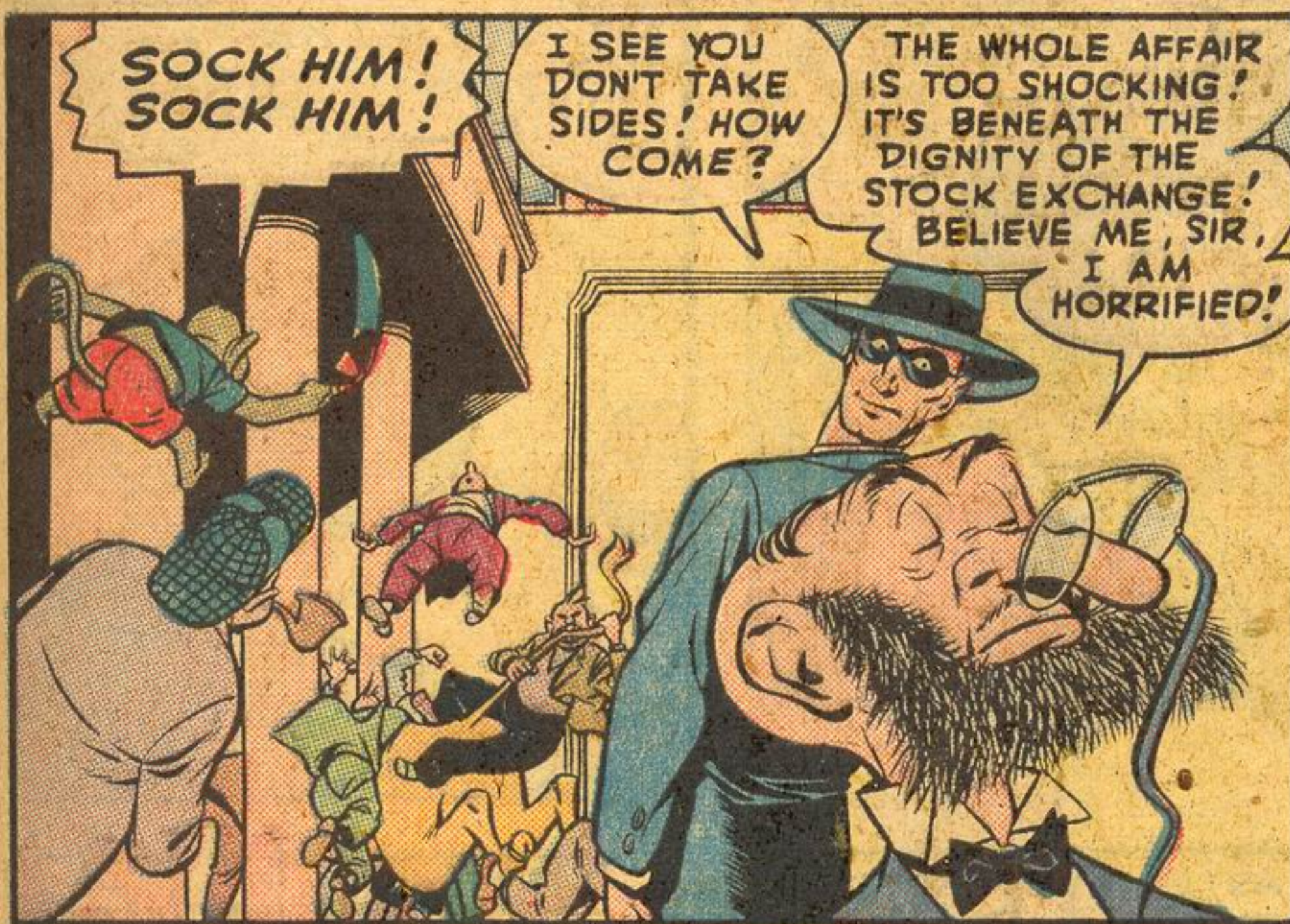
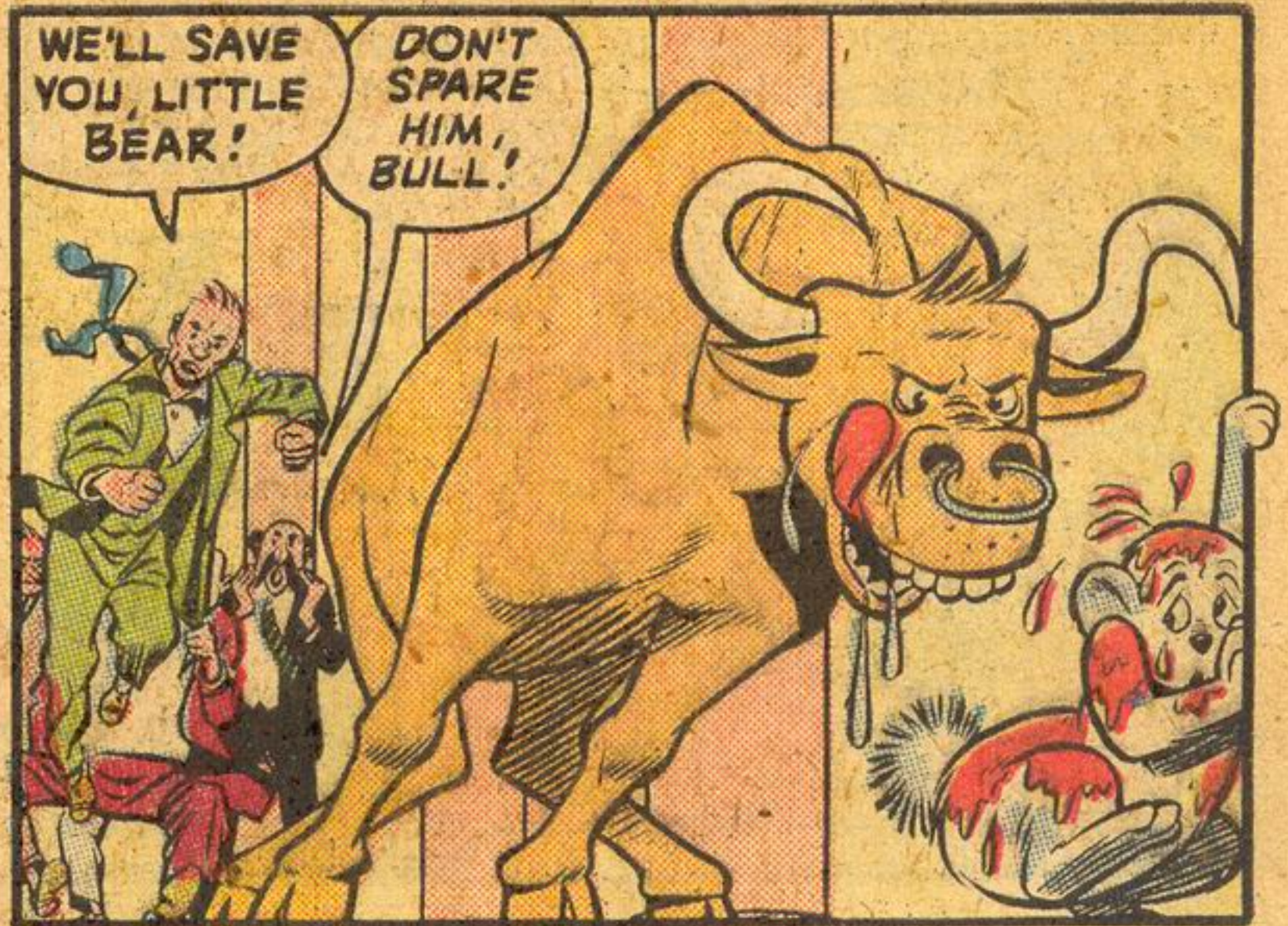


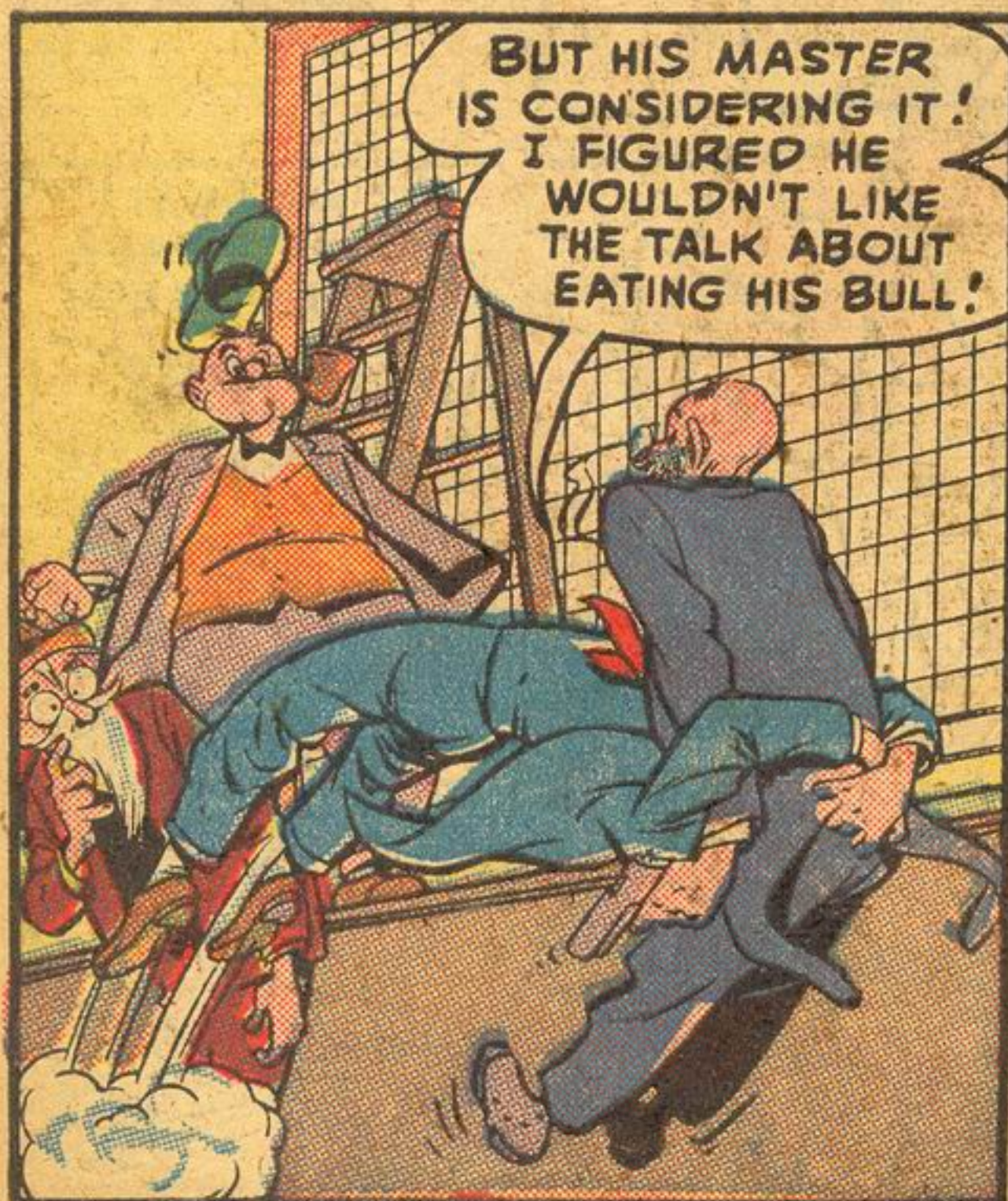
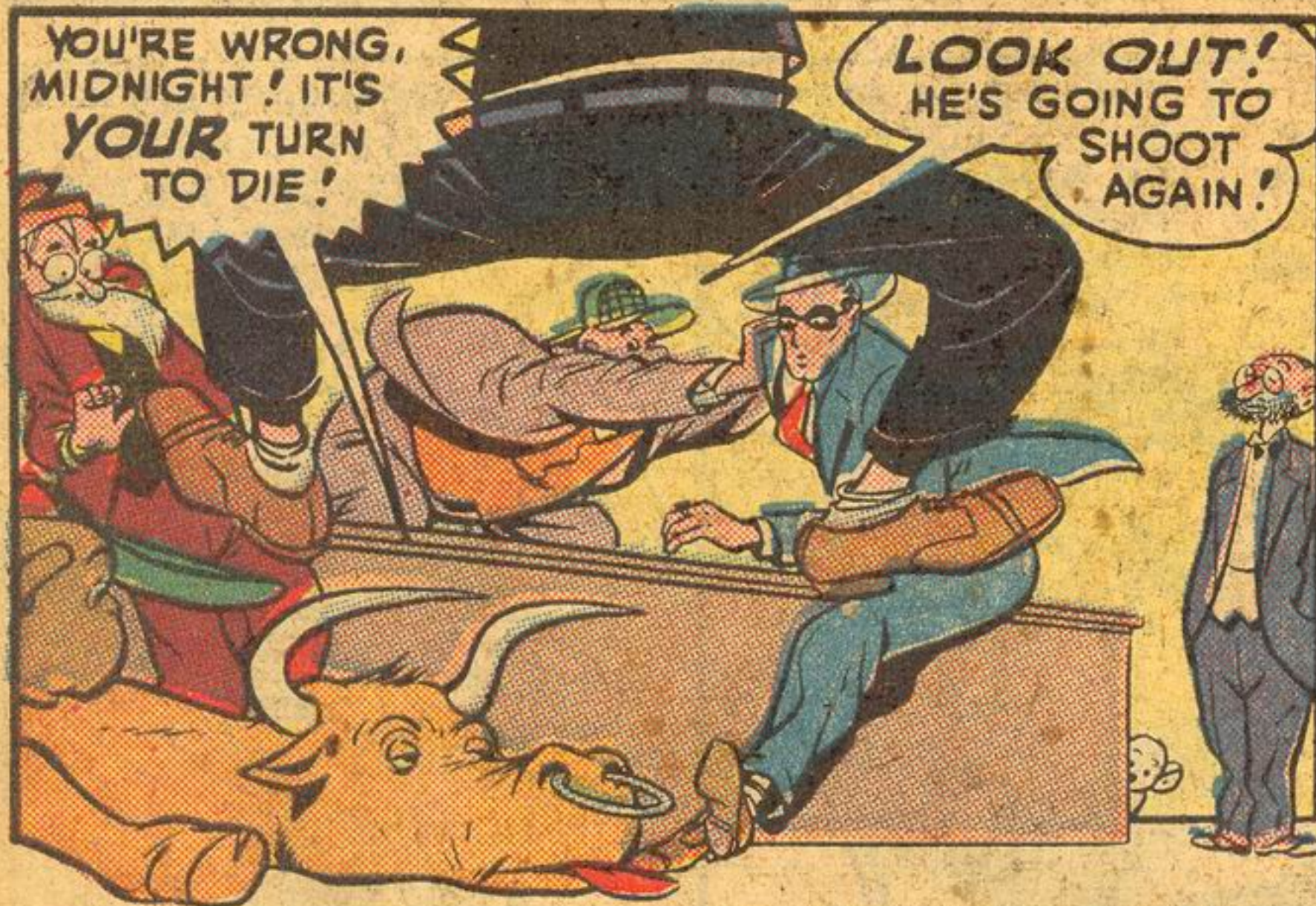


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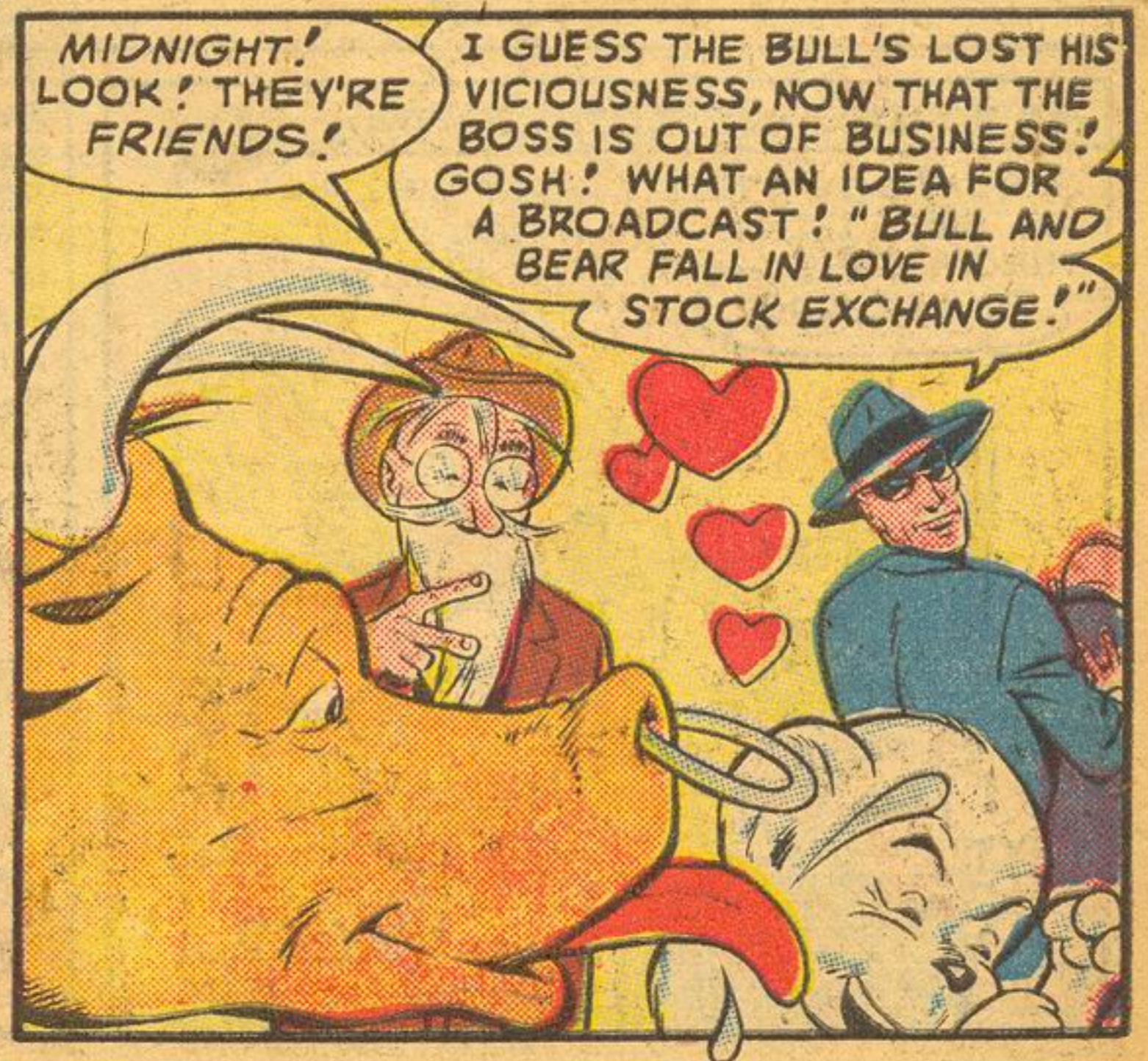
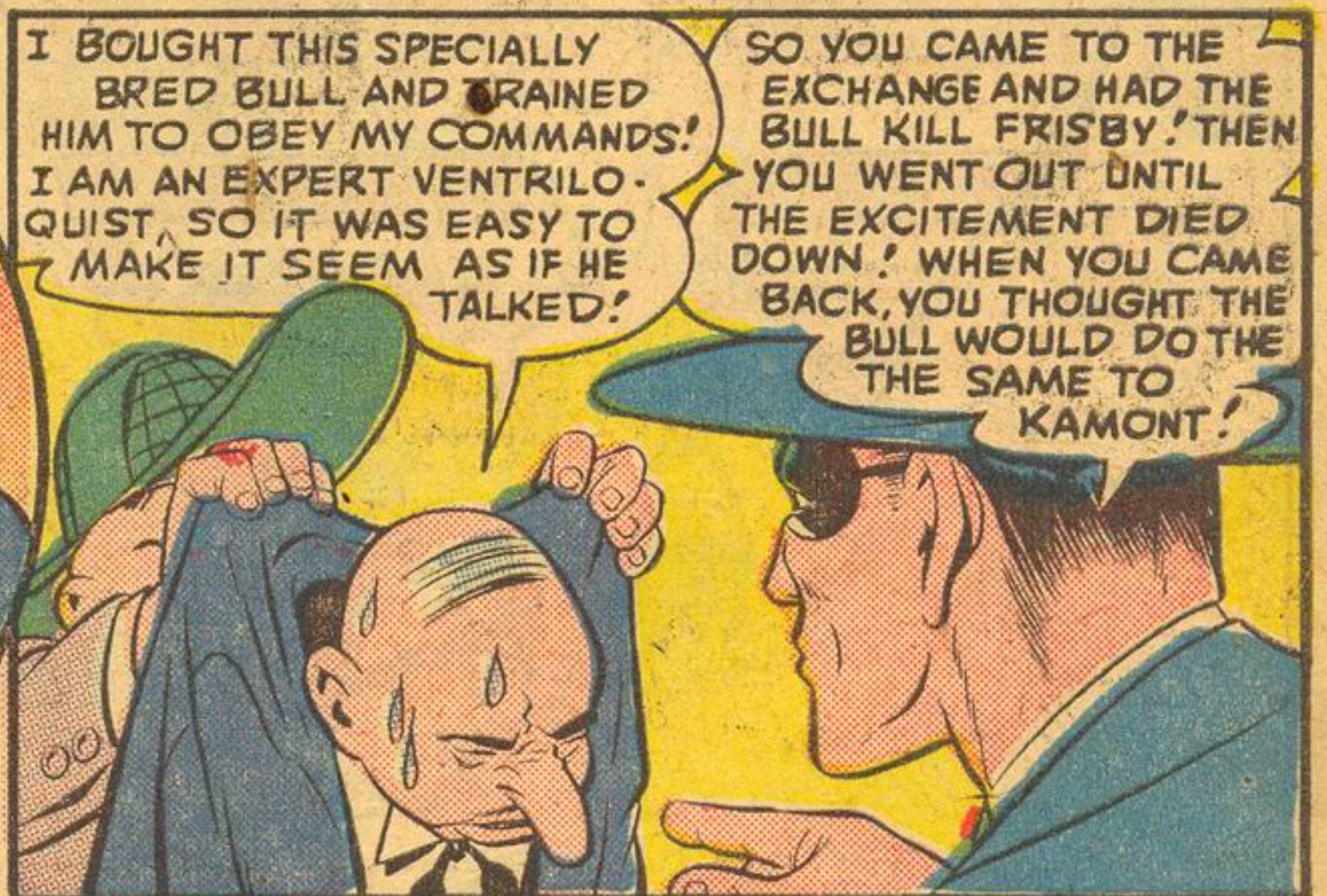
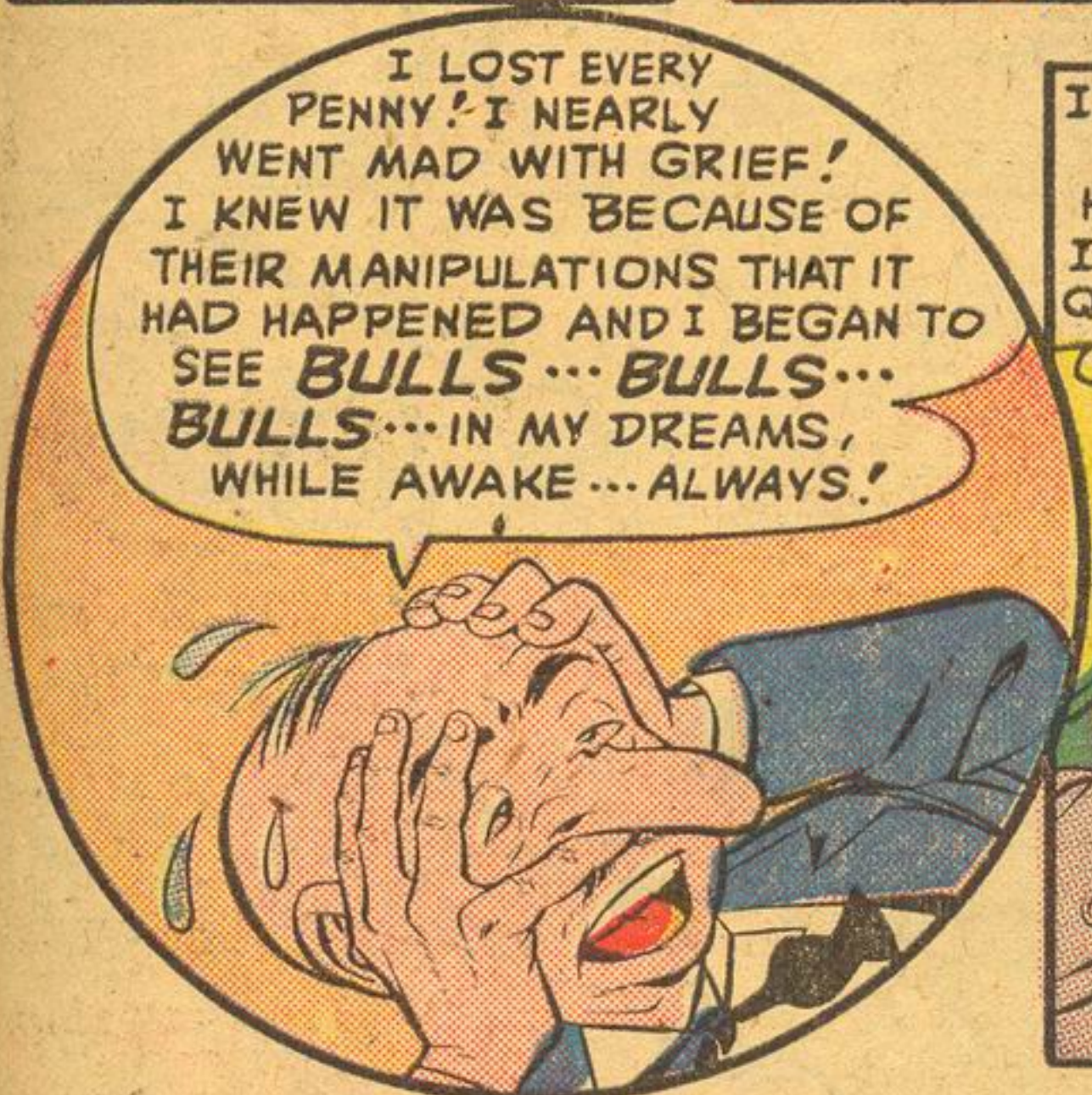




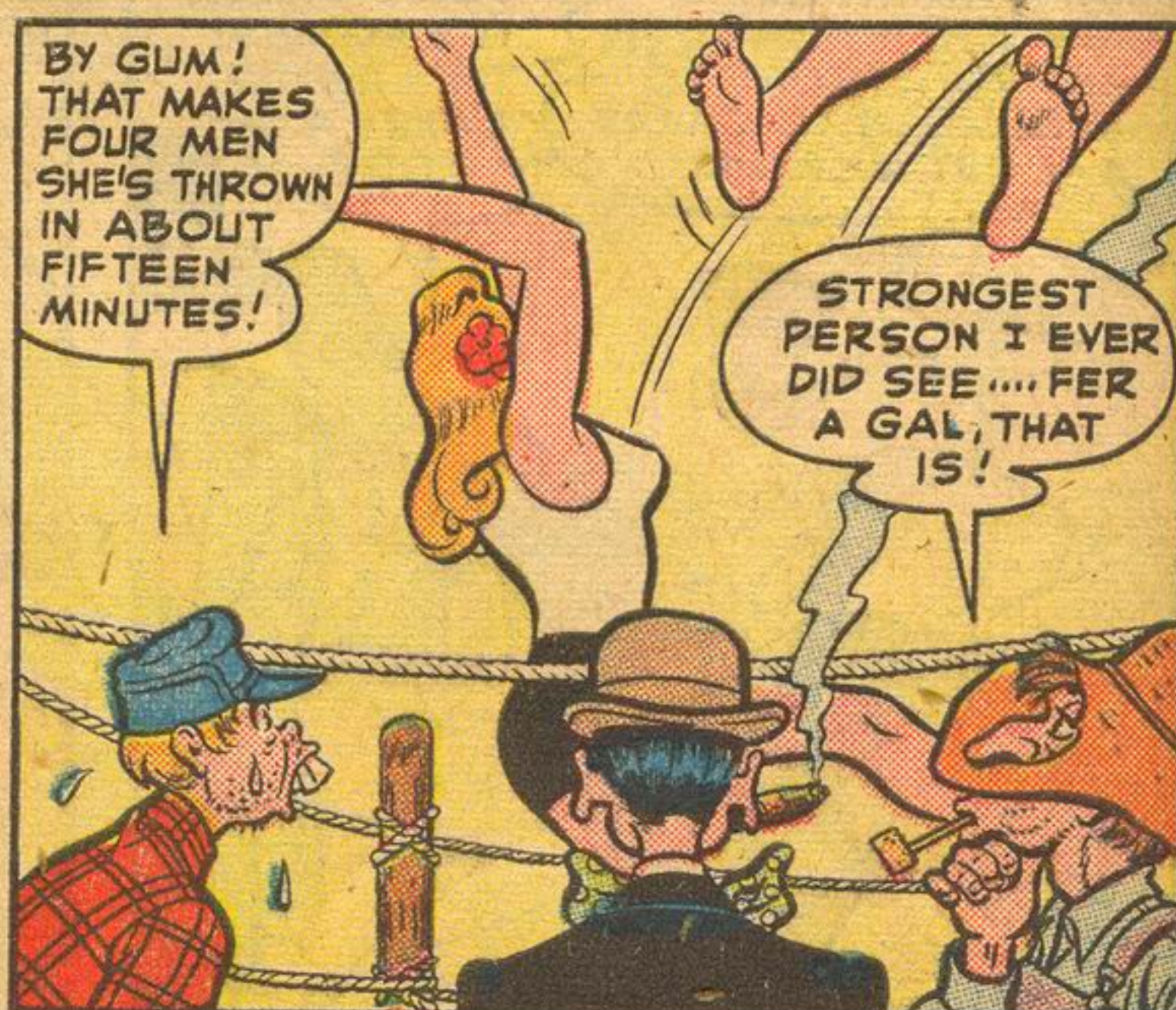
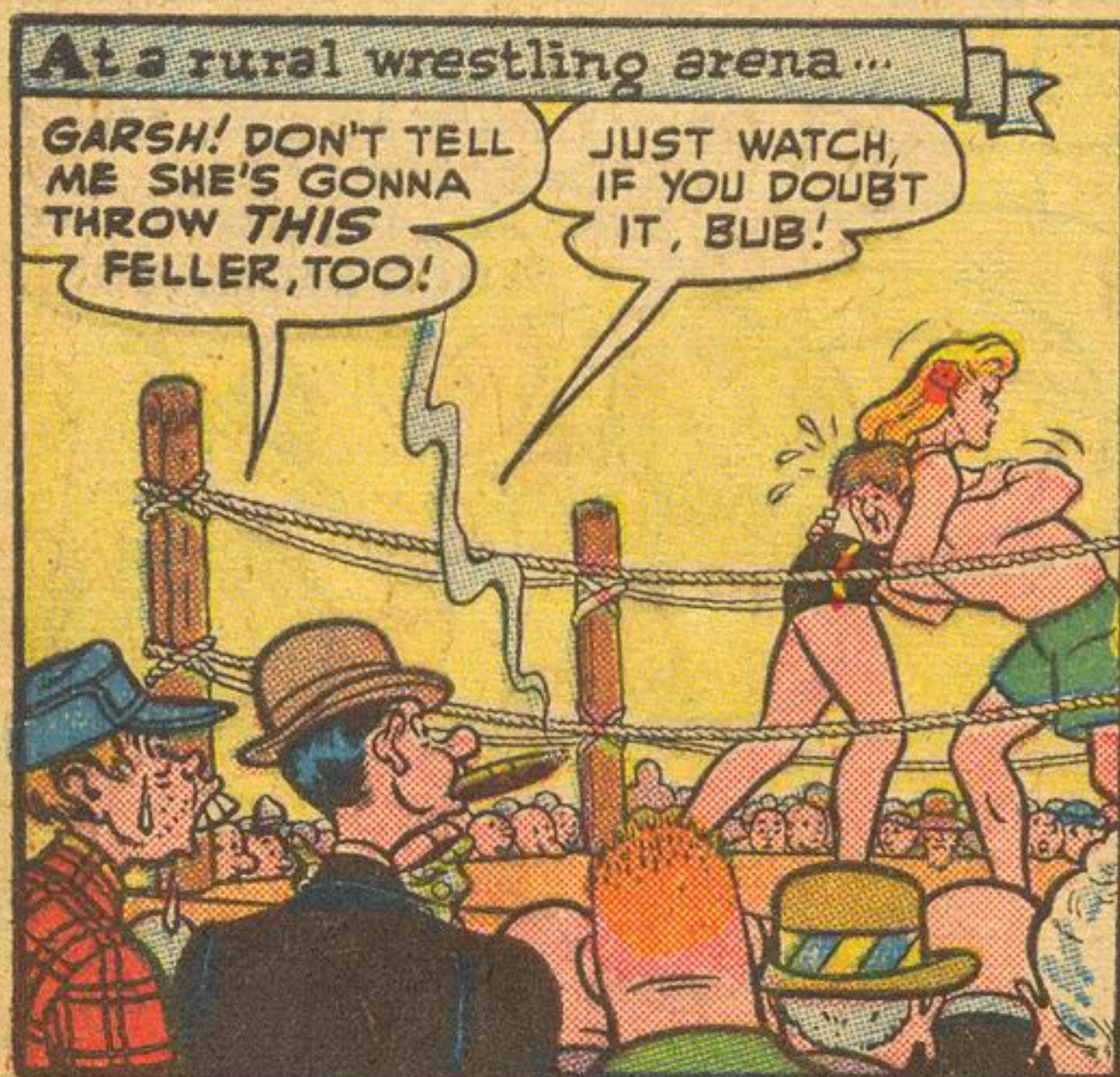
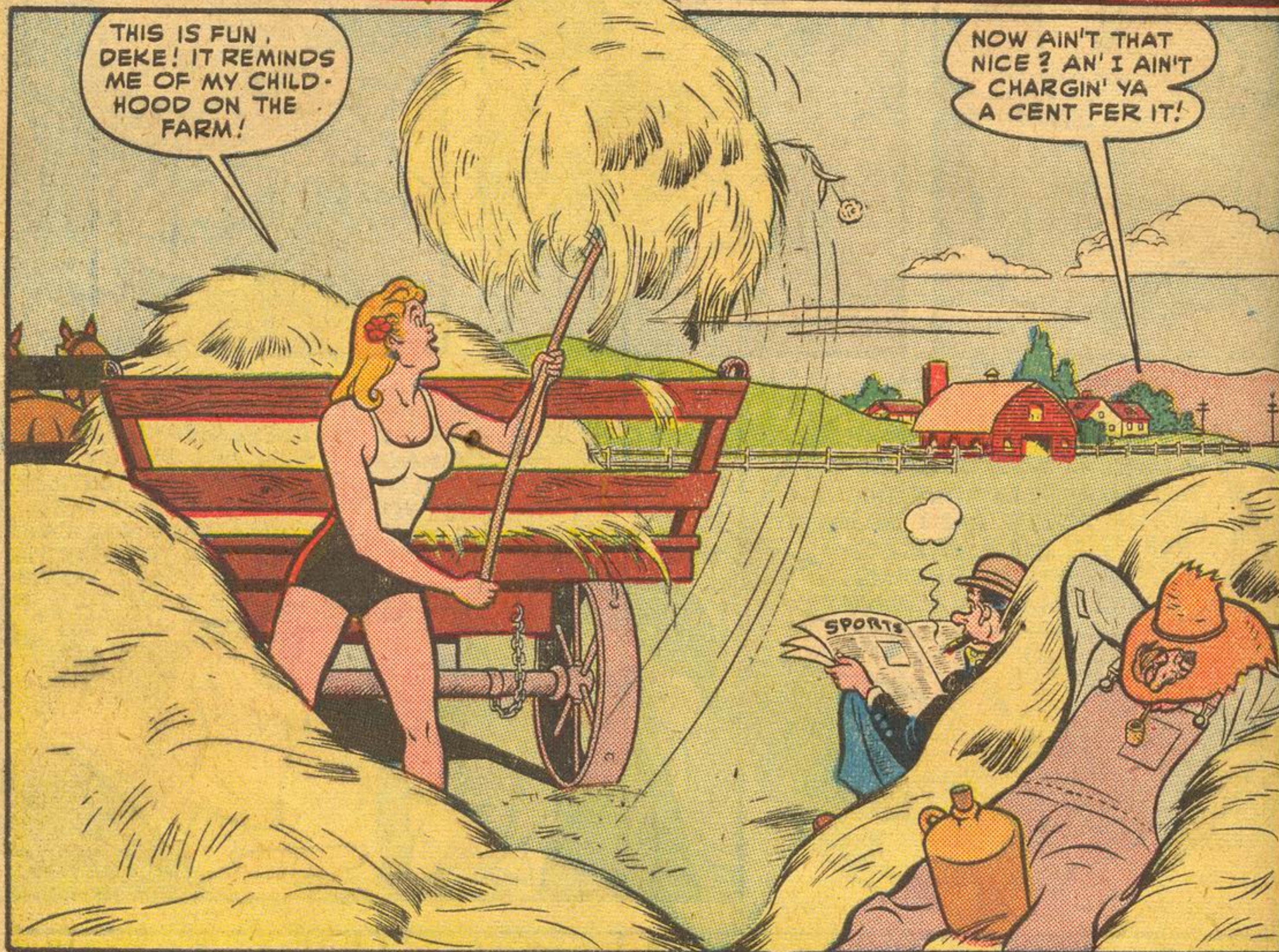


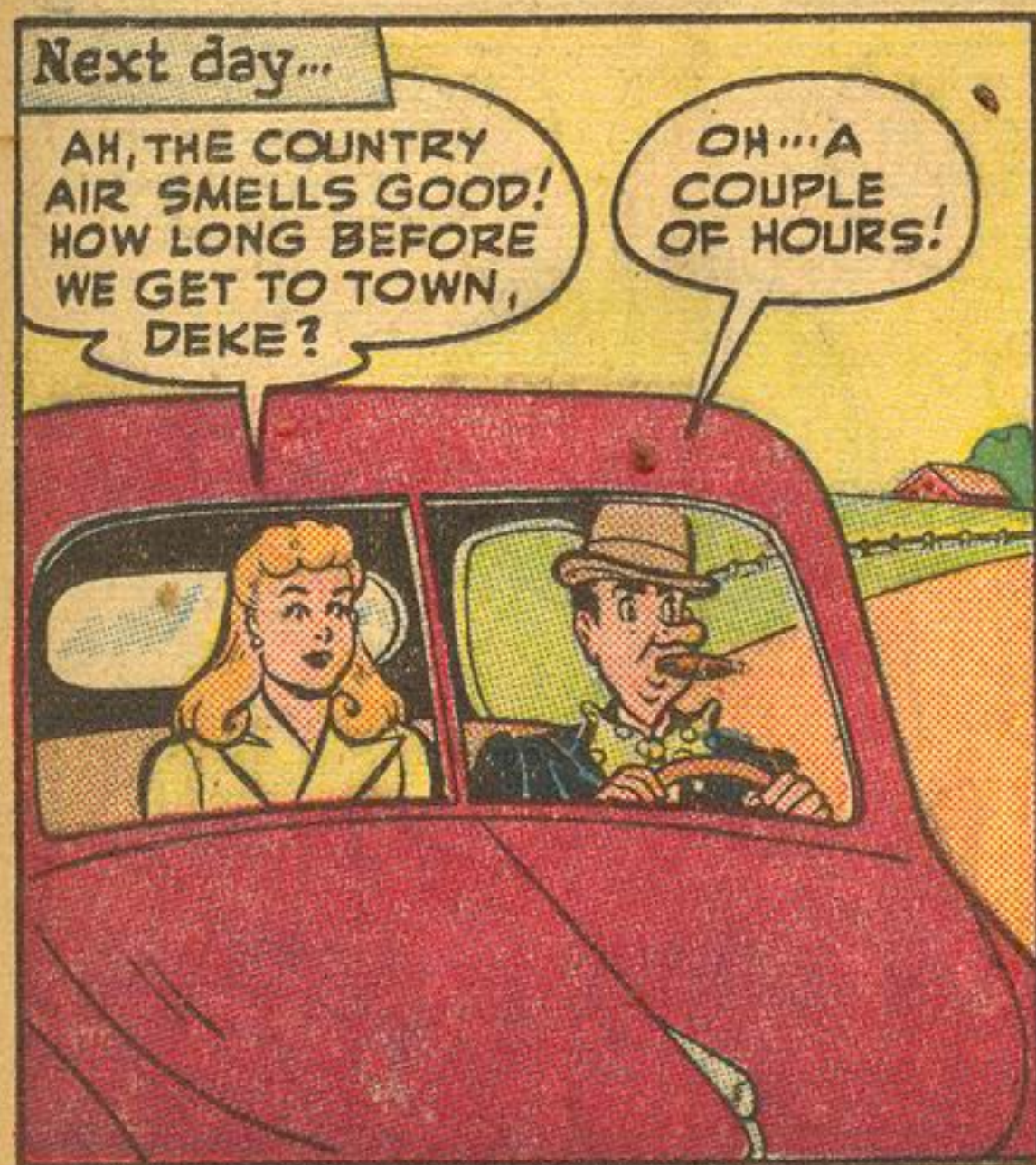
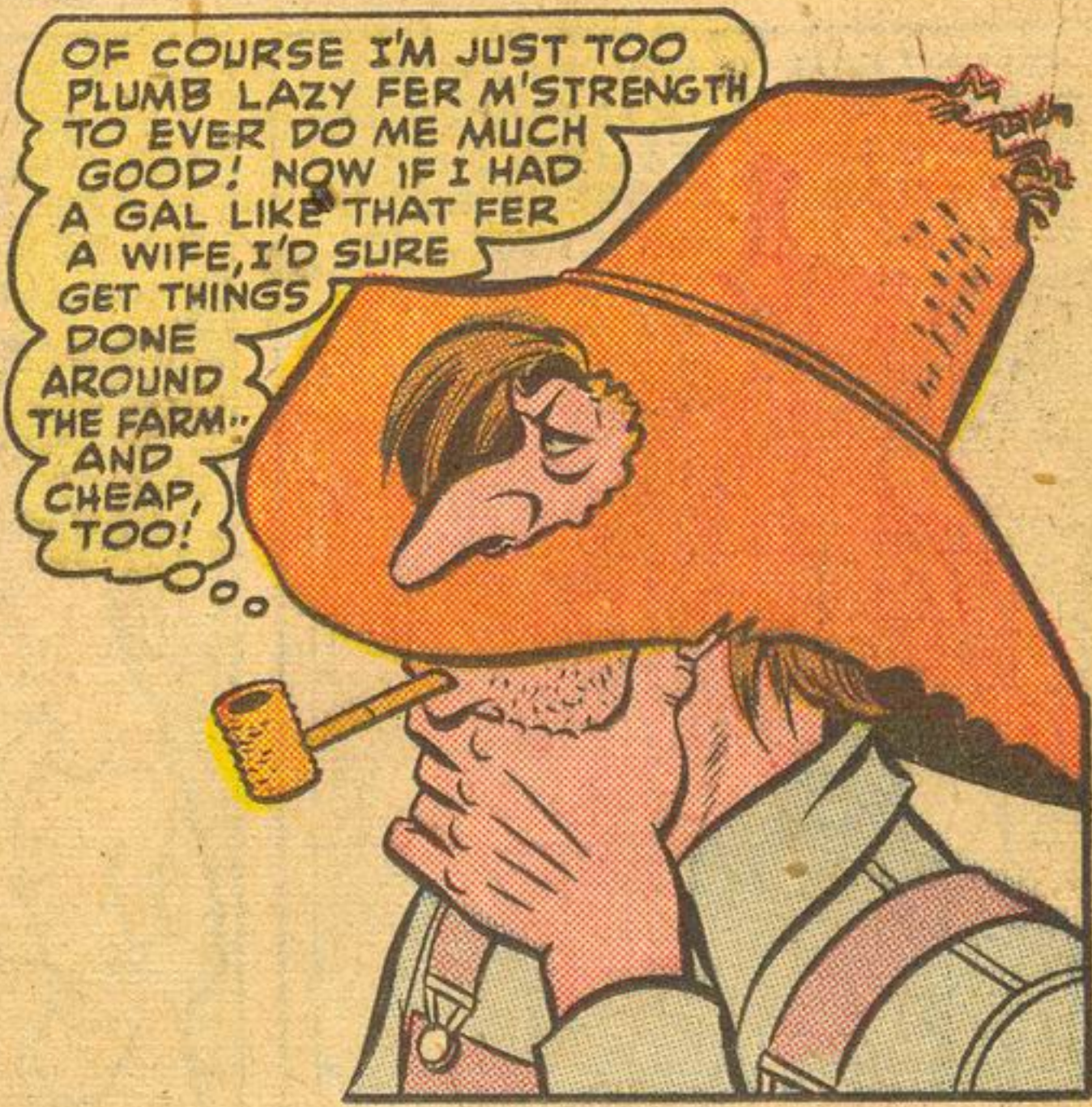
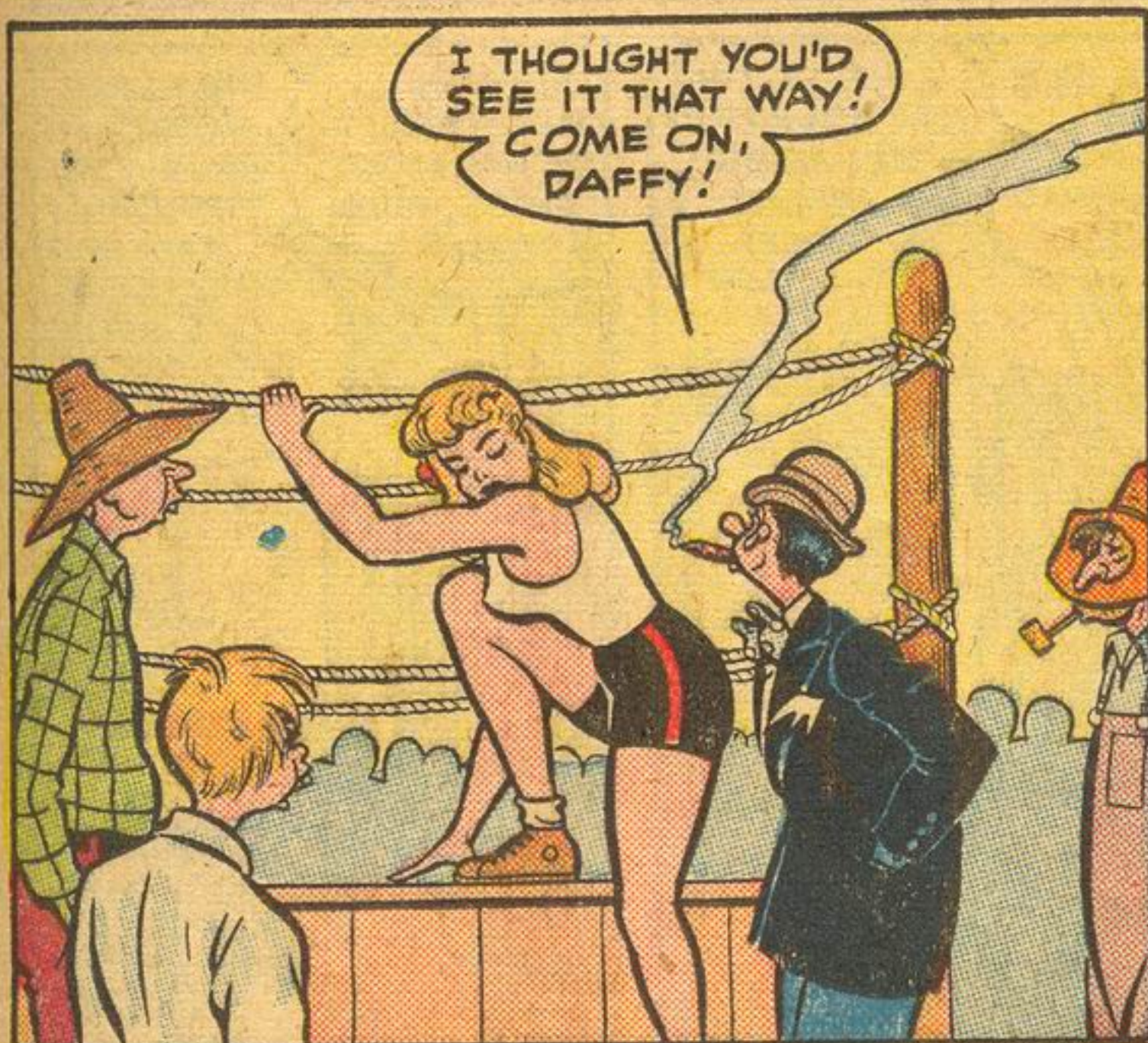
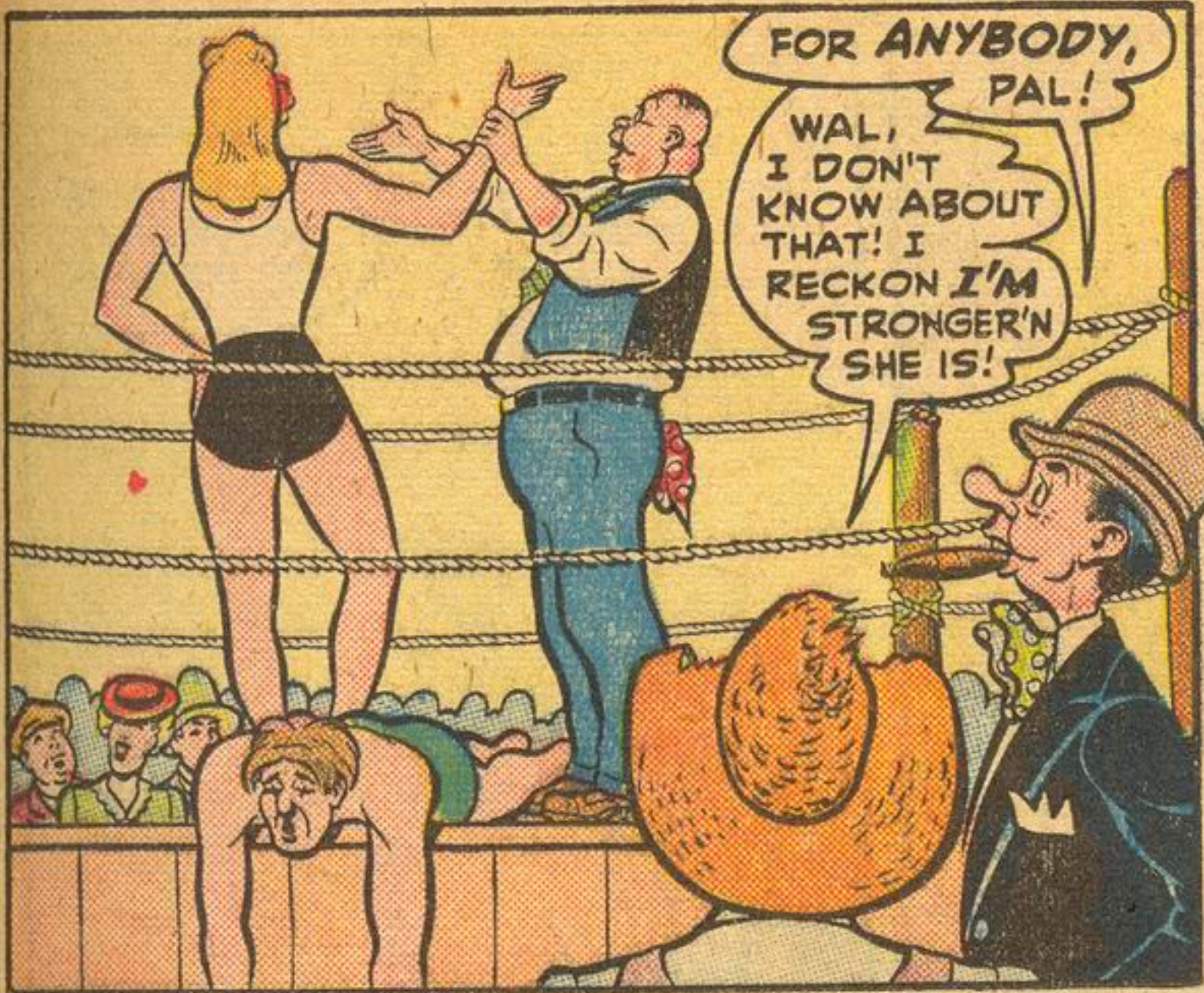


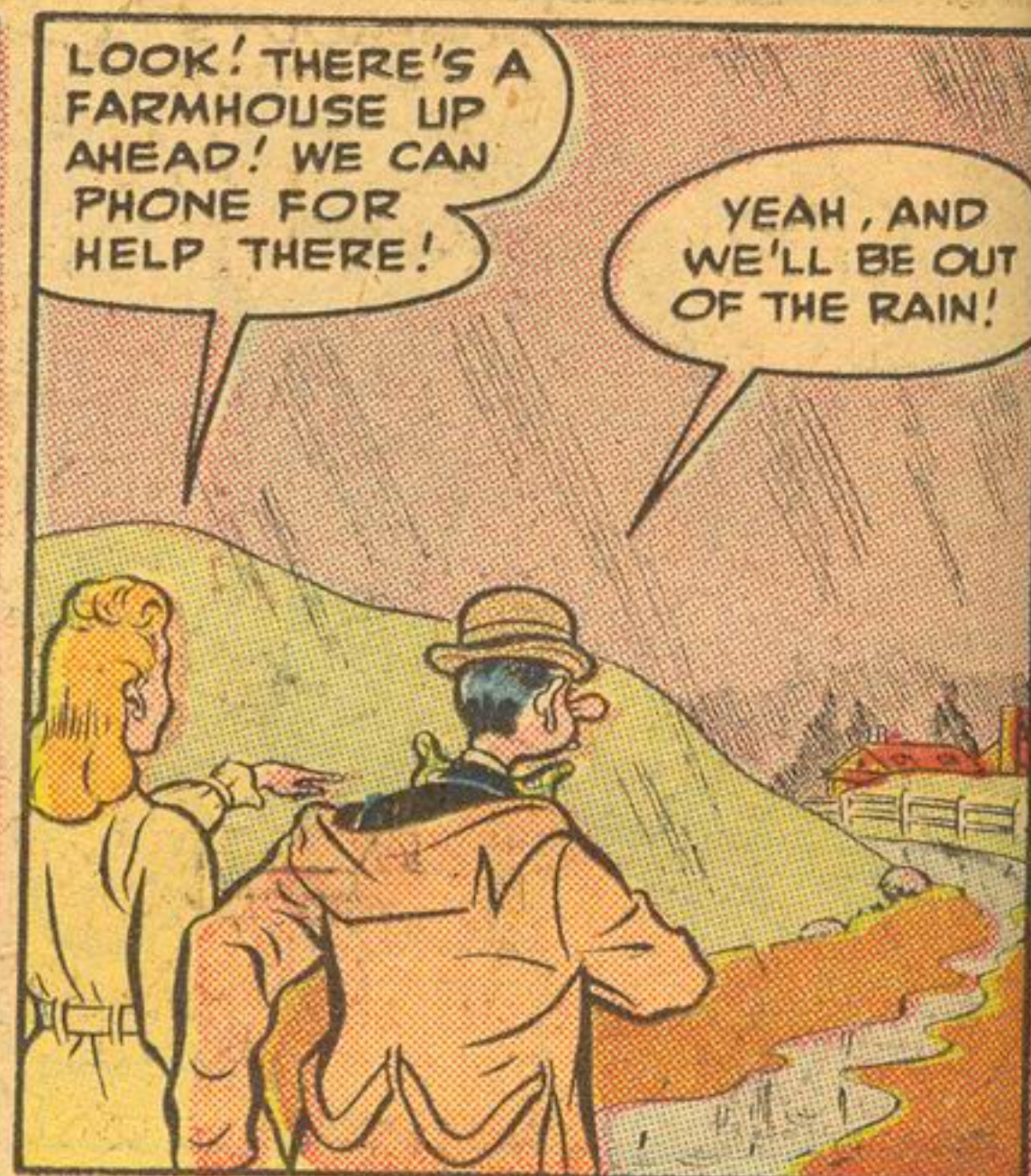
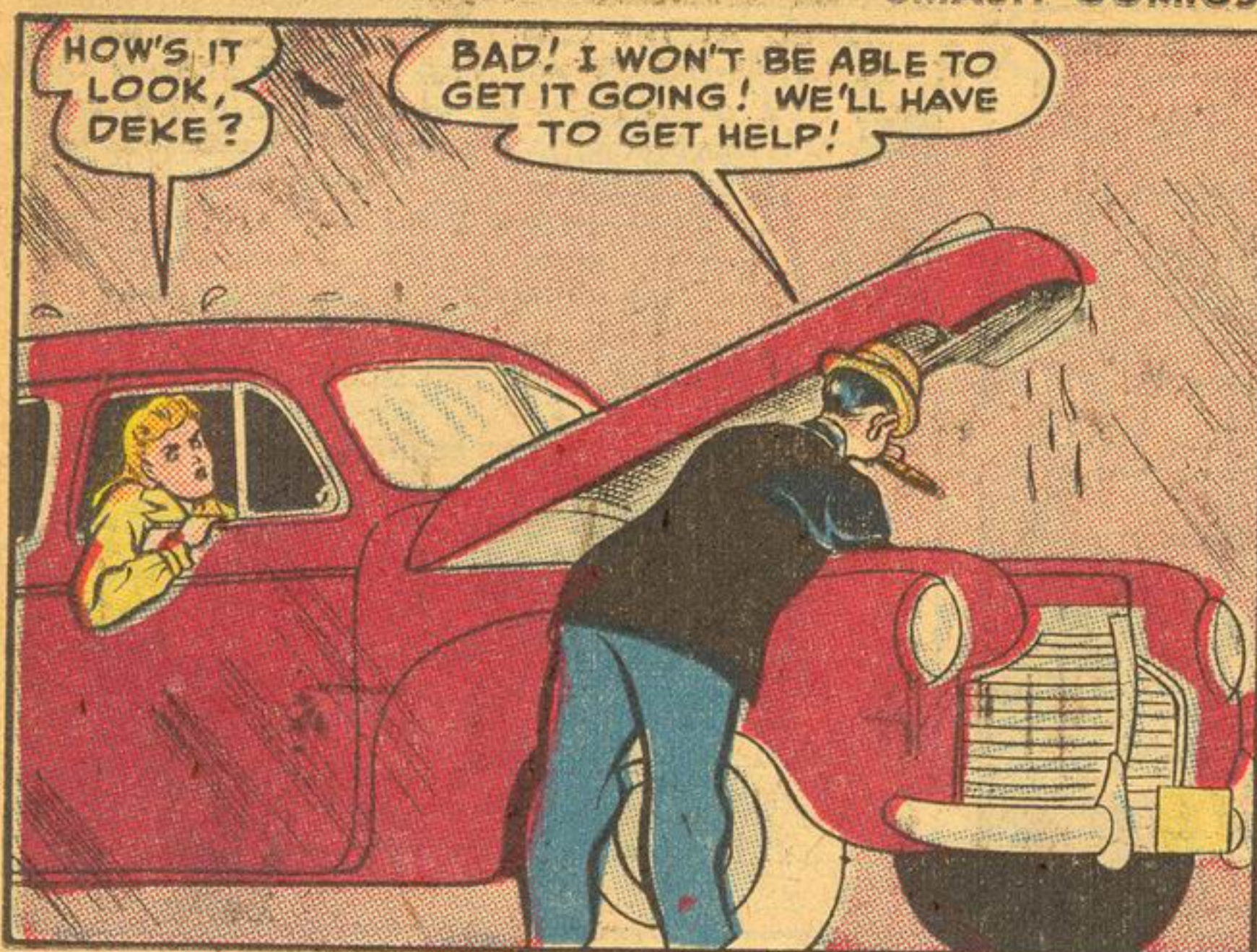
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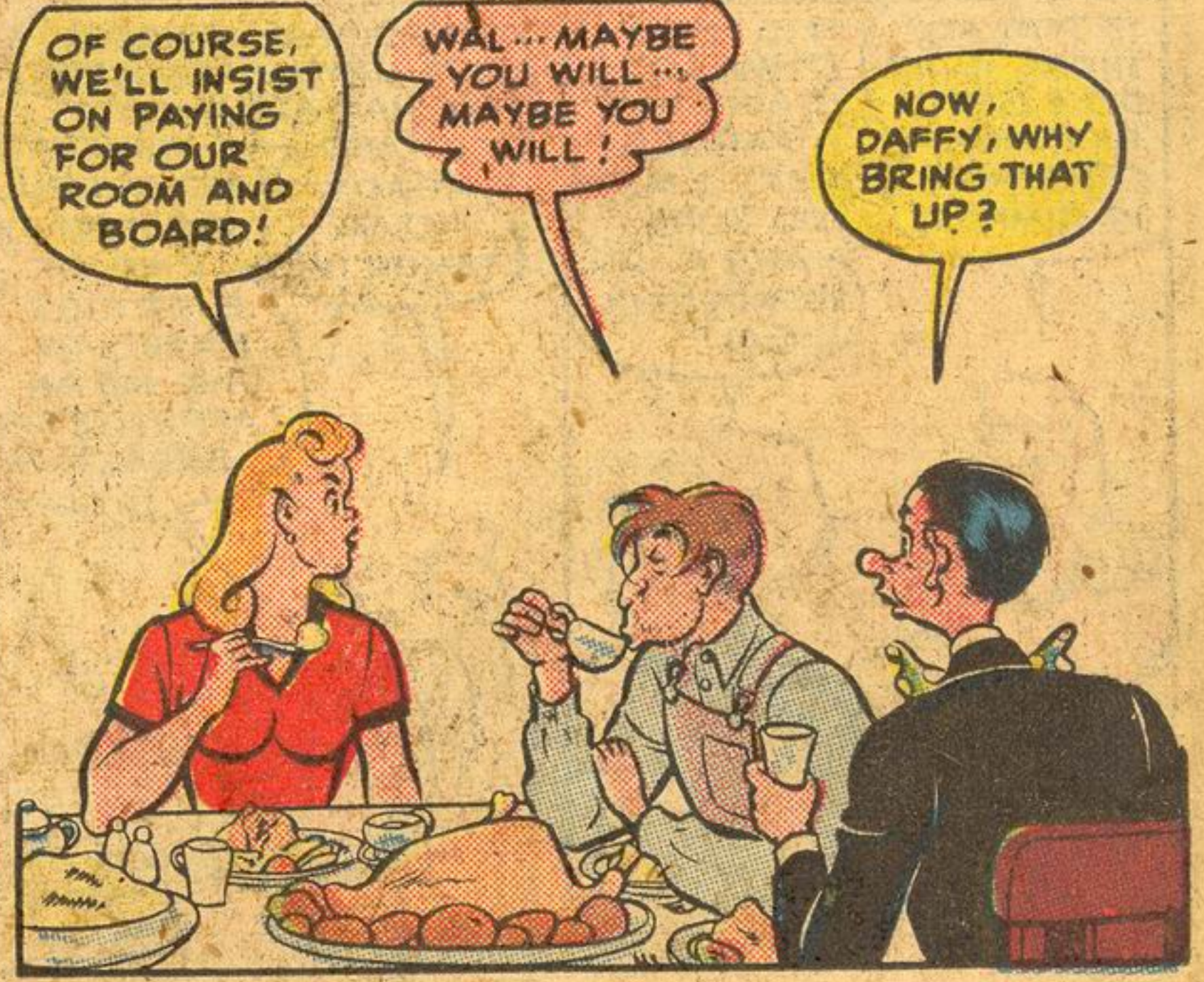
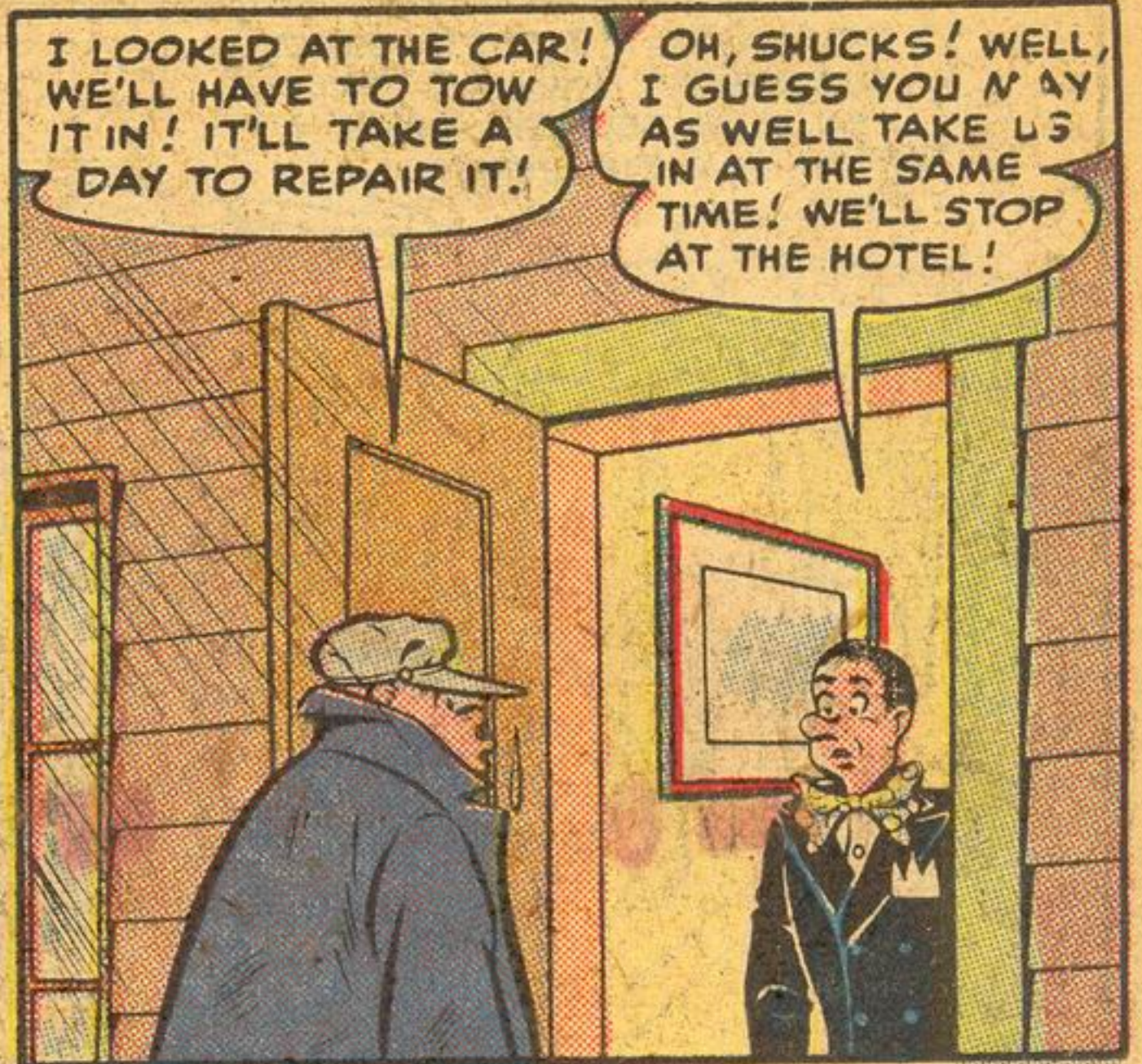
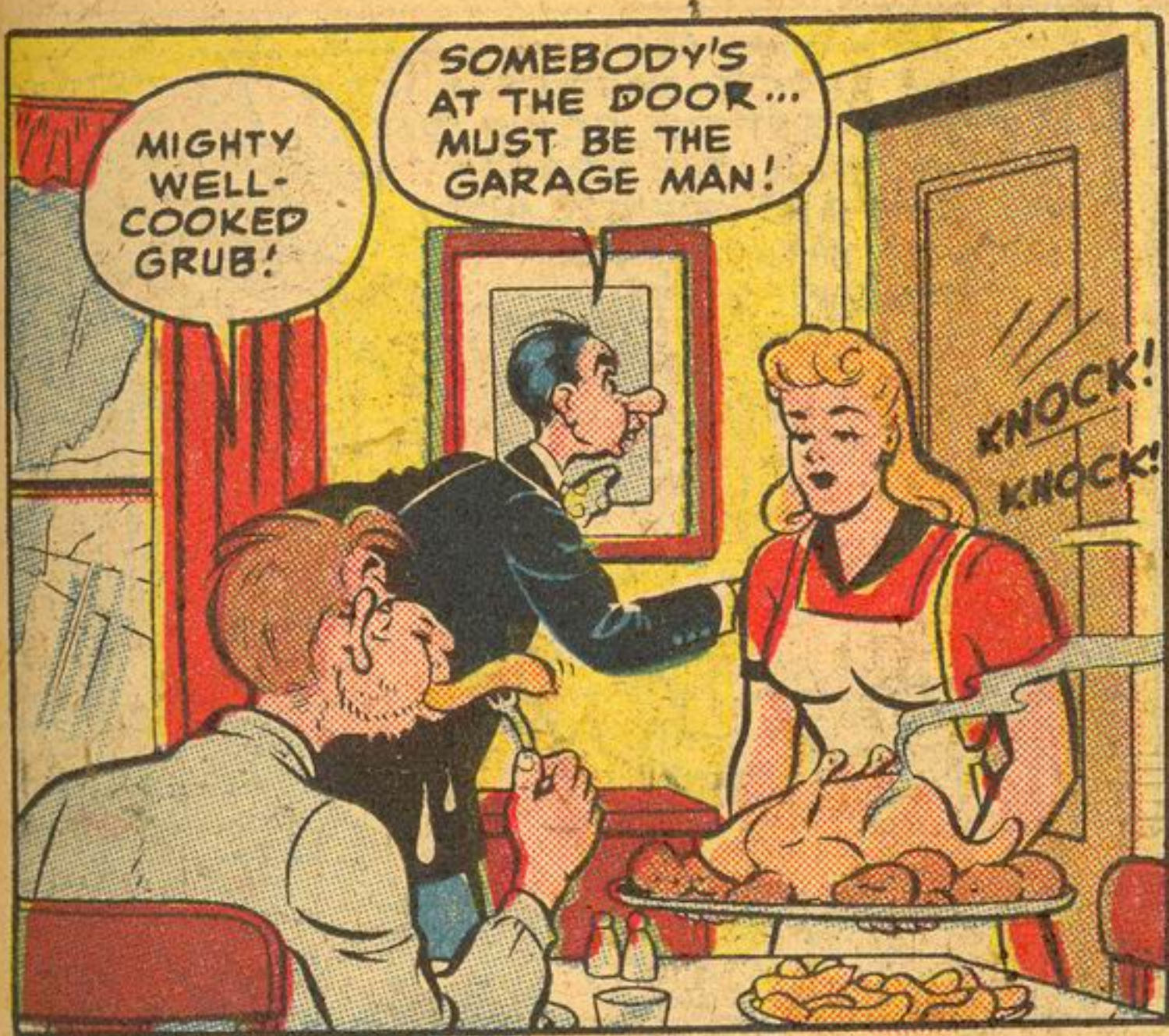


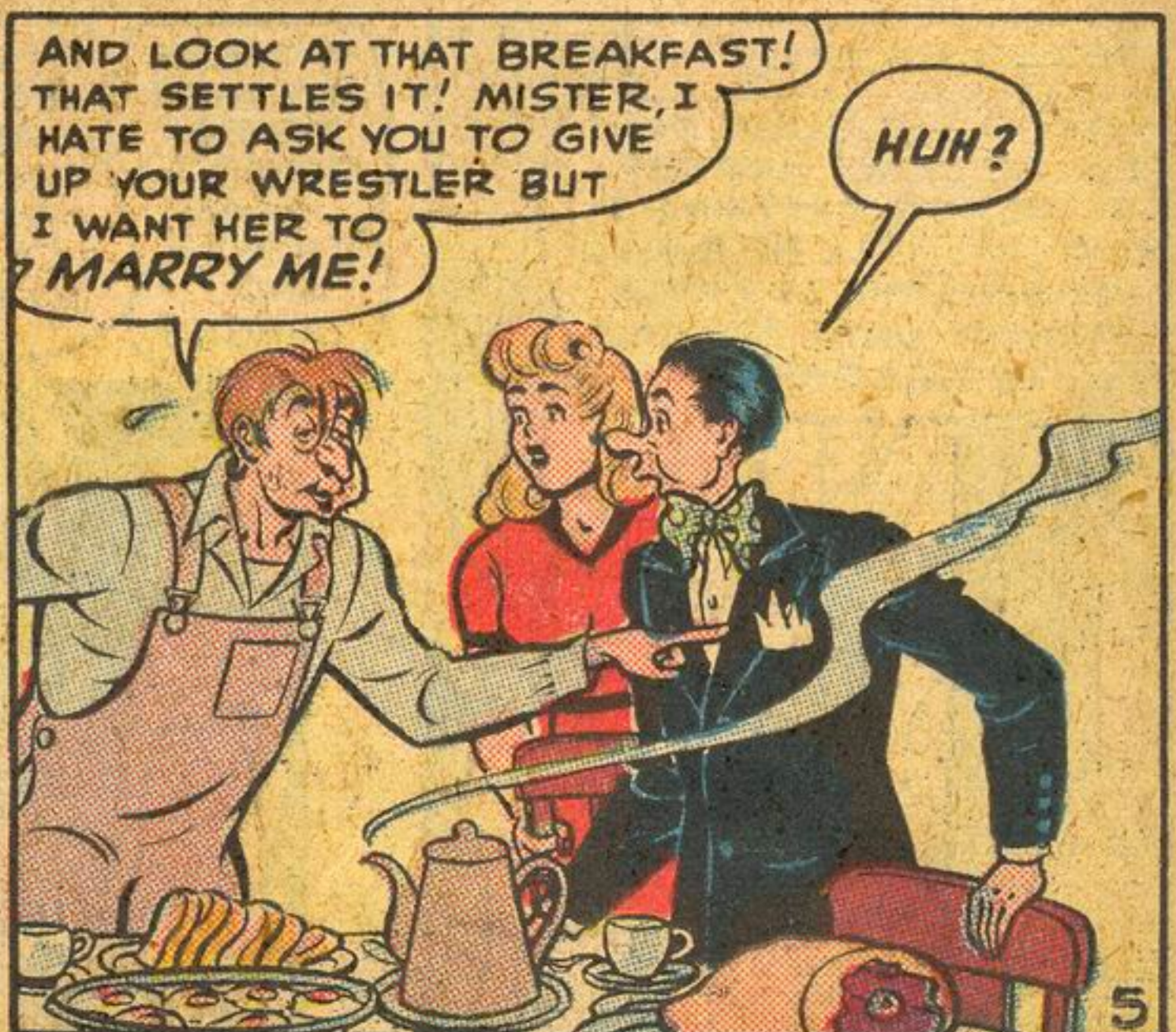
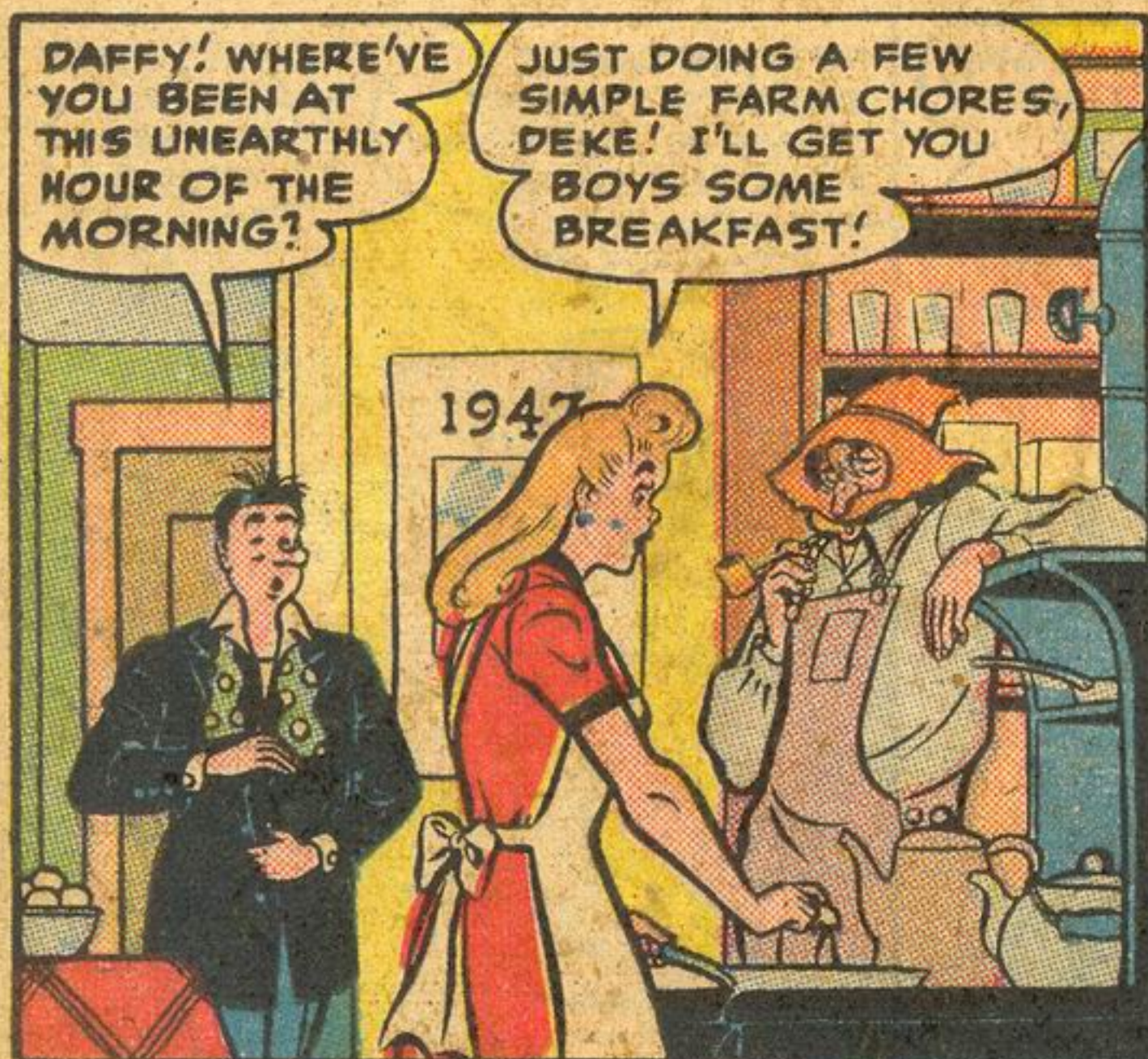
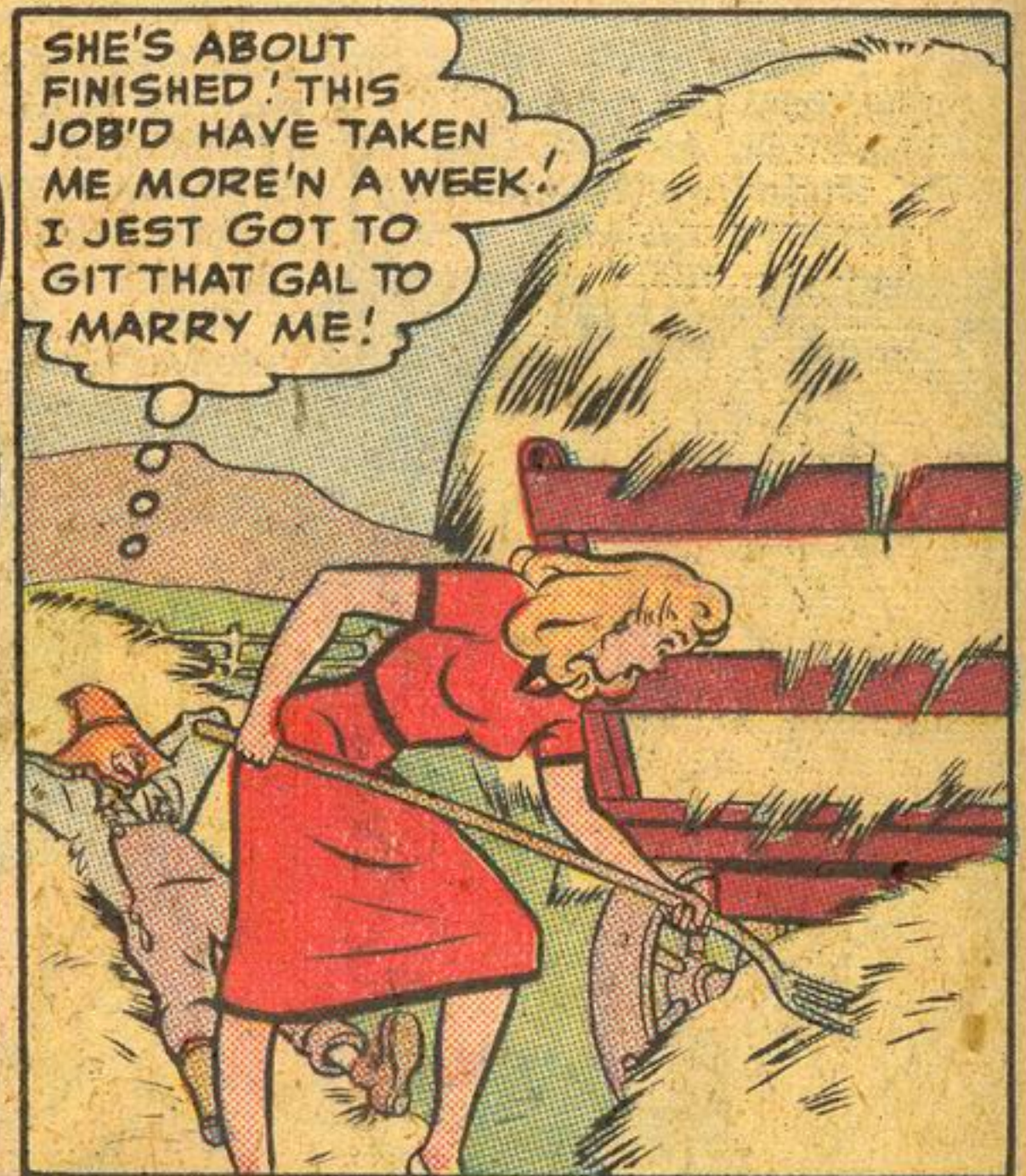
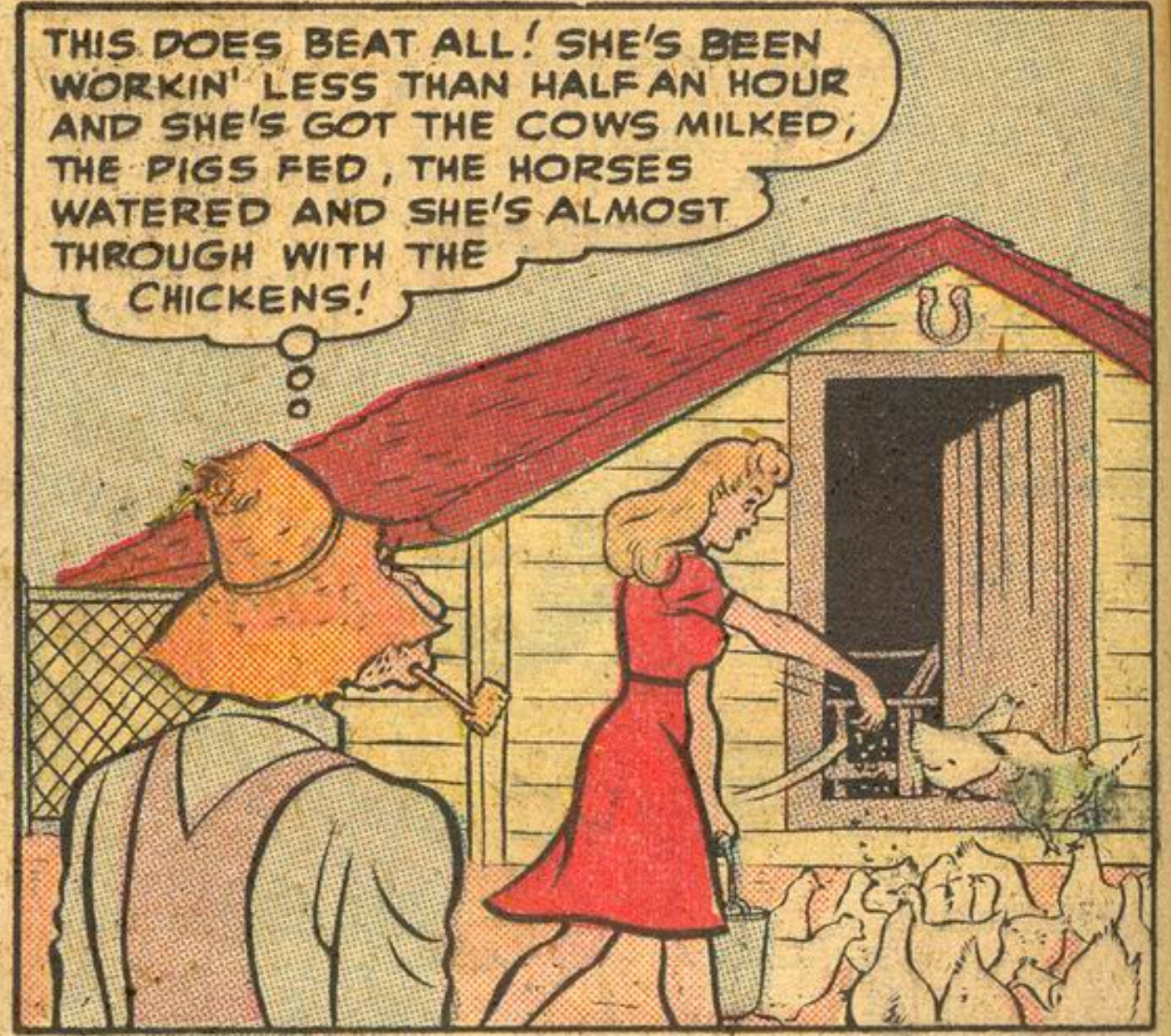
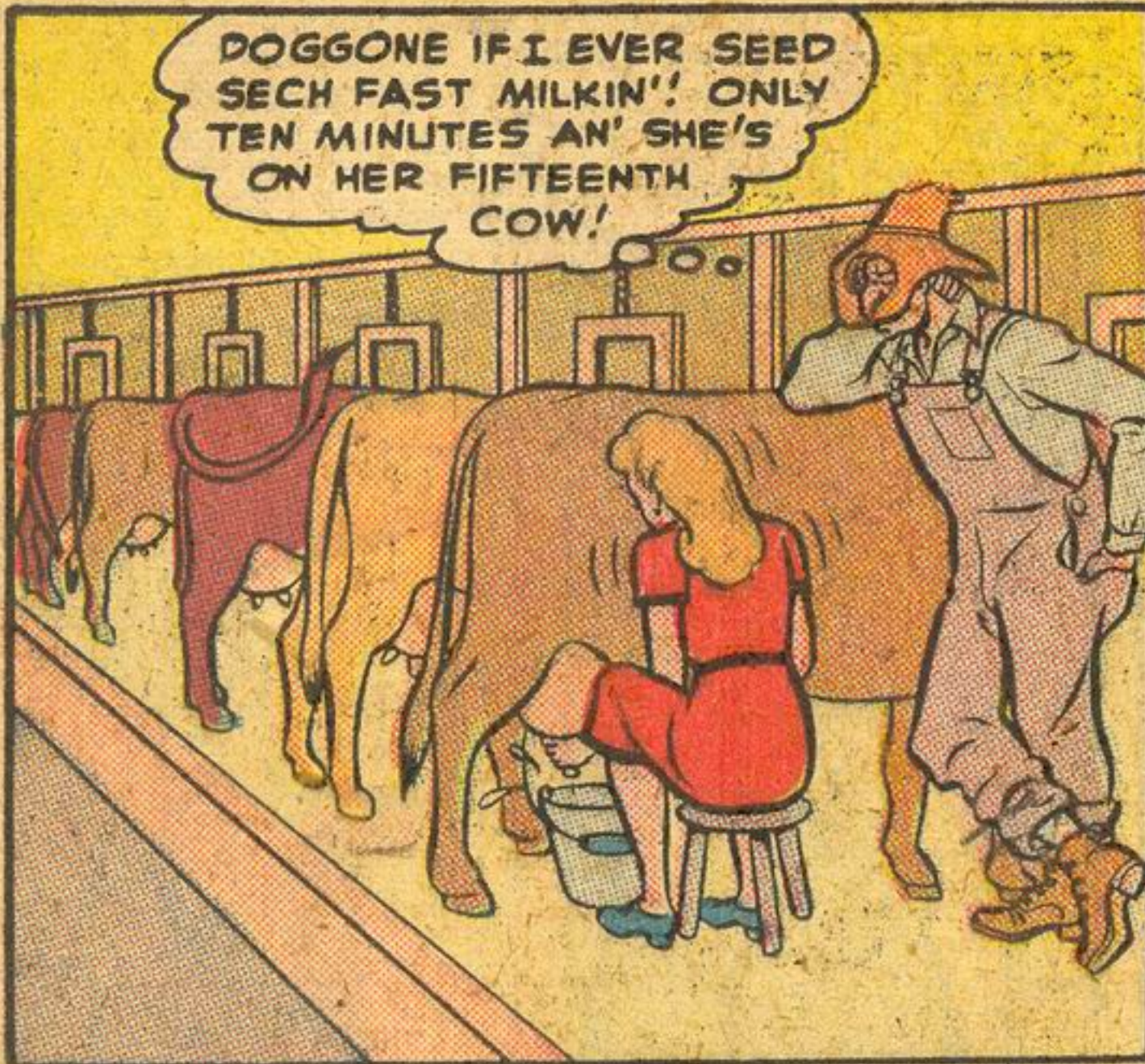
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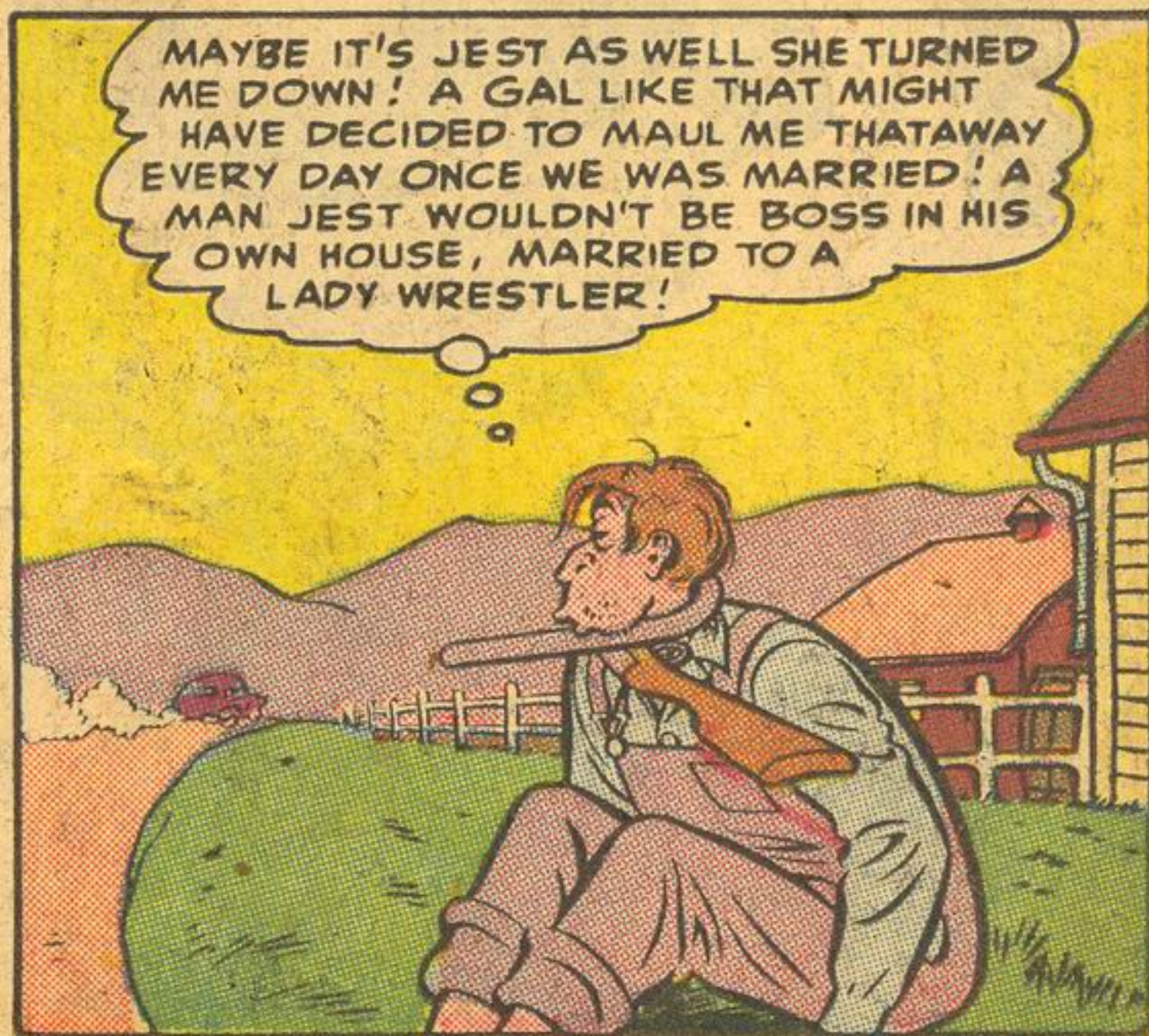
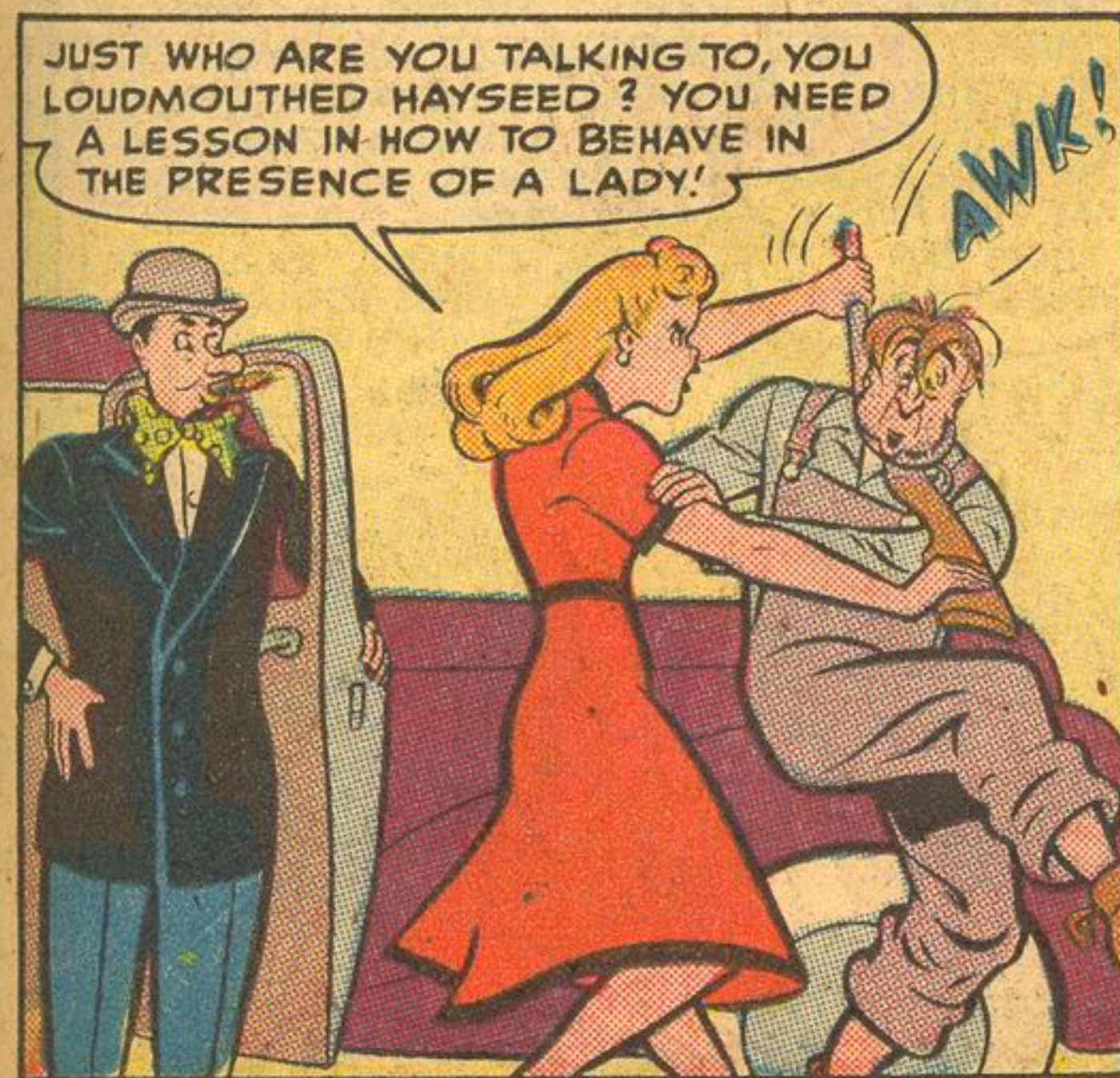
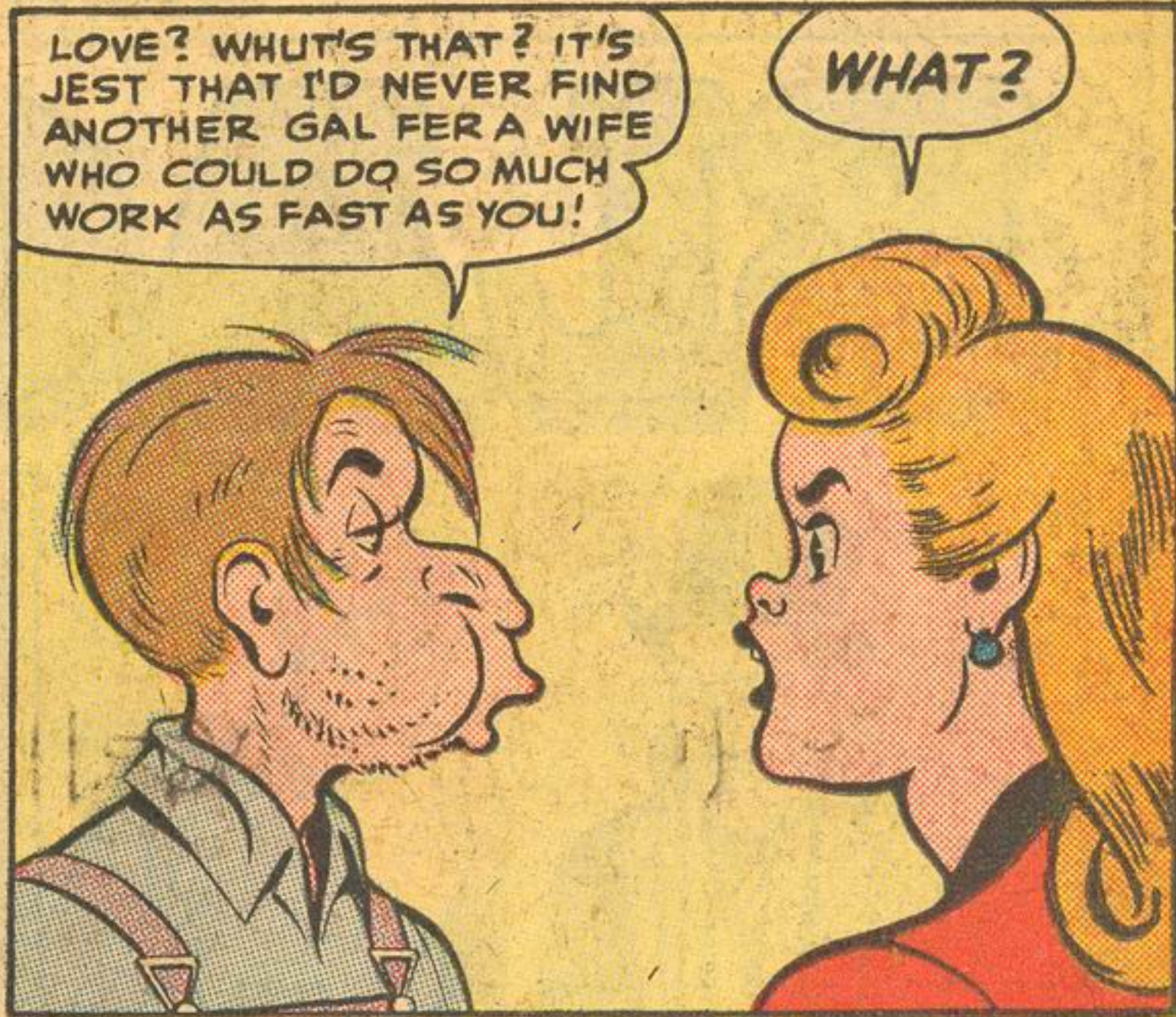




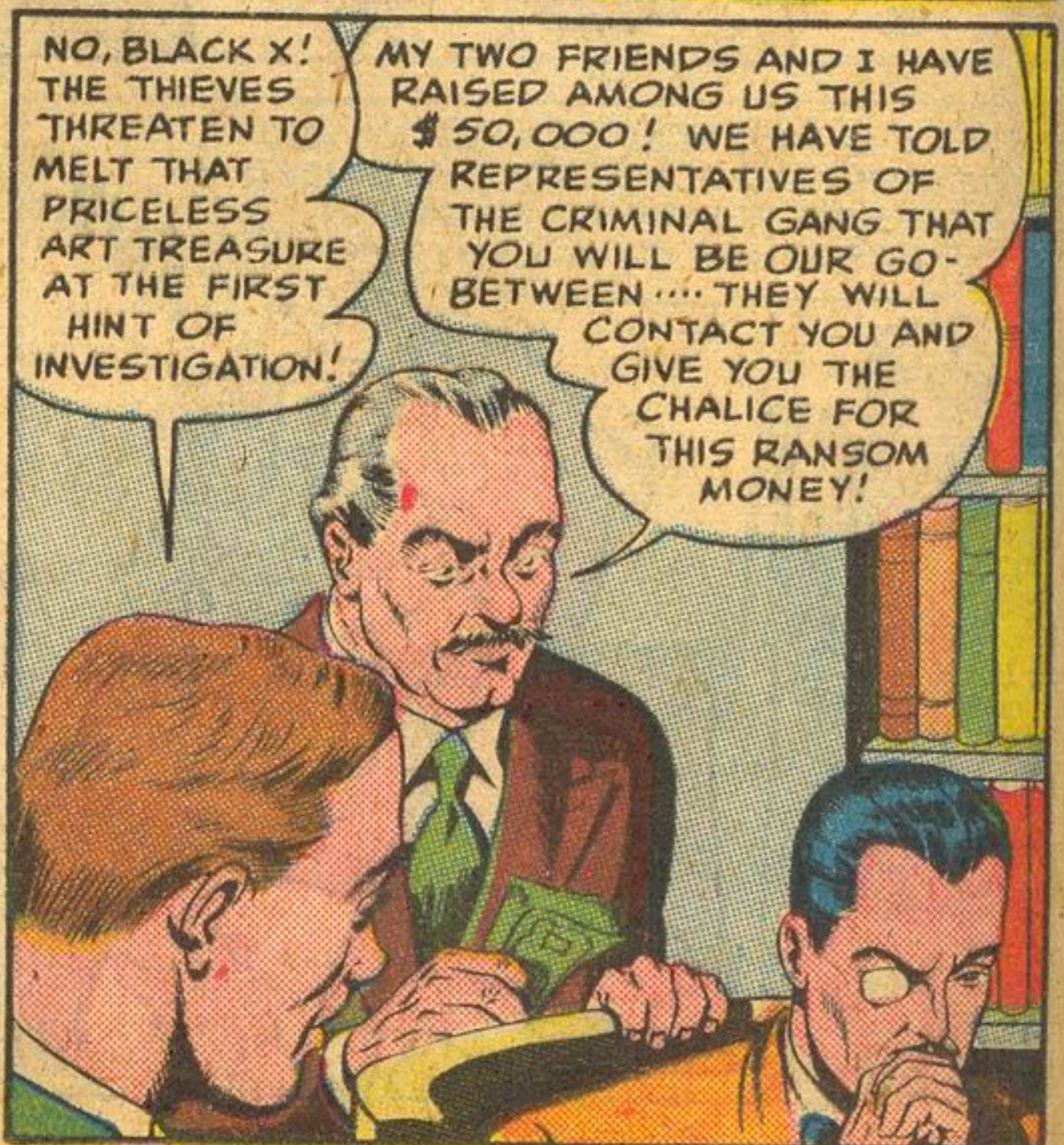
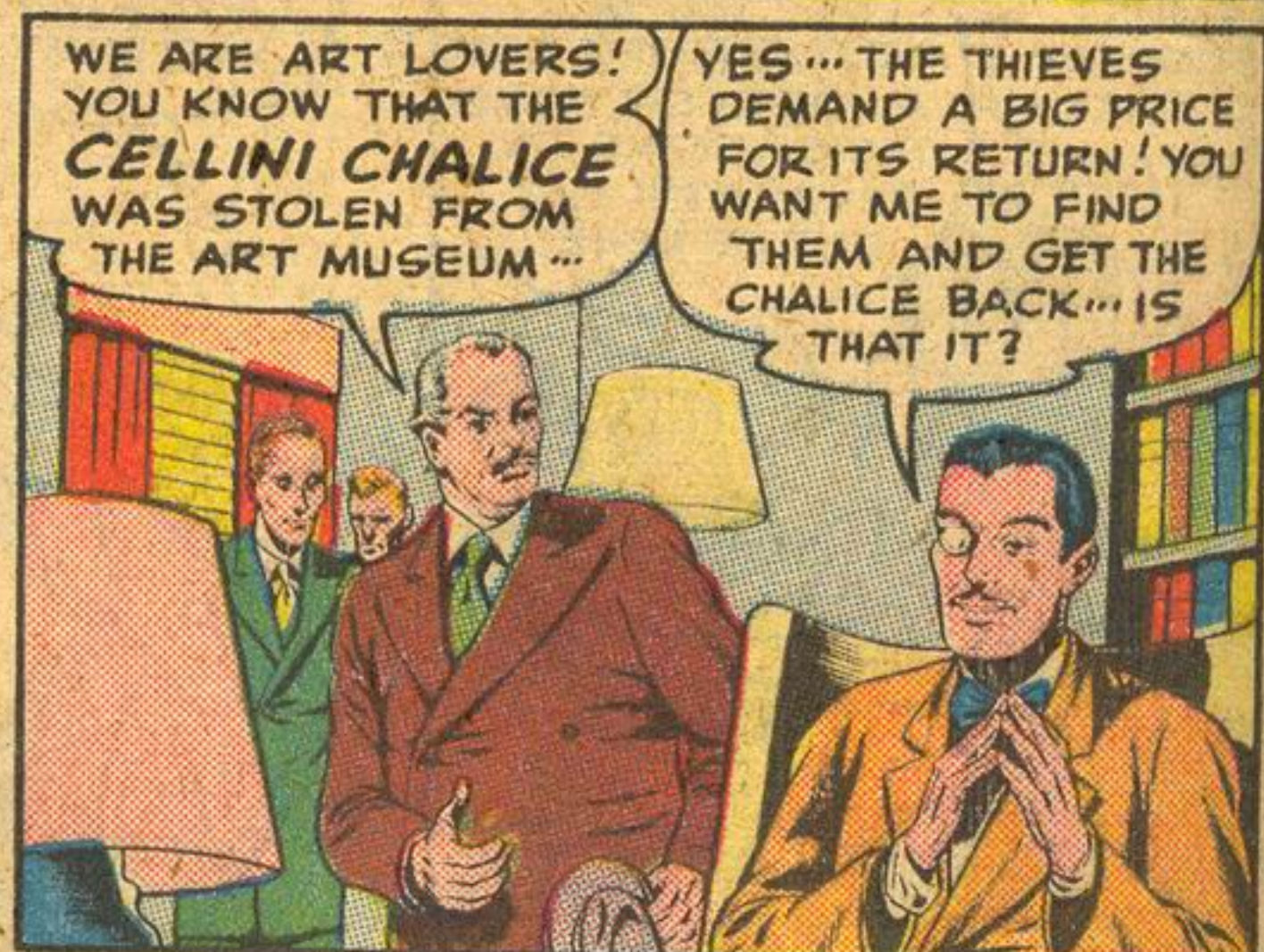






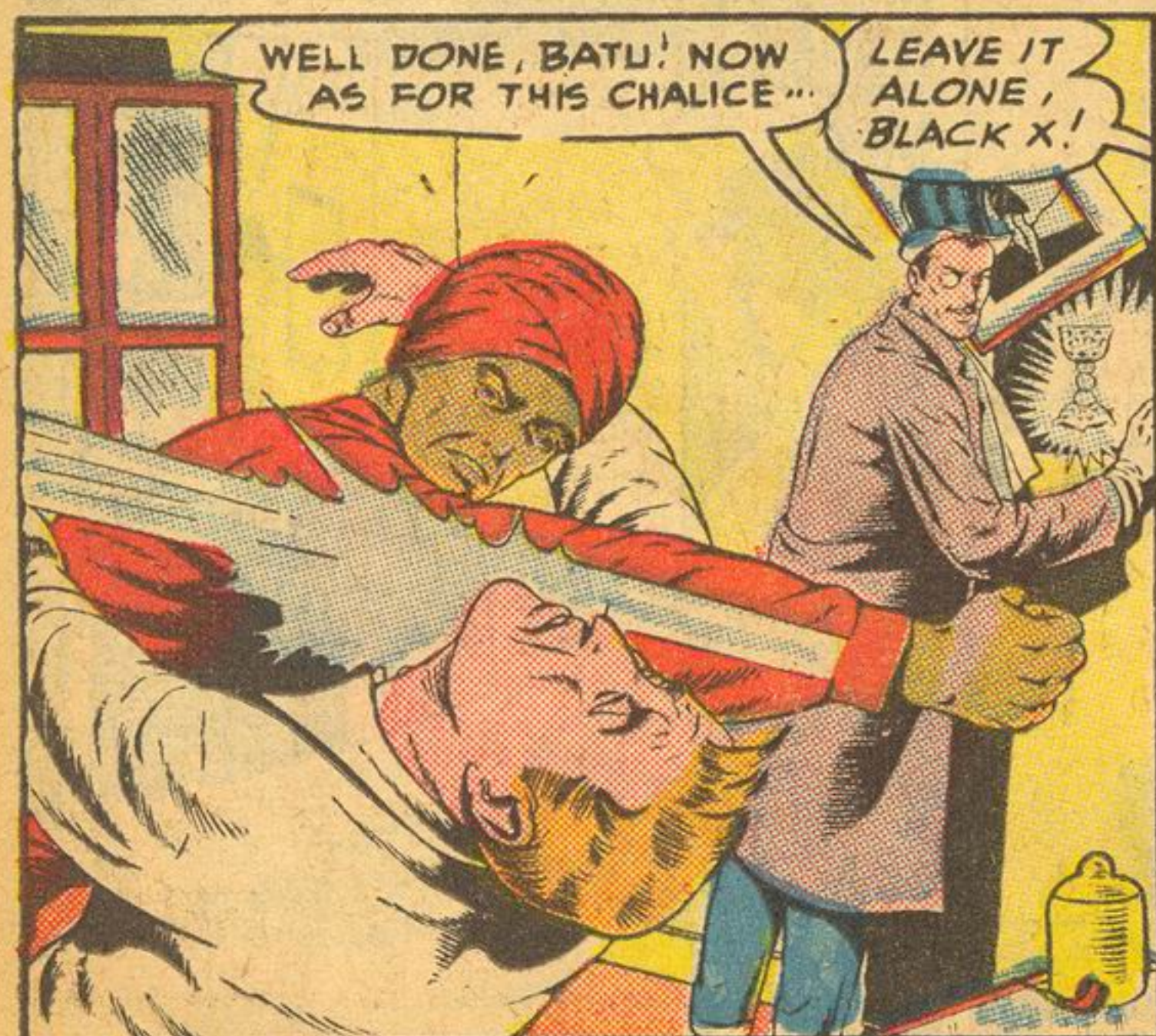


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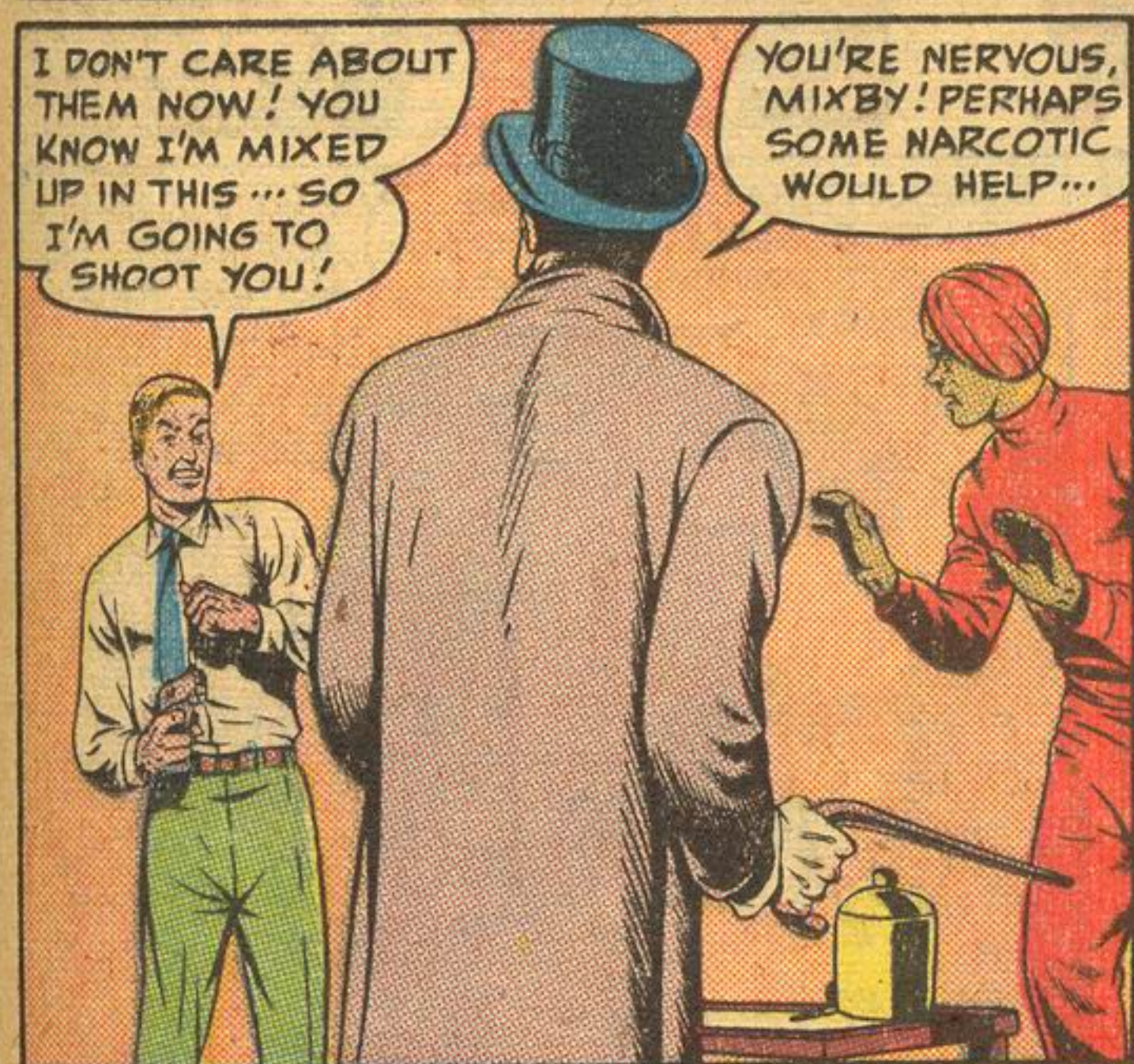




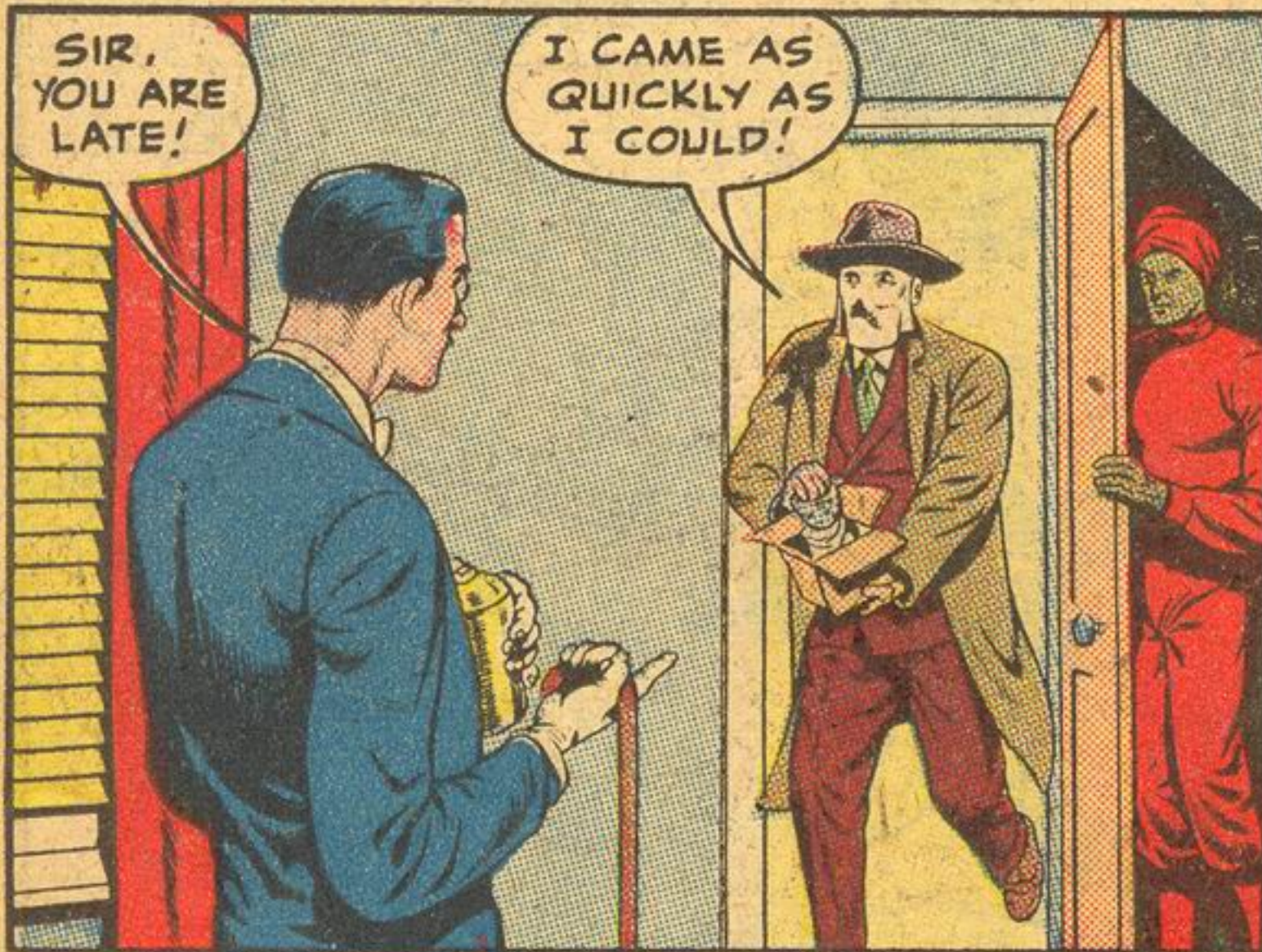
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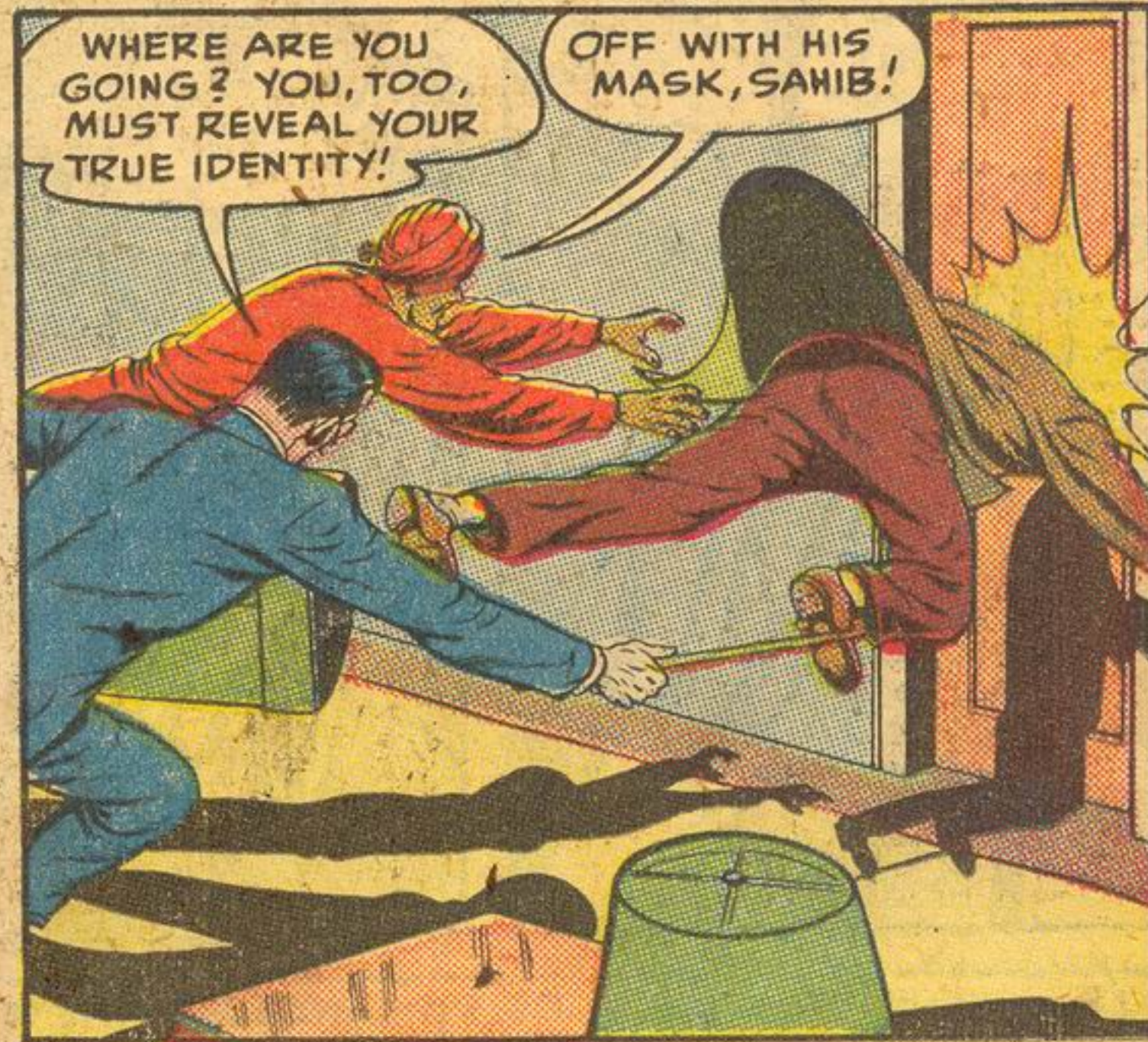


SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS







... IN A MOOD MOST ROMANTIC AM I TODAY, MY GORGEOUS..
DRESS URGENTLY, FOR ON YOU AM I ABOUT TO CALL!
.. BUT TODAY HAVE I A CAR ACQUIRED! THUS AT LAST
SHALL I YOU IN HIGH STYLE ESCORT.. OBEDIENTLY
YOURS,
RAOUL
DICHANGE!

By
Klaus
Nordling

LADY LUCK



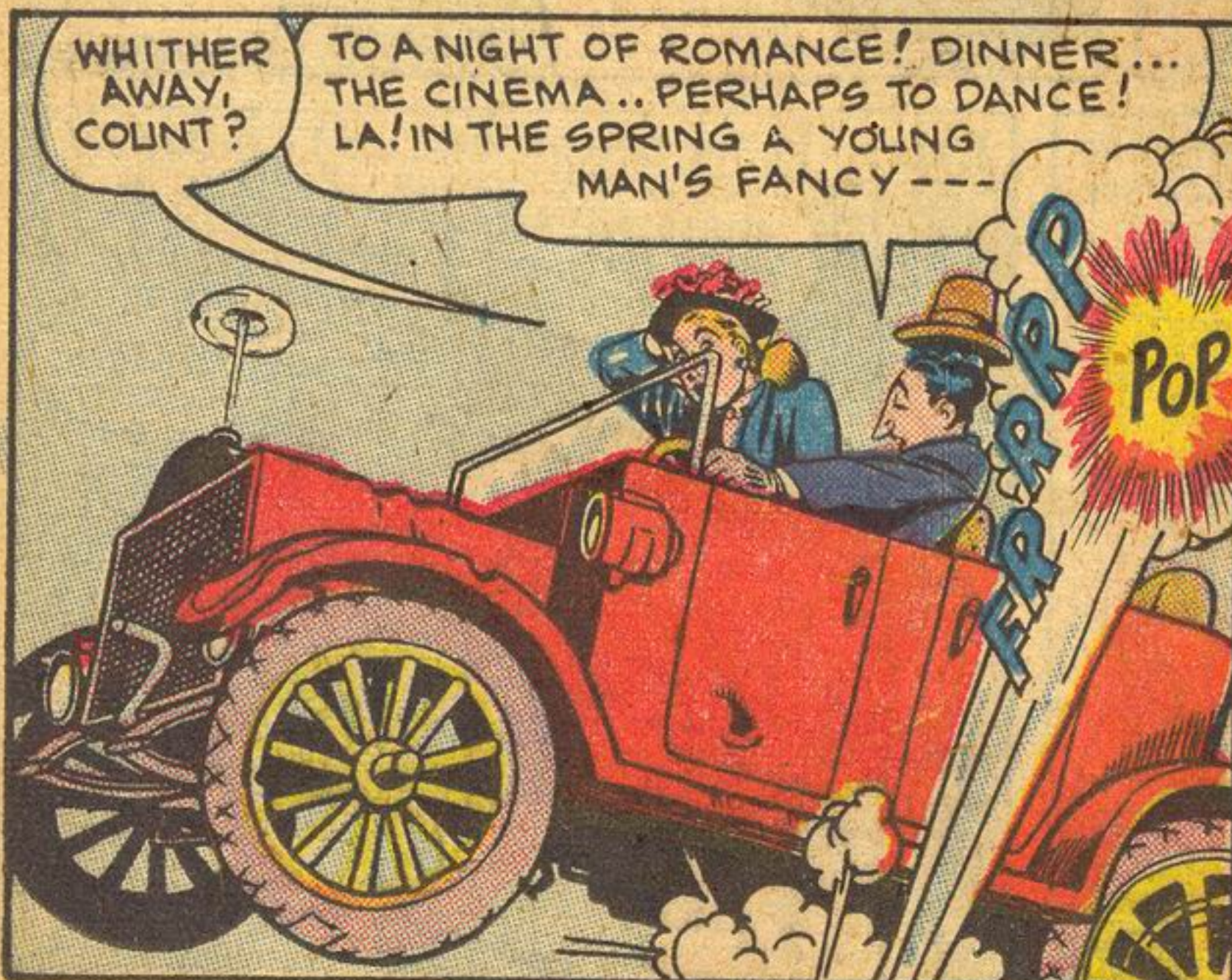
AH, HERE
HE COMES
NOW-- BUT
--- GOLLY!



KRRUN NK-- SPLUT



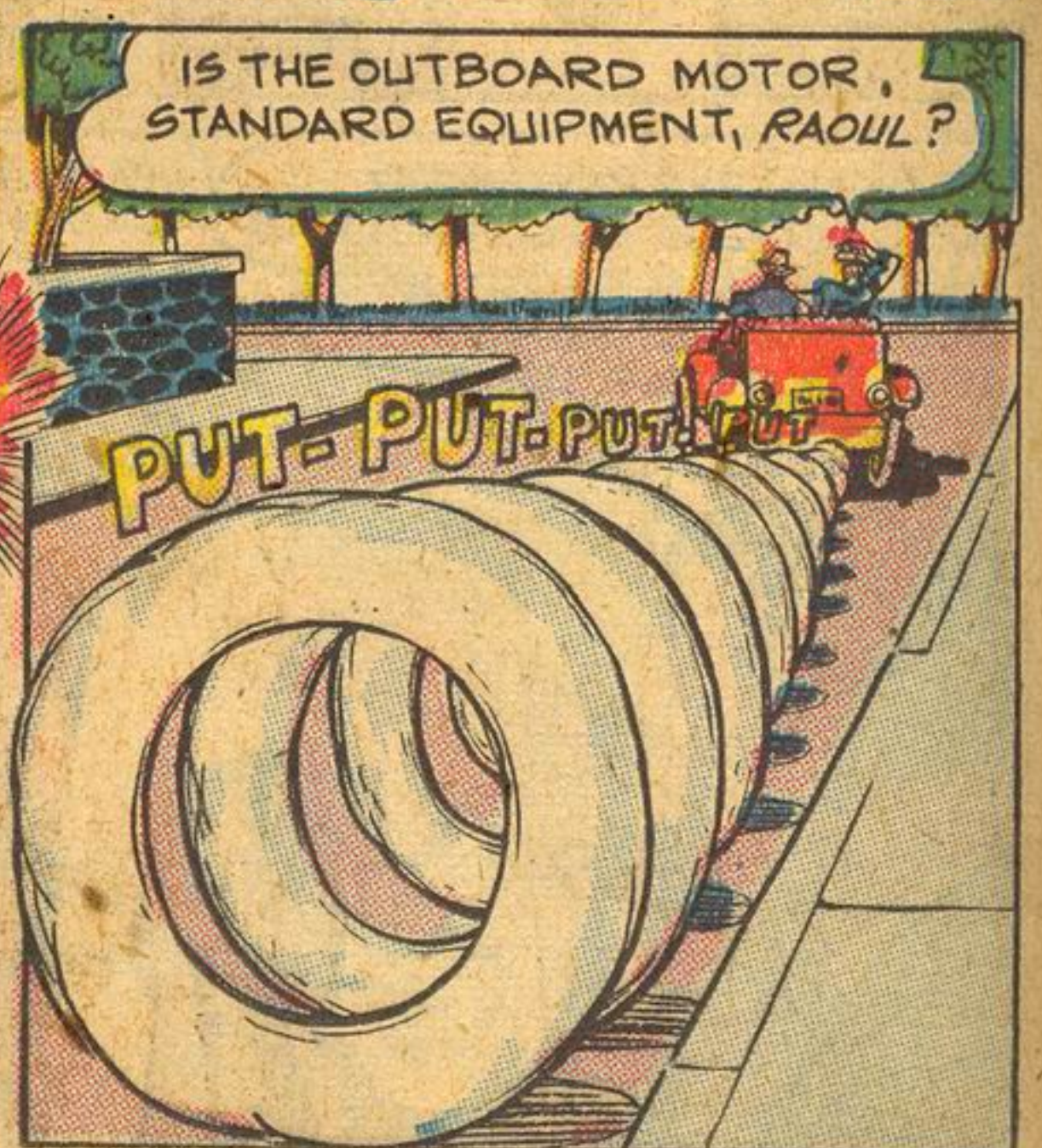
MY FOAMING CHARIOT.. AND
I.. AT YOUR SERVICE!



WHITHER
AWAY,
COUNT?

TO A NIGHT OF ROMANCE! DINNER...
THE CINEMA.. PERHAPS TO DANCE!
LA! IN THE SPRING A YOUNG
MAN'S FANCY ---

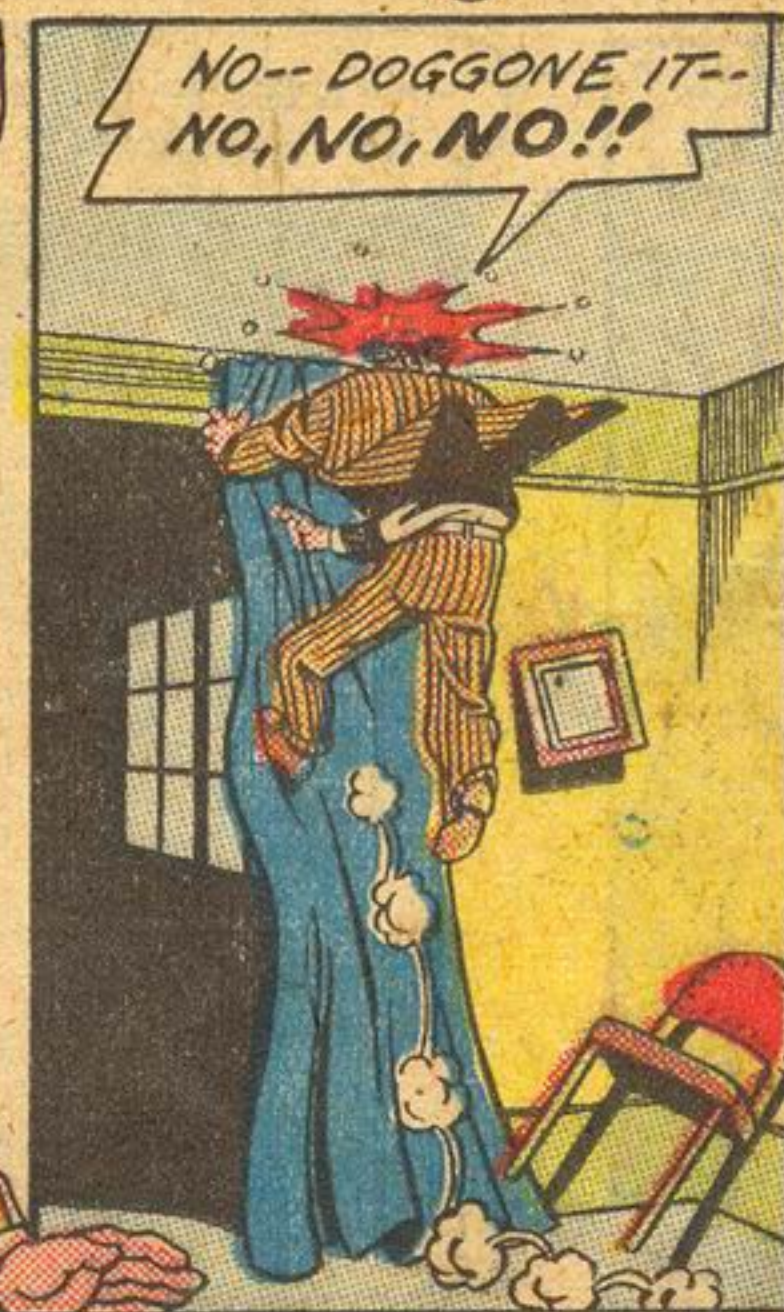
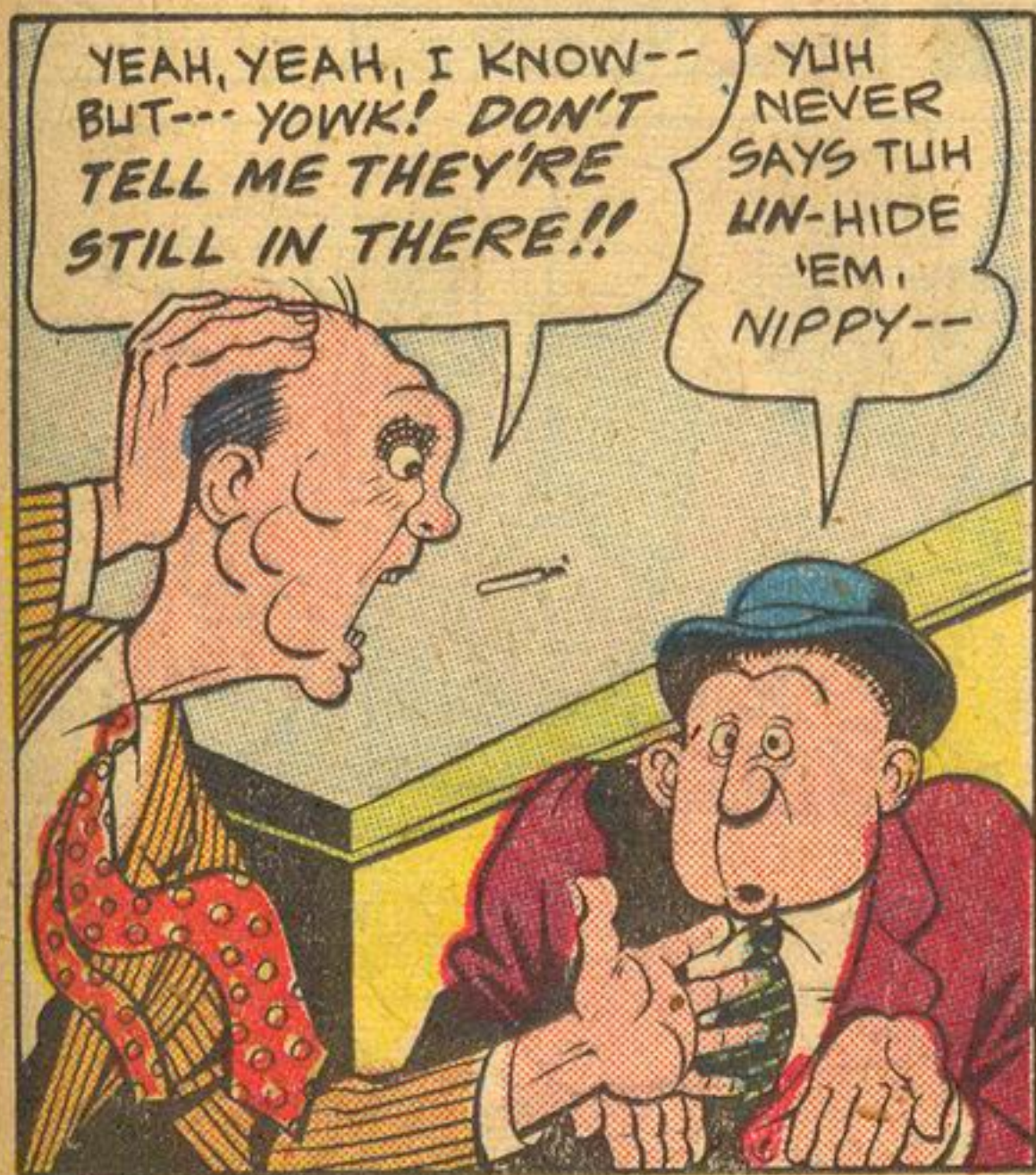
POP



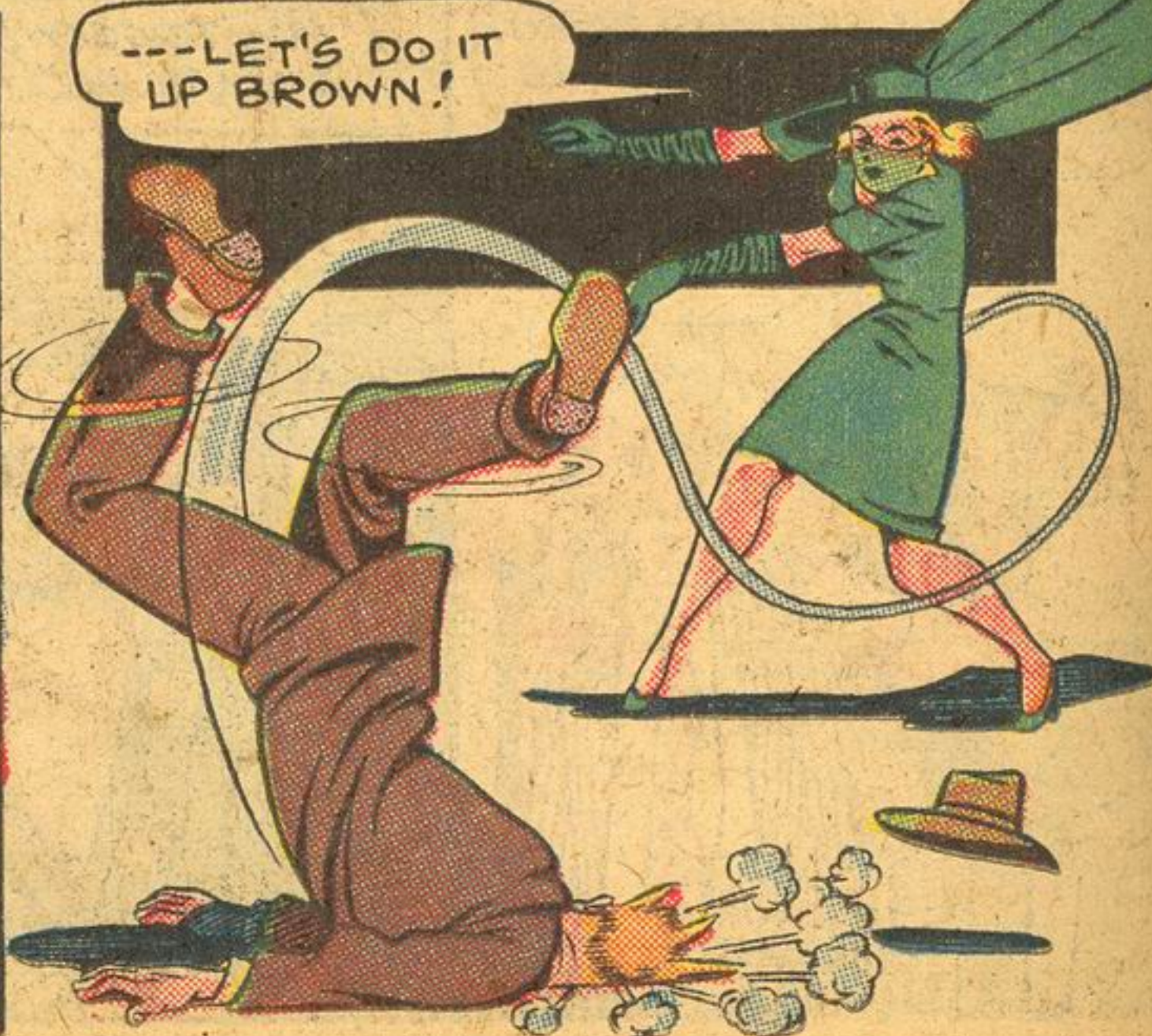
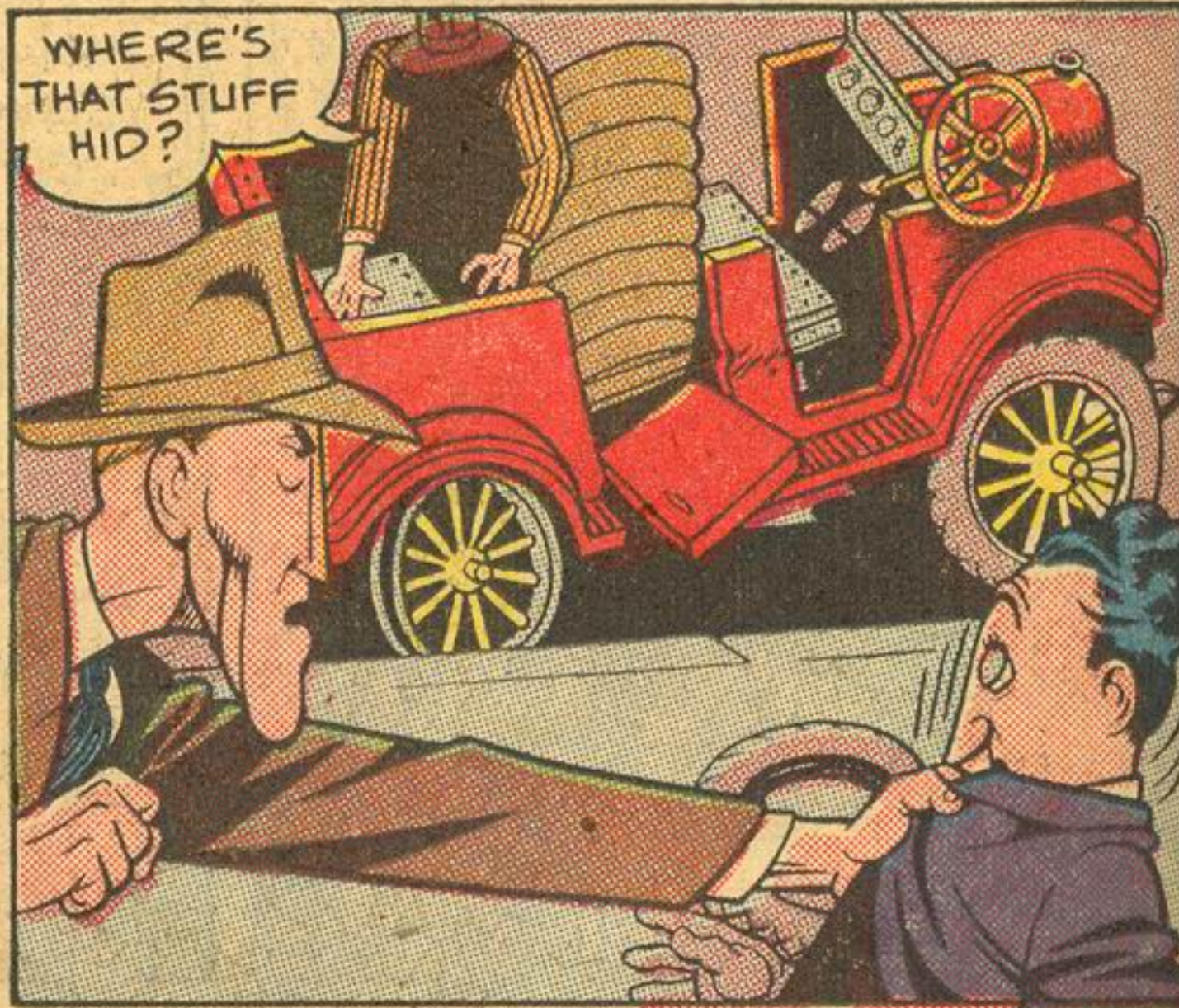
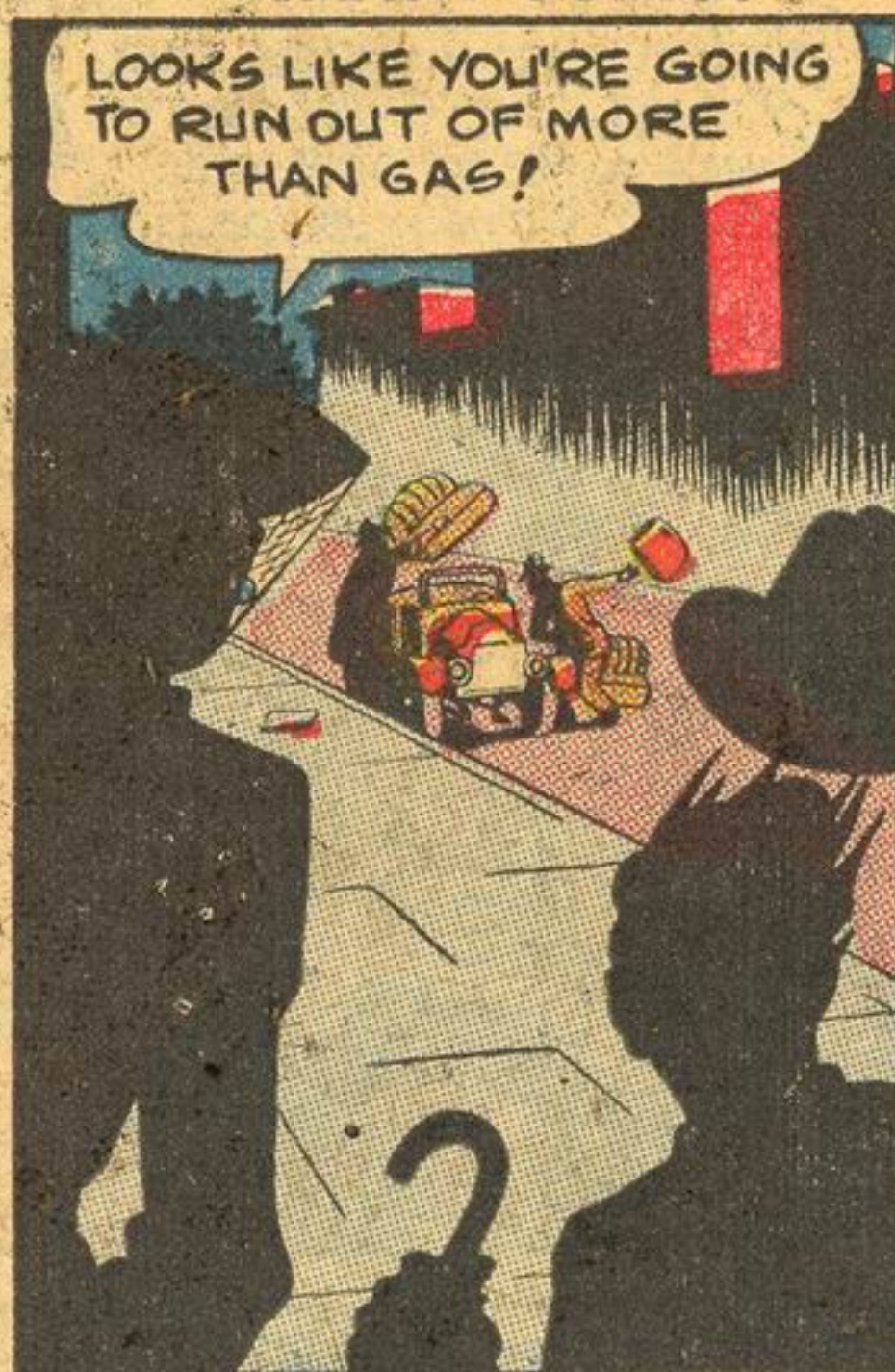
IS THE OUTBOARD MOTOR,
STANDARD EQUIPMENT, RAOUL?

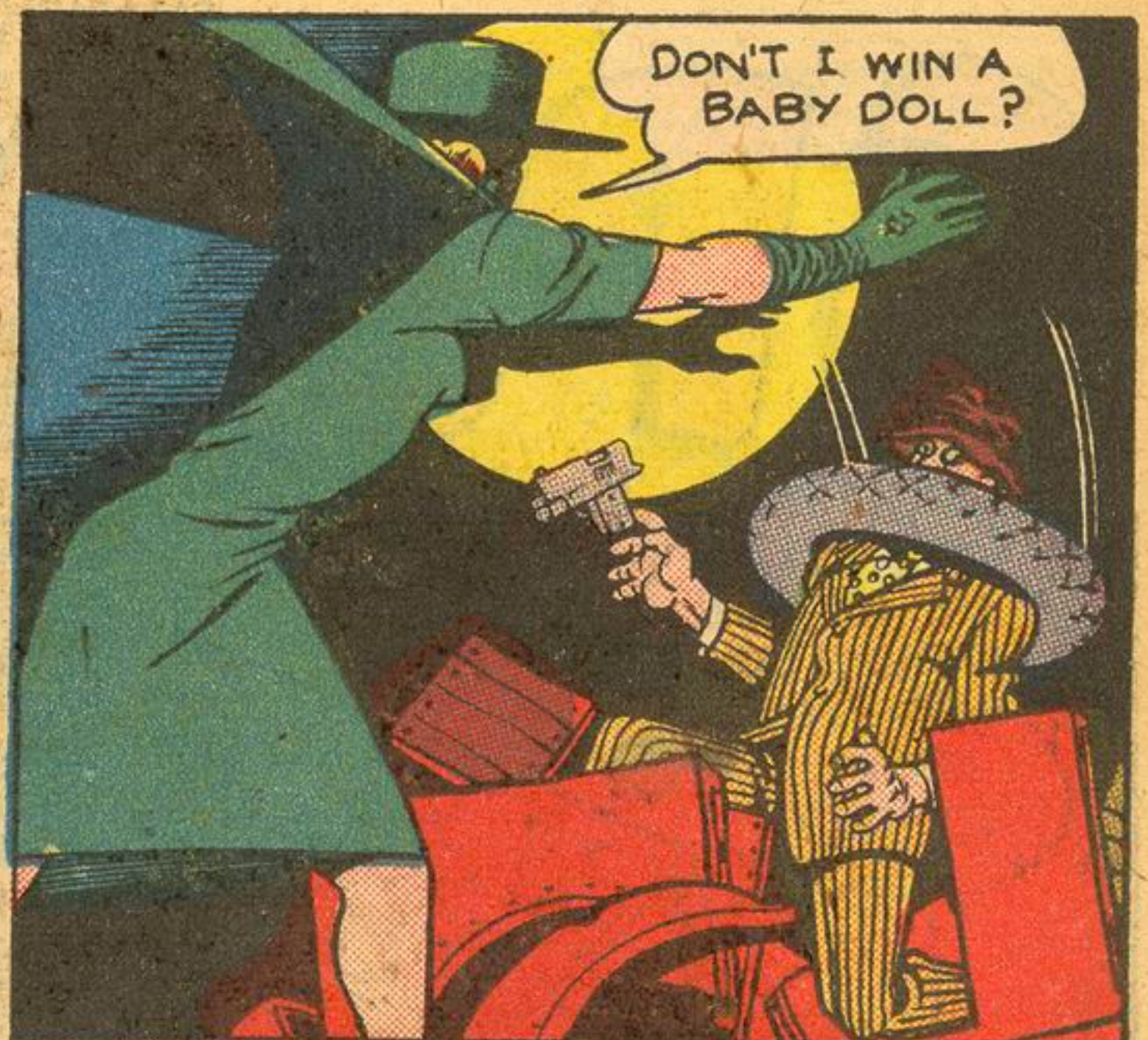
PUT-PUT-PUT-PUT

SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS





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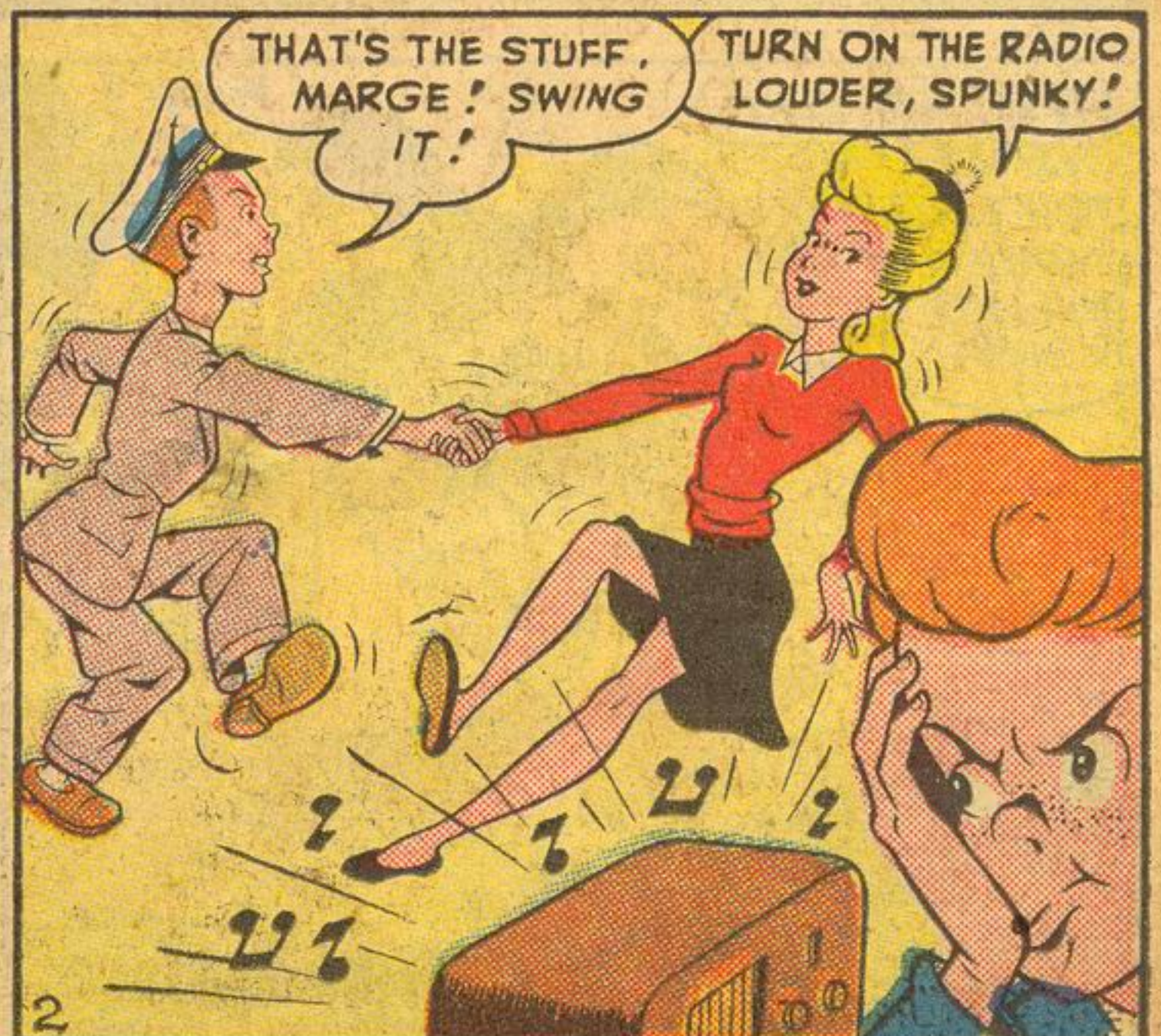
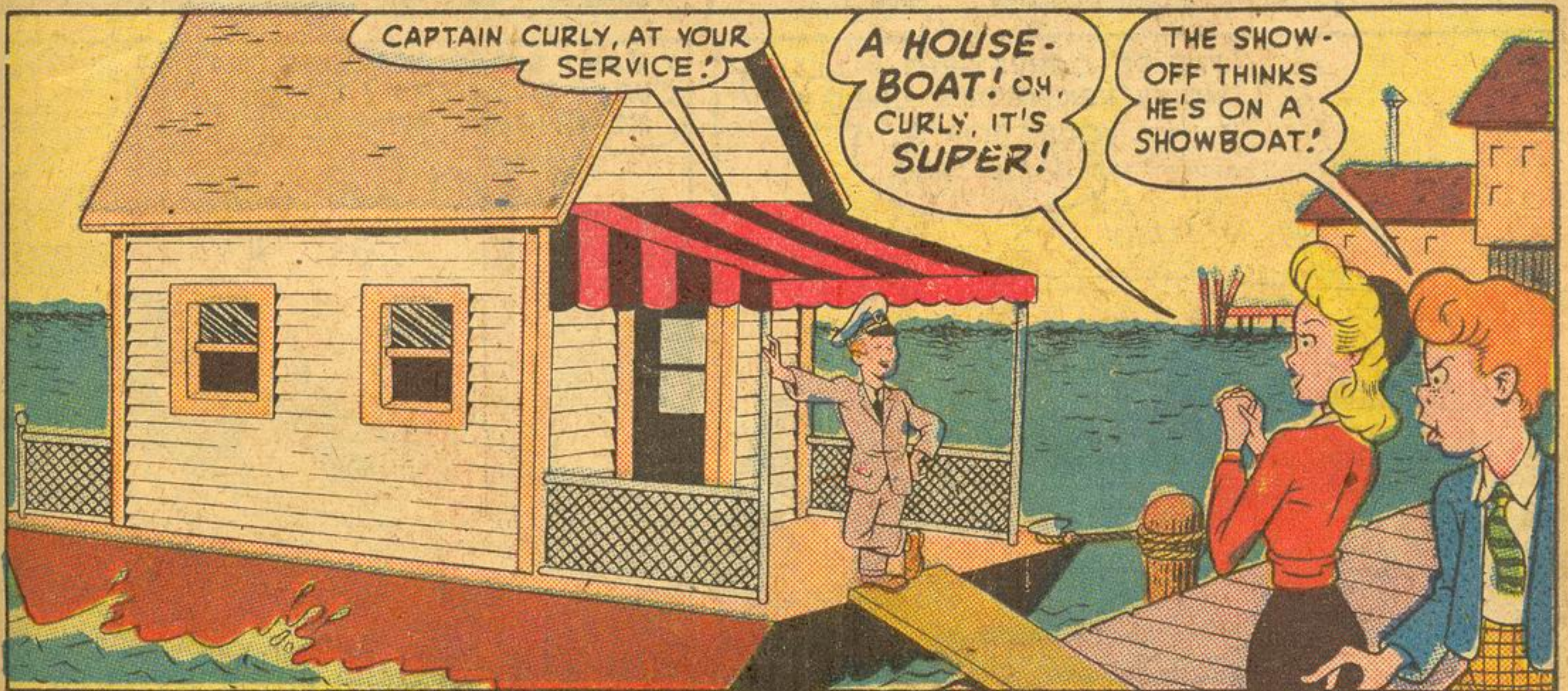
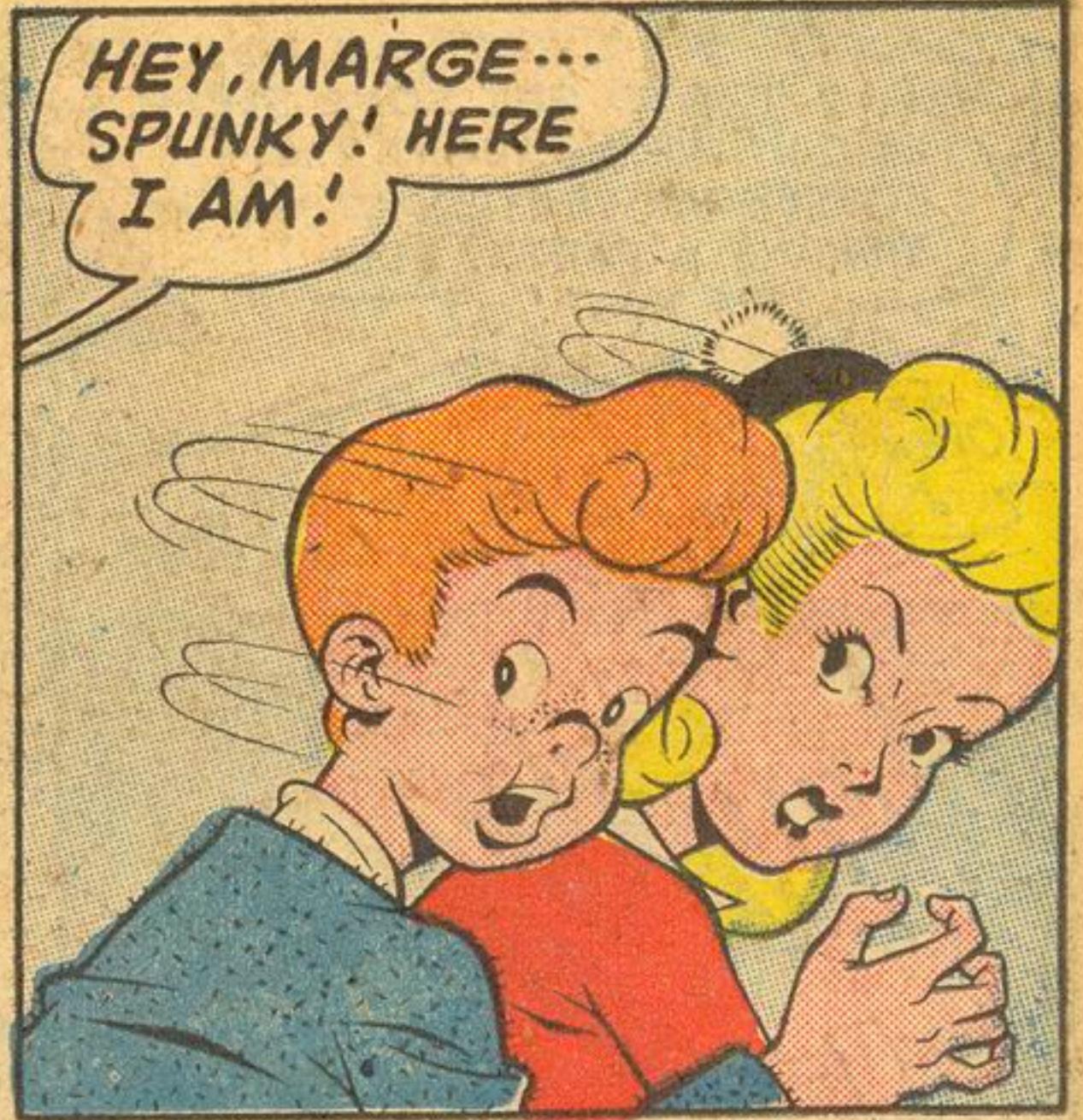
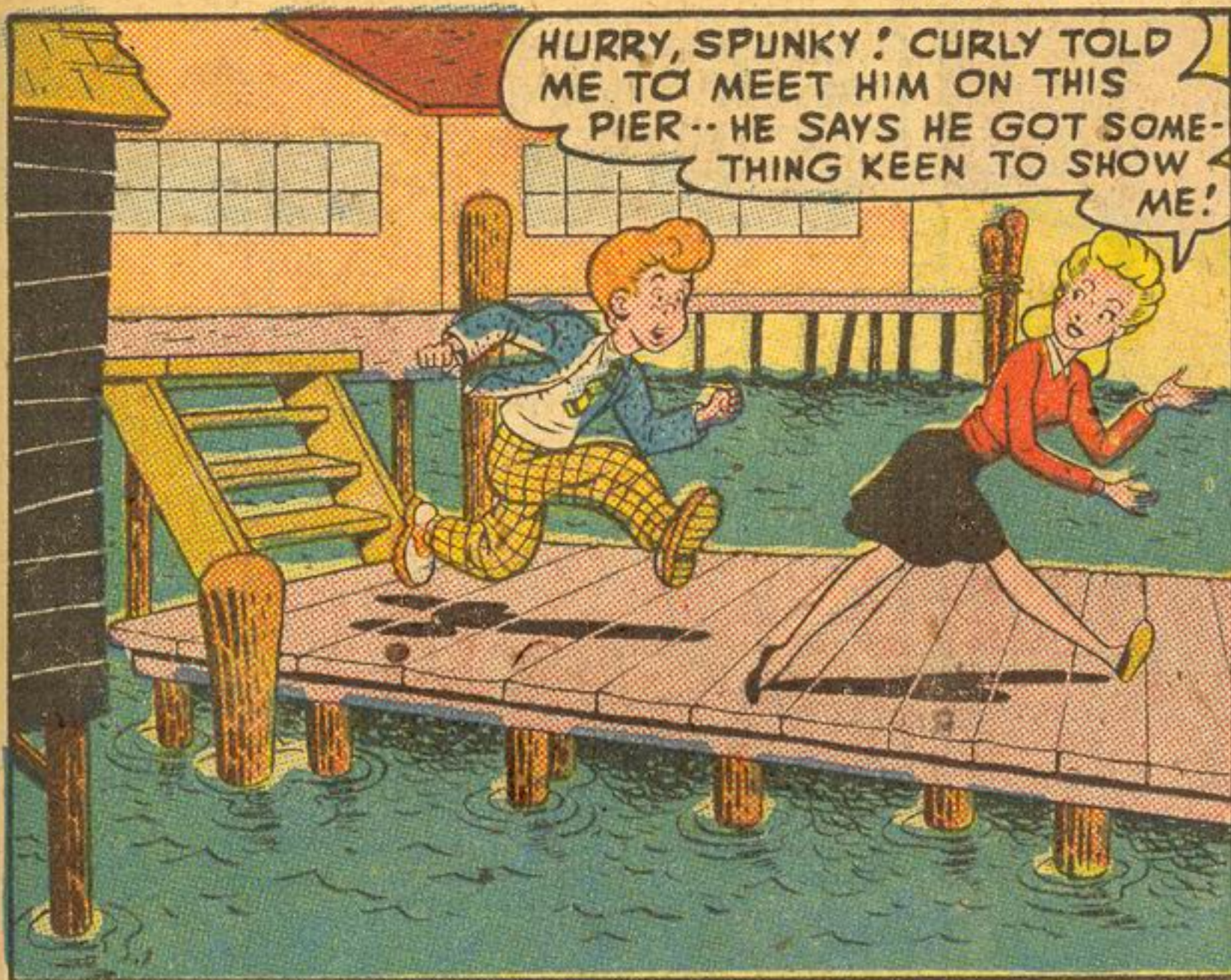
SPUNKY

WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING SO
WORRIED
ABOUT,
SPUNKY?

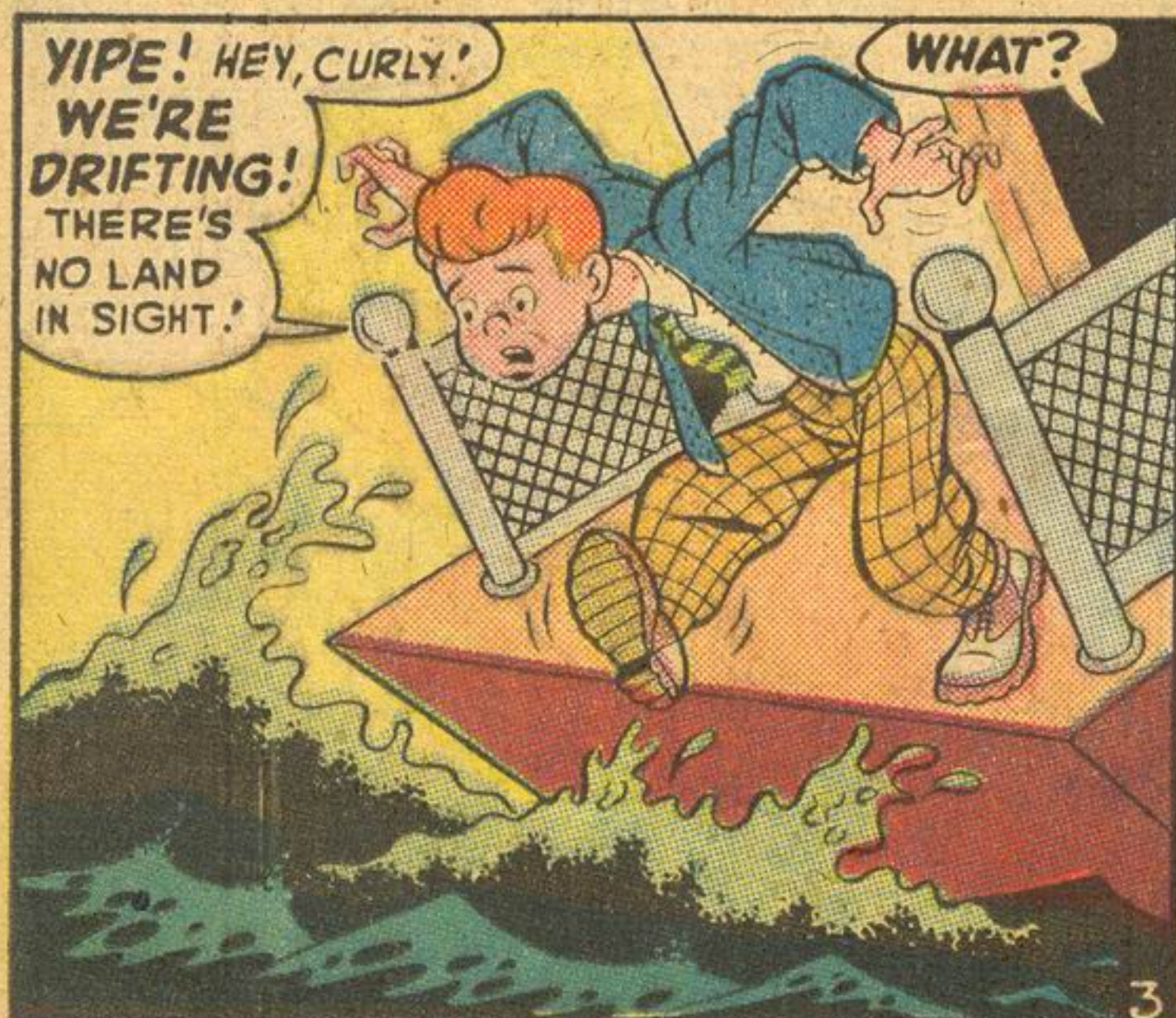
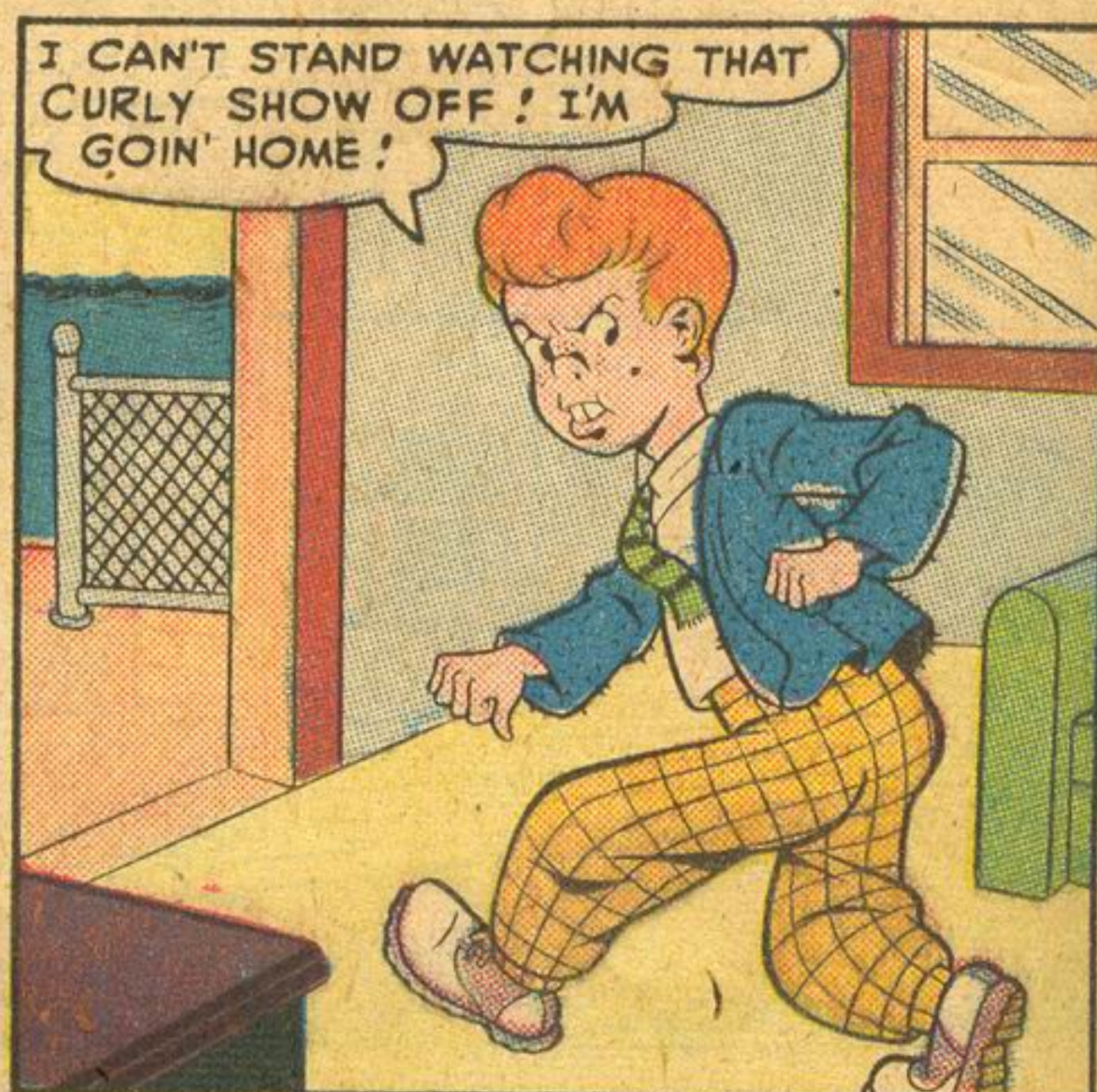
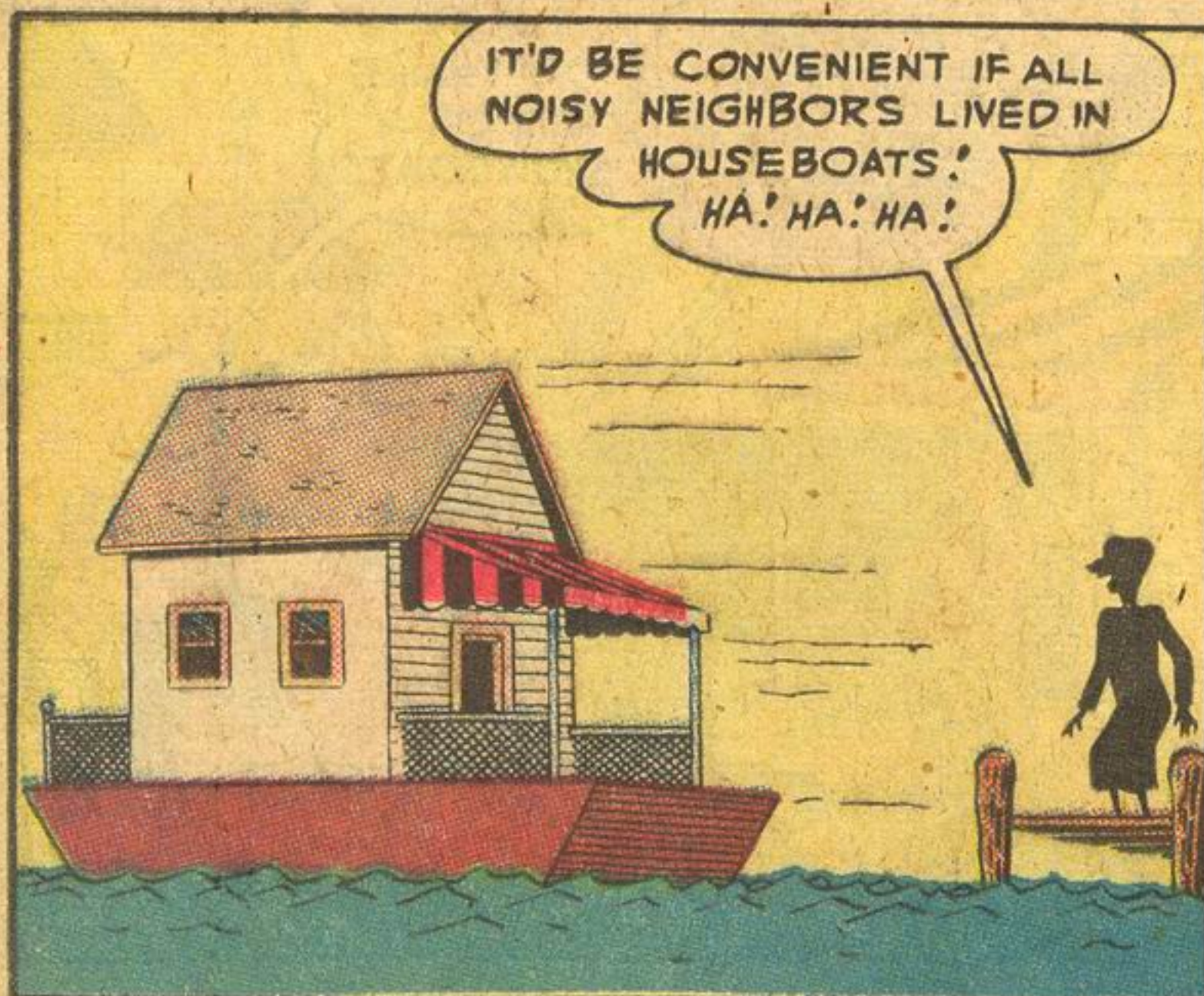
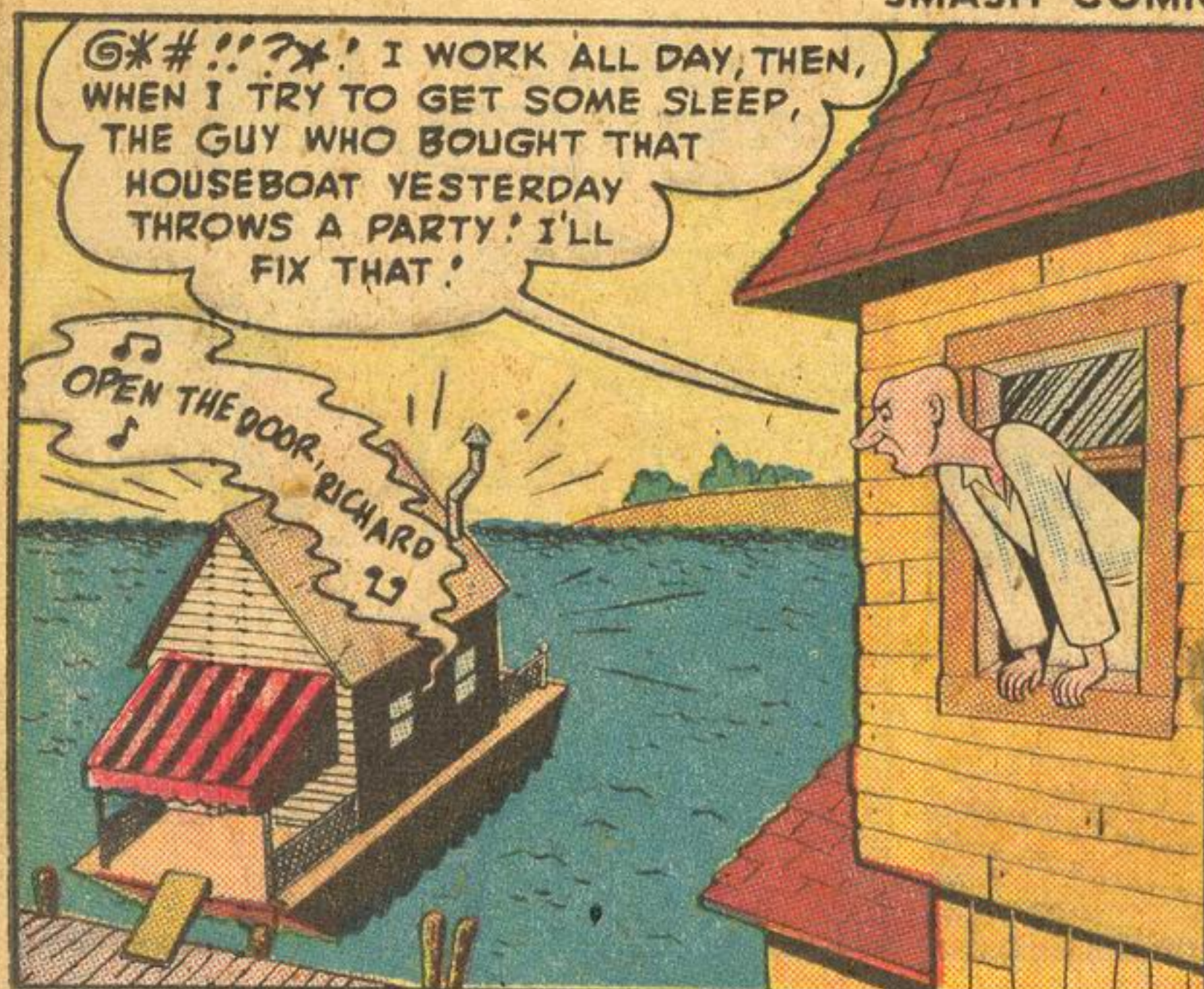
I'M WISHING I'D
BROUGHT MY RUBBER
BOOTS IN CASE I
FALL OVERBOARD!

THOSE TWO COMPETITORS
FOR MARGE'S AFFECTIONS,
SPUNKY AND CURLY, TAKE
THEIR RIVALRY ONTO THE
HIGH SEAS WHEN CURLY'S
FATHER BUYS A HOUSE-
BOAT!

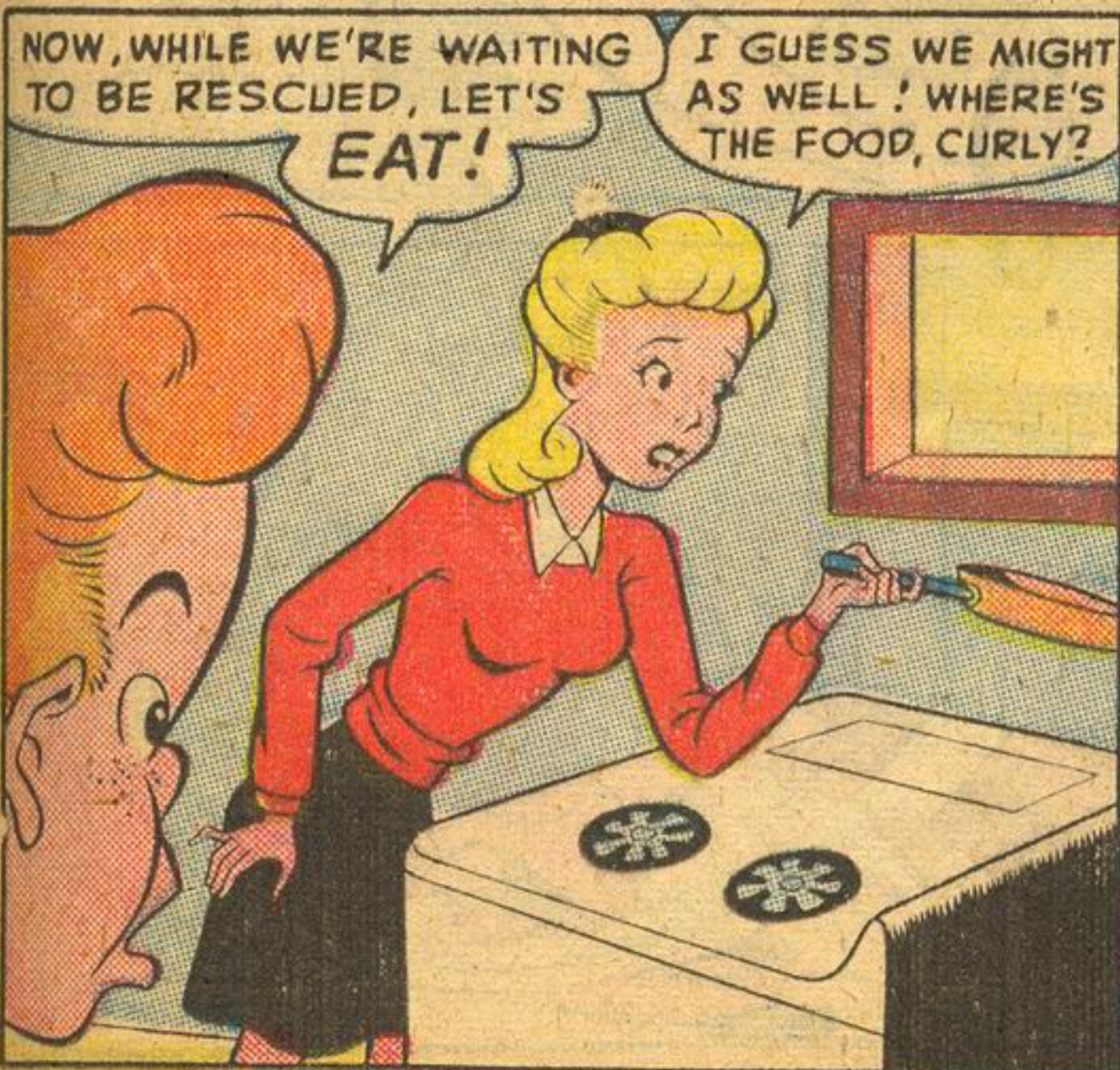
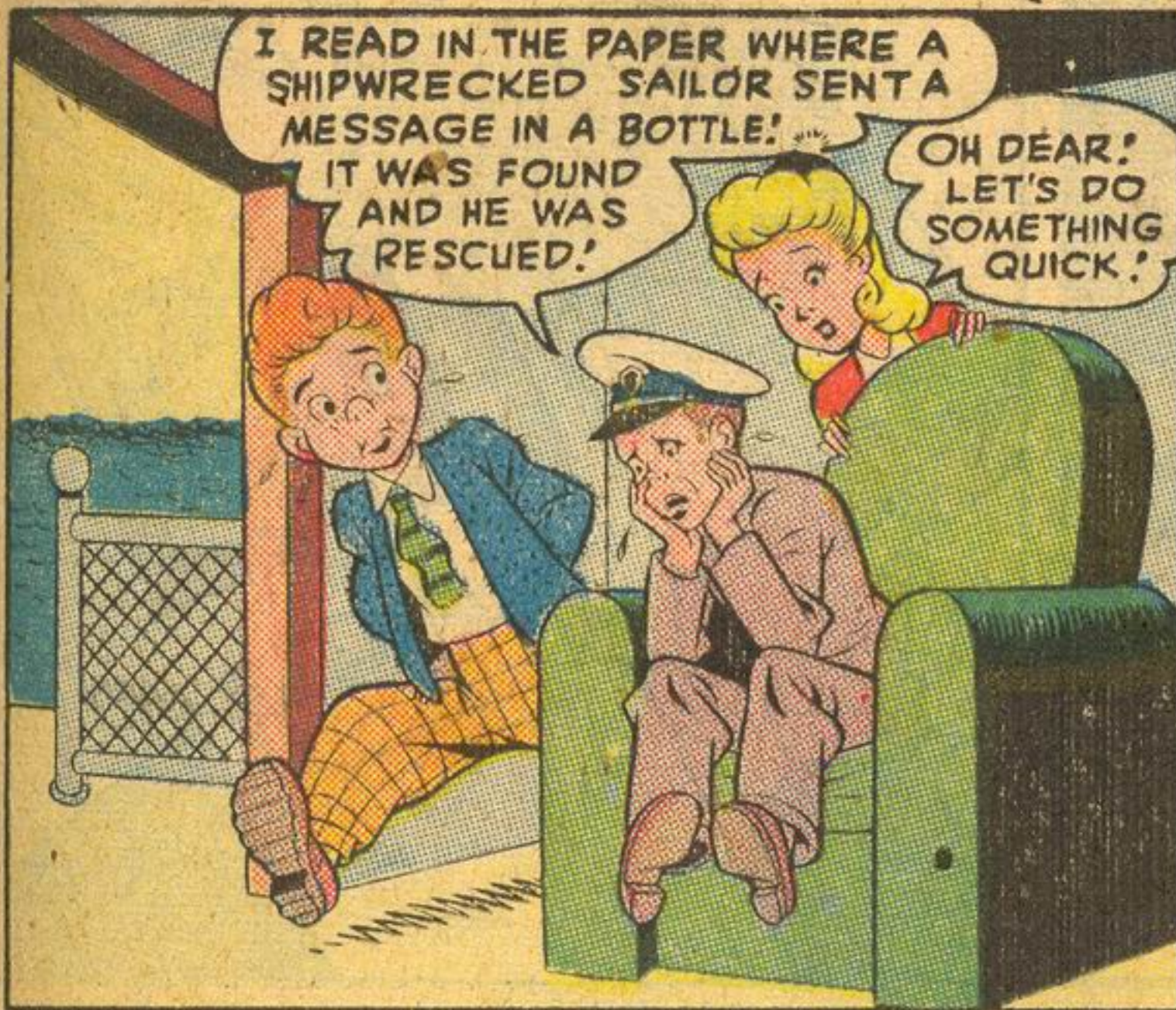
SMASH COMICS

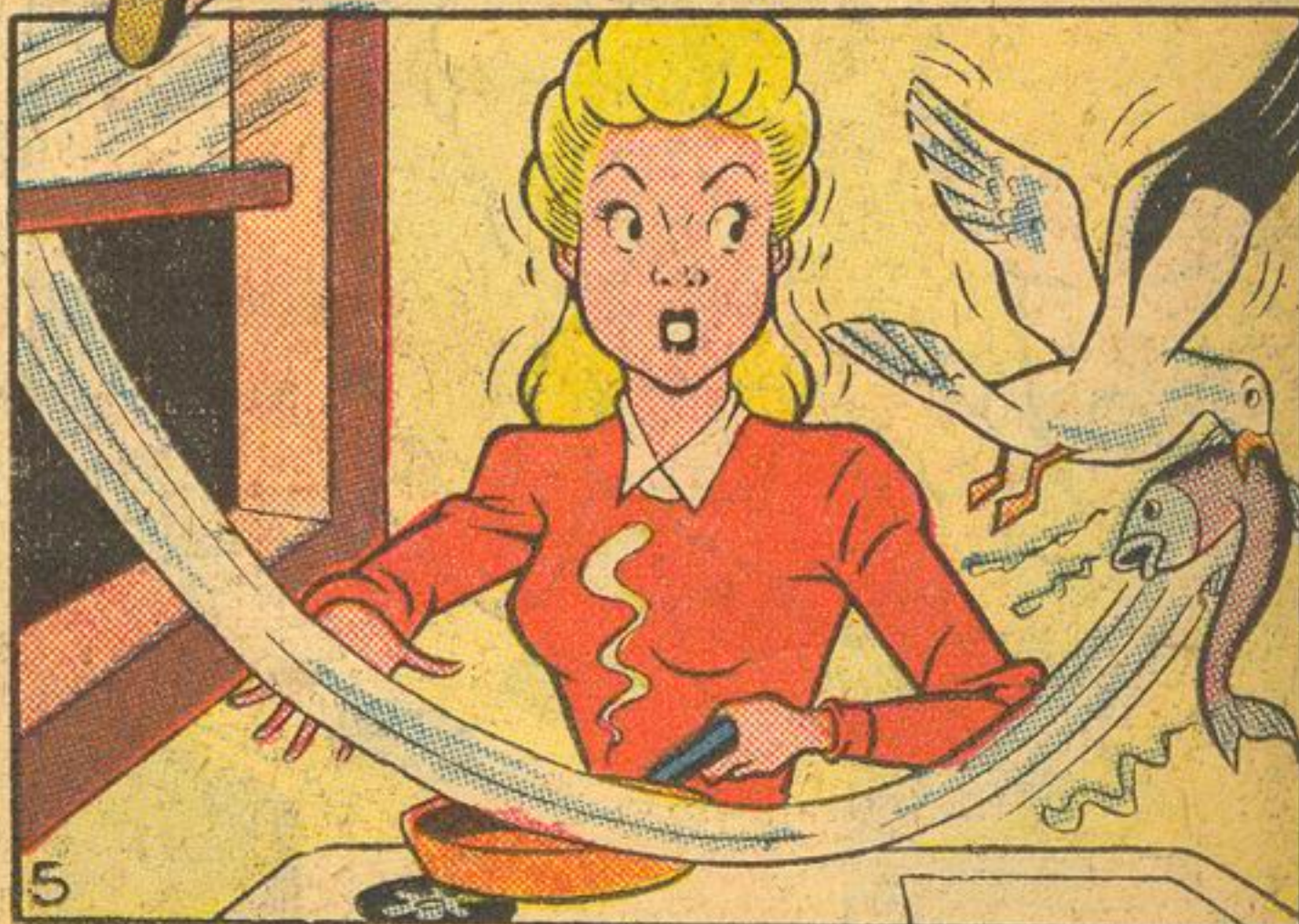
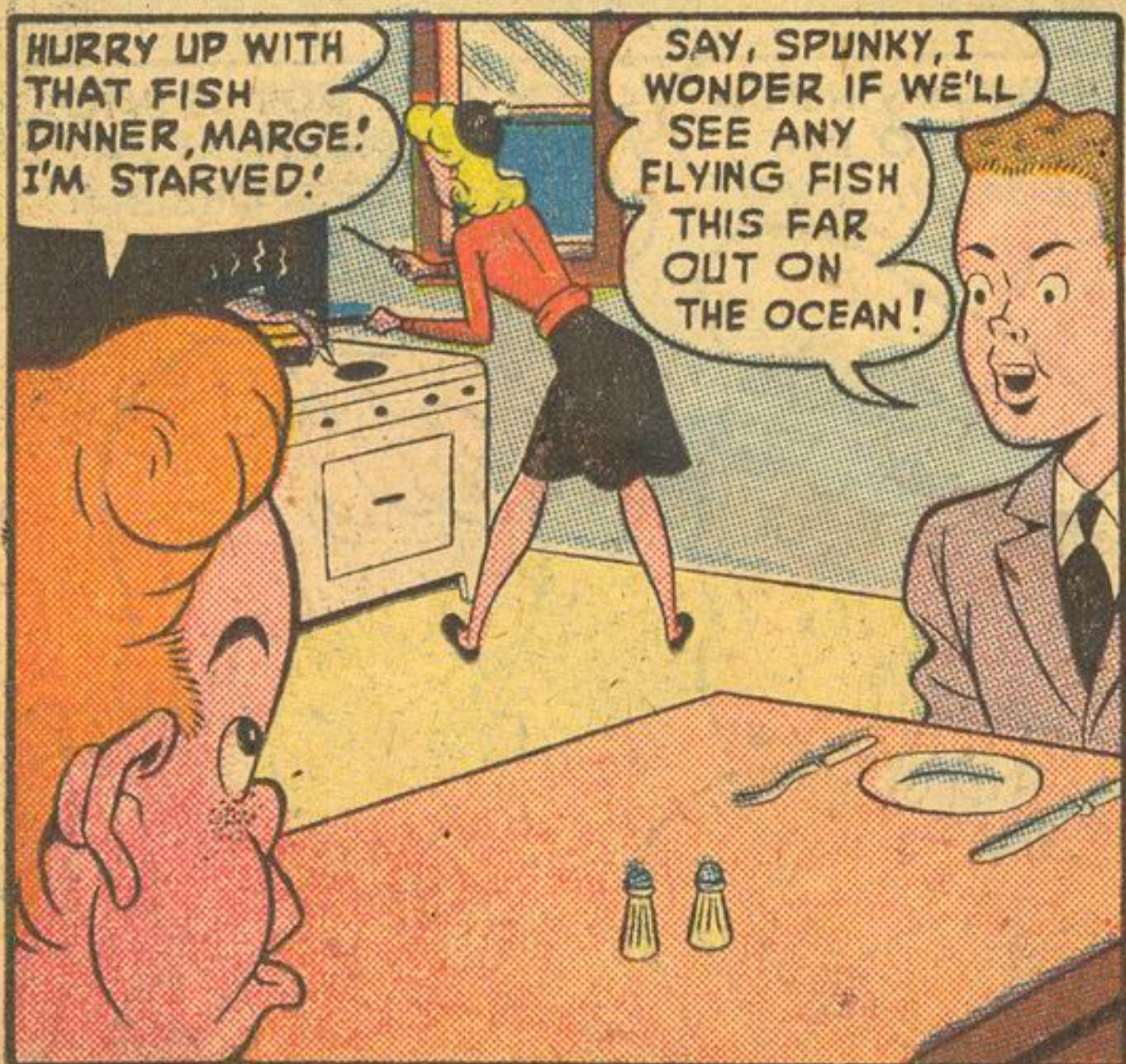
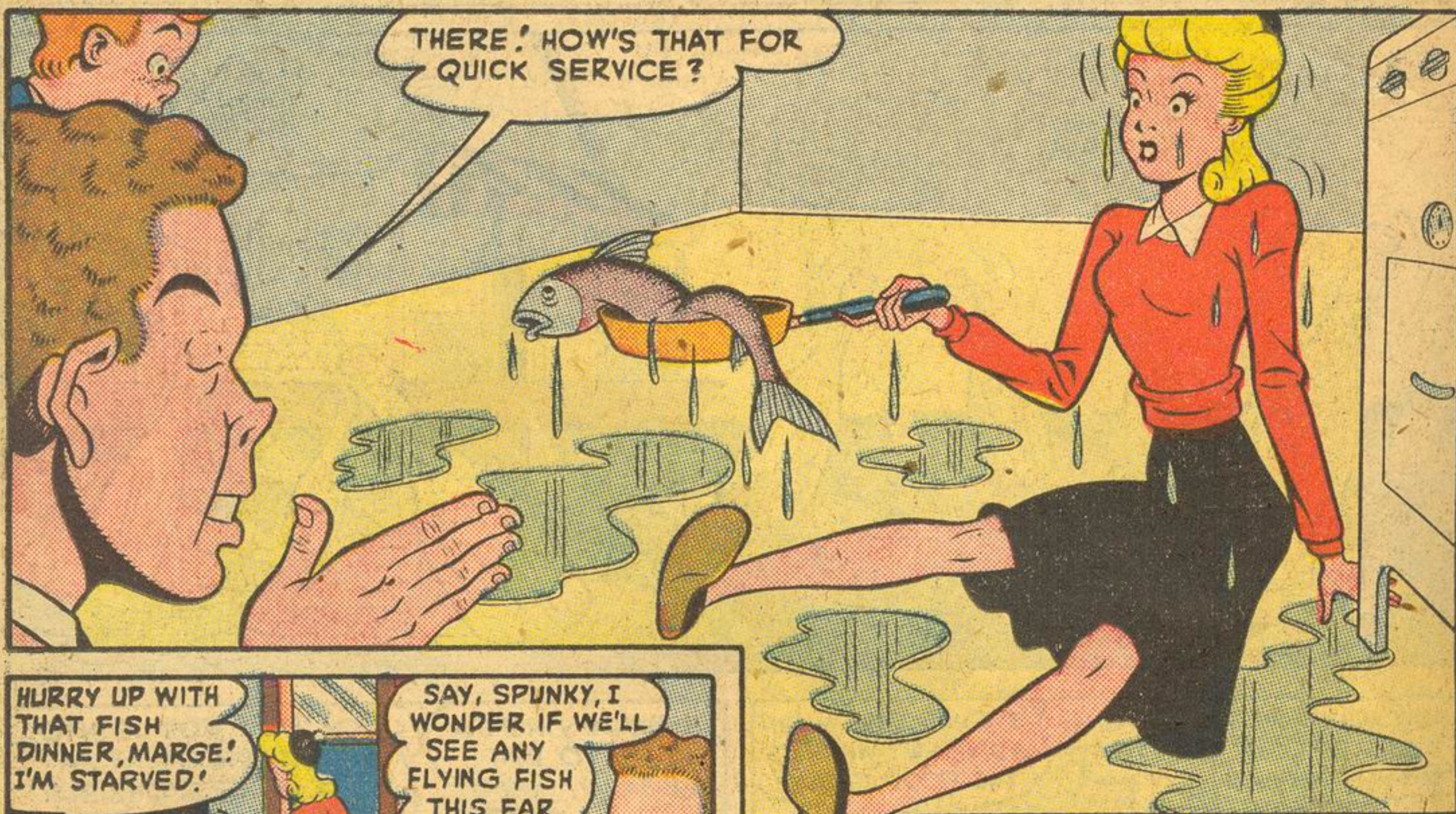
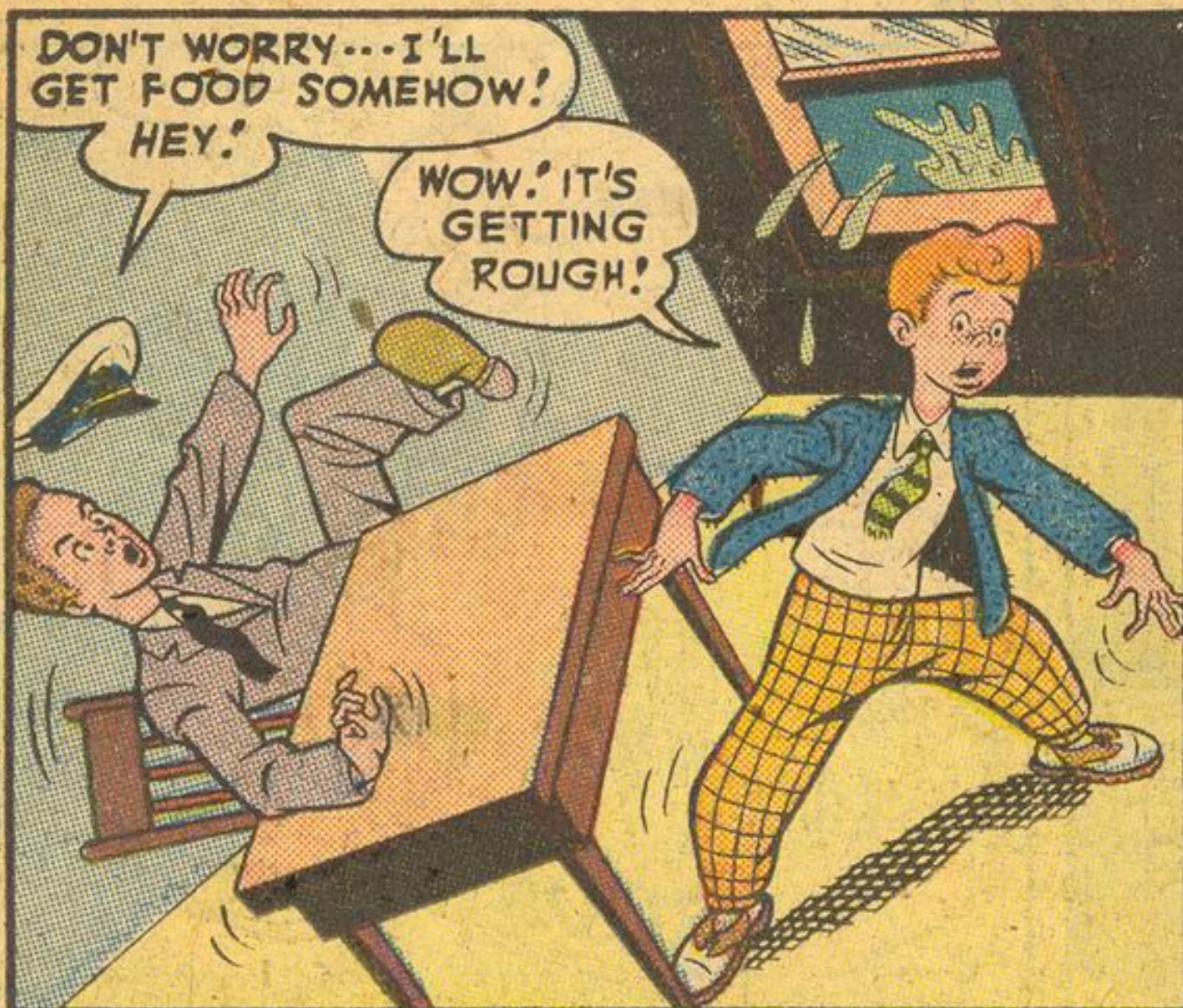


SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

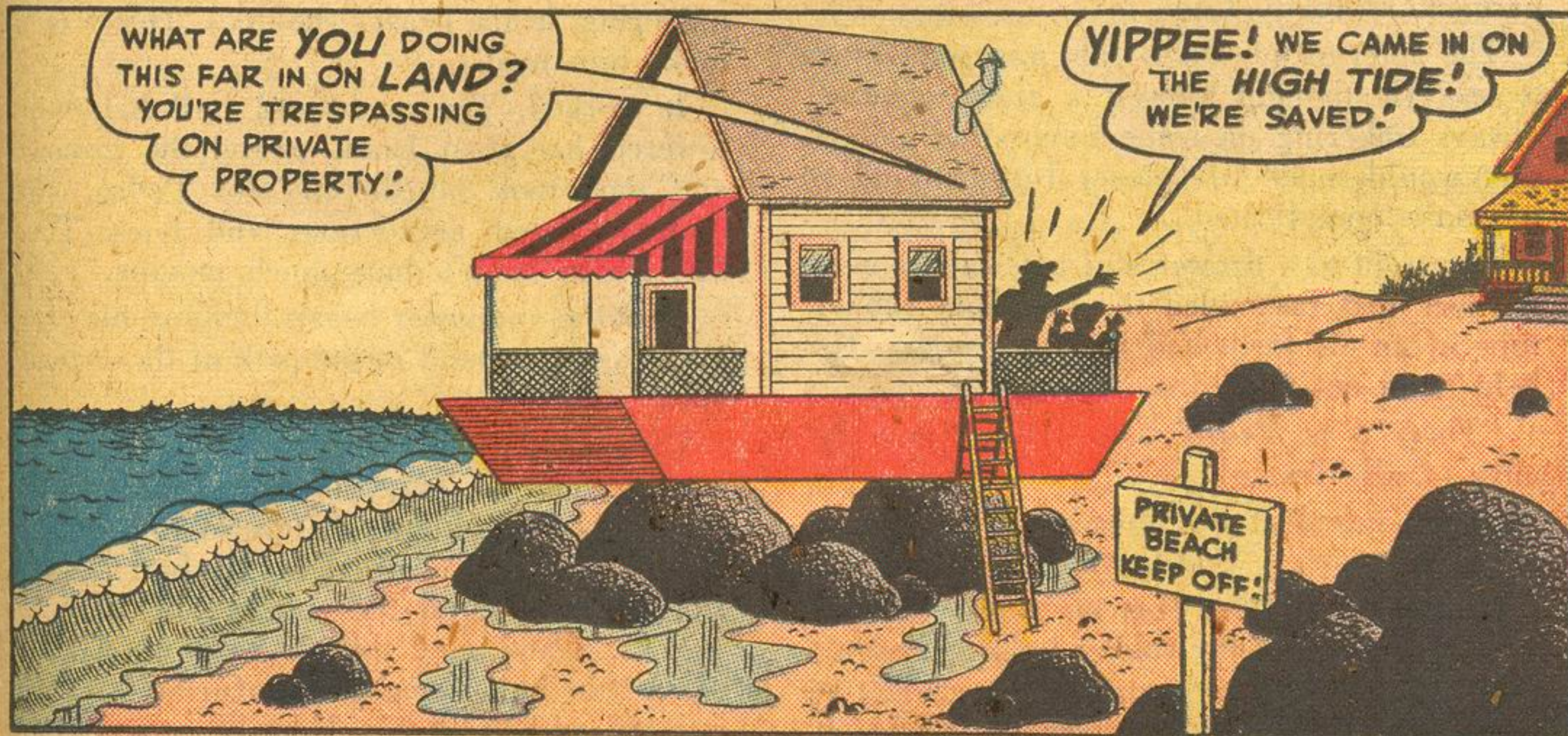
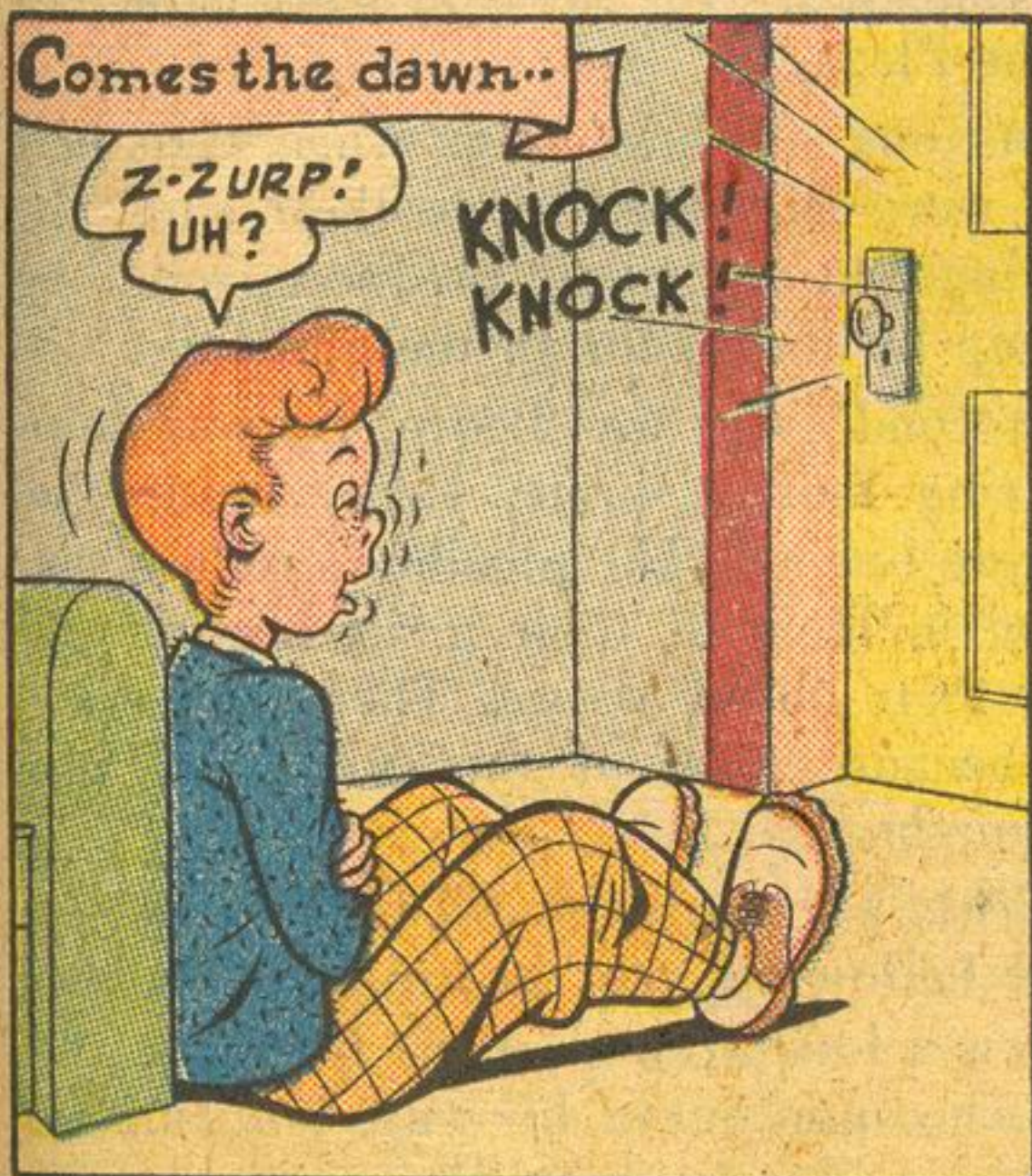
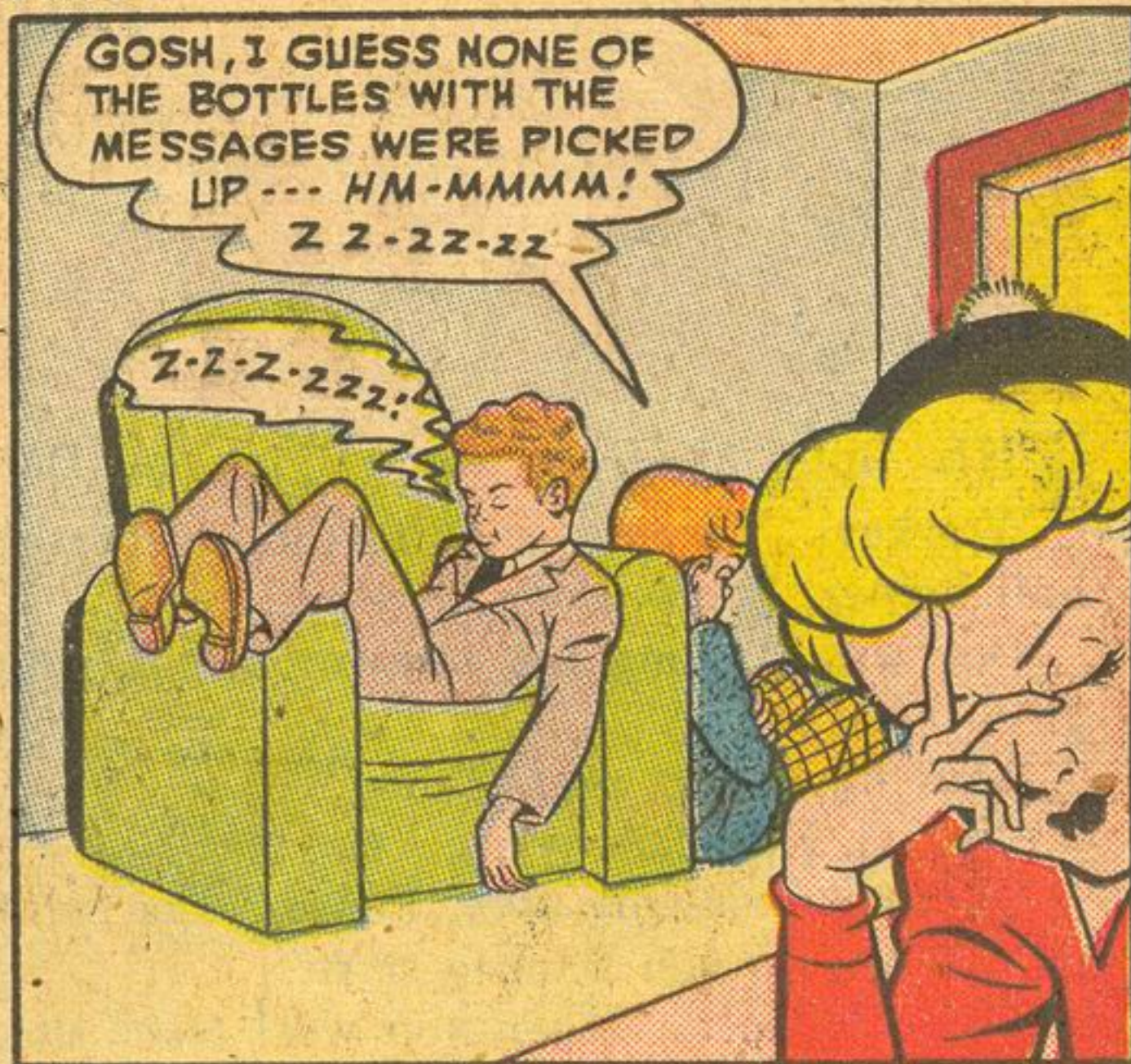




SMASH COMICS



Slowly the gentle rocking of the house-boat lulls our little trio to sleep....



DOC throws THE bull

THE little Mexican was talking to Doc Wackey. "I would geev anyt'ing to be the bull fighter, Senor Doc. Anyt'ing!"

Doc was rubbing his scrawny hands with glee.

"Anything, you said, Pedro?"

"But si, senor! Anyt'ing I can get!"

"Your worries are over, Pedro." Doc went on. "When do you want to start?"

Pedro beamed. "Then you weel teach me, no?"

"Teach you! I'll make you the best bull fighter in all Mexico, Pedro! How about starting in the Plaza de Toro next week?"

Pedro looked a bit bewildered. "But senor," he cried. "The lessons. I have not the lessons in the beeg fight."

Doc waved an airy hand. "Think nothing of that. You won't need 'em. You know a few cape passes—every Spaniard does. You can run, can't you? You can jump! You be here at my office the morning of the next fight. I'll fix you up."

Pedro beamed again. If it was *this* easy—

Pedro was waiting on the steps of Doc Wackey's cluttered laboratory the morning specified. He was grinning in anticipation.

"Well, Pedro," said Doc. "I see you're here and all-ready. Come in!"

The interior of Doc's lab was something to see. He thought himself a great scientist, always tinkering on some impossible gadget that would make life easier for mankind—or more complicated.

Doc went to a drawer and lifted out a contrivance that resembled the bulb and rubber tube of an old fashioned portrait camera. He held them out to Pedro.

"There it is, Pedro. That'll make you the envy of all Mexico!"

Pedro stared at the thing as if looking at a deadly reptile. "B-but, senor—"

"Here," said Doc. "Let me show you how it works." He put the rubber bulb in Pedro's hand. Then he showed him the tiny gadget at the other end of the five feet of tubing. It

looked like a small rose bud and was painted that way.

"This bud goes in your shirt front," he explained. "You hide the tube inside your shirt and keep the bulb in your hand. When the bull gets too close—squeeze! That's all there is to it."

Pedro nodded, dazed. "All!" he breathed. "You mean it, Senor Doc? Then I ween the bull fight?"

Doc chuckled. "I'll say you win! Now let's get to the Plaza."

It was one of those days when tyro bull fighters were permitted to do their stuff, the idea being that any likely prospects would be signed up by the scouts in the audience.

The second event was Pedro. He was down in the ring looking pretty shaky before the gates were opened. The picadores rode about, preening in front of their girls, bowing and making their horses dance. They liked these events because most of the candidates provided laughs.

Suddenly a great black old bull came leaping and bellowing into the ring. He stopped and threw a look around, made for one of the riders, who spun out of his way, launching as he did so a slender bandillero which stuck, quivering, in the beast's shoulder. This was to make him mad.

It worked. The maddened bull bellowed, lowered his great head, pawed the ground, and then took off directly for Pedro. The crowd shouted instructions and boos. Thus far, Pedro hadn't done much moving.

Now the youngster began flapping his cape and leaping around in the path of the roaring bull.

Dave Clark, radio announcer, gave a running account of everything that went on in the arena. High above the crowd in his little booth, he had a clear view. He had spotted Doc as he entered the stands.

"... and now folks," went on Clark's voice, "the bull is charging, infuriated by two well-placed bandilleros. Here he comes, right

SMASH COMICS

at the lad who makes his bid for fame today—Oh-oh—Pedro jumps aside and the bull rushes past, but now he has turned and is coming back, fast! Pedro is light on his feet—Wait!—he stumbled, and the bull just missed him. That bull is mad, folks.”

Doc was yelling with the rest of the crowd, urging Pedro on to great things. This was going better than usual. Pedro had nerve. Or did he?

Actually Pedro was shaking in his boots. The bull had rushed far past him on his last beat but now he whirled quickly and came at him again. Pedro got his cape tangled. He was fighting to free it. The bull was bearing down.

Dave Clark's voice droned on: “It looks bad for Pedro. Look out! The bull is ten feet from him—Holy Cats! Will you look at that!”

The bull had come to a sliding halt not four feet from Pedro. Now he just looked at the lad with lowered head, front feet planted. Pedro stood his ground. The pose held for a full minute.

Dave Clark sang out, “This is the strangest bull fight I ever saw; The bull seems hypnotized!”

And then a strange thing happened indeed. The bull, with a low moan, slowly sank down on his knees, fell over and lay still.

The stands went mad. Hats whirled out into the arena. Pedro was a genius! Now he stood, chest out, looking at the downed bull. And then suddenly he coughed. He grabbed his nose. He backed off, threw a frightened glance around the ring, and began running madly for the exit.

Dave Clark was too high up to get it, and also he was closed inside a tiny room. But now he saw the people at the ringside holding their noses and dashing for the rear exits. The bull was on his feet now, wobbling across the arena, head hanging in a very sick attitude. All fight was gone from him.

“Now what the heck!” muttered Dave. Then the door of his cubicle burst open and Doc Wackey came in. He was grinning. He said, “Wasn't the kid a riot?”

Dave saw fights starting down in the stands. He gave Doc a look.

“Well, he's started one, that's for sure. What happened?”

“I just showed him how to win a bull fight,” replied Doc innocently.

“You!” shouted Dave. “What do you know about bull fighting?”

Doc drew himself up to his full five-five. “I'll have you know I'm a scientist, Mr. Clark!” he sputtered. “What is a bull fight but a problem in physics? I showed Pedro how to count the bull out.”

Dave snorted. There was a mob in the arena, and Pedro was in the middle of it. Police cracked heads with sticks, the crowd booed and yelled. They had made wagers on this fight.

“Well, Doc, it looks as if the mob is going to count Pedro out. Take a look!”

“Oh, my,” said Doc. “What shall we do? We must save the poor lad.”

“Come on.” Dave led the way down the steel ladder to the stands. Half way down he began to sniff a terrible smell. “What's that?”

Doc chuckled. “That's what won the bull fight, Dave. Pedro had it on him.”

Dave Clark eyed the little man morosely. “I might have known you'd fixed up something screwy. Well, come on, we've got to get him out of this jam.”

Once away from the Arena, Dave ducked out of sight to assume the guise of Midnight. Then he dragged Doc along at top speed. At a pet shop they were lucky. Putting the little beast into a sack, Midnight and Doc started back to the arena. Pedro was down now, and the police were having a hard time keeping him from being killed.

Midnight opened the sack where nobody could see him and a tiny animal ran out. Someone saw it and yelled. The mob swayed, pushed, then broke for the gates.

“Skunk!” they screamed, “Let me out!”

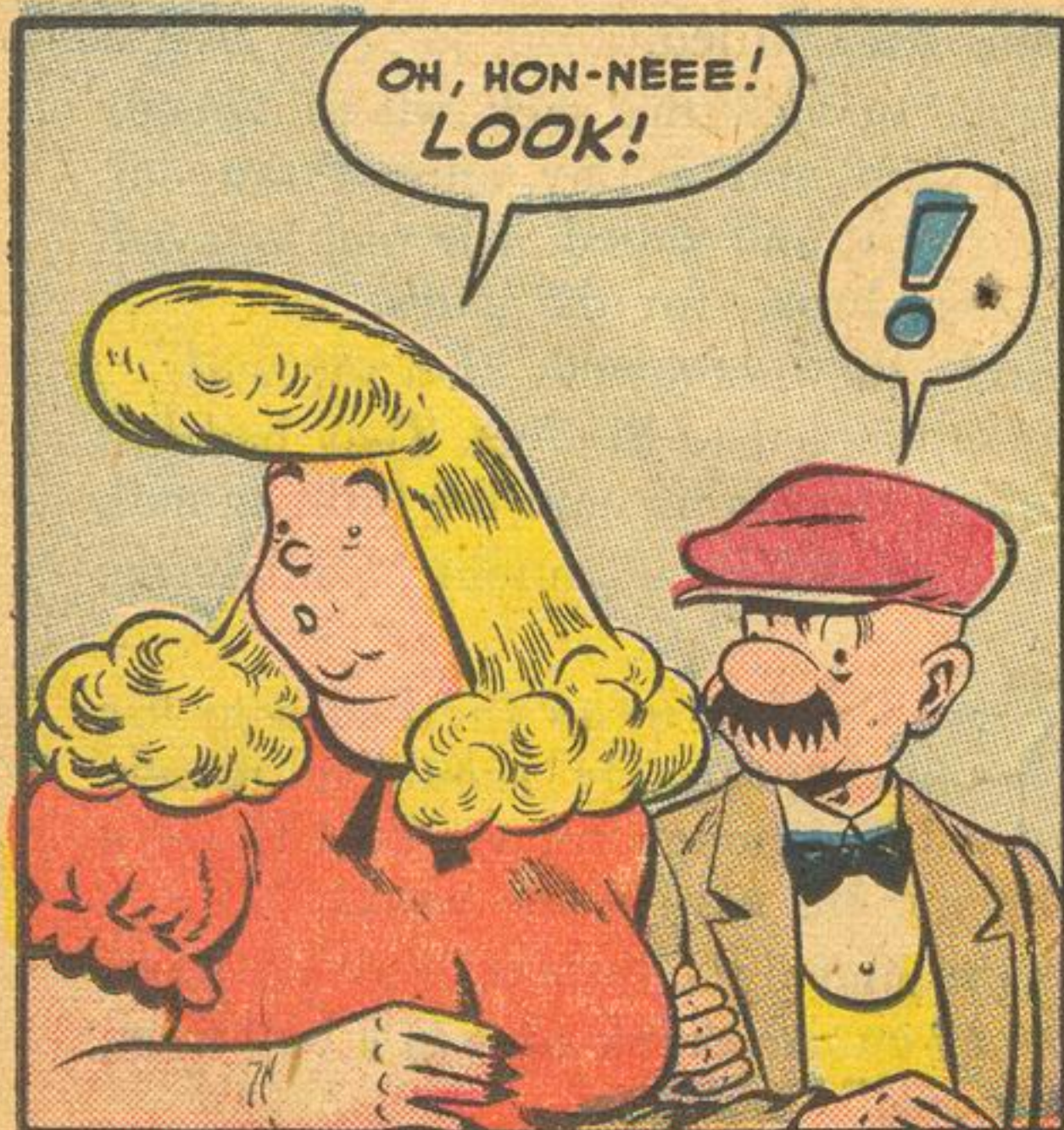
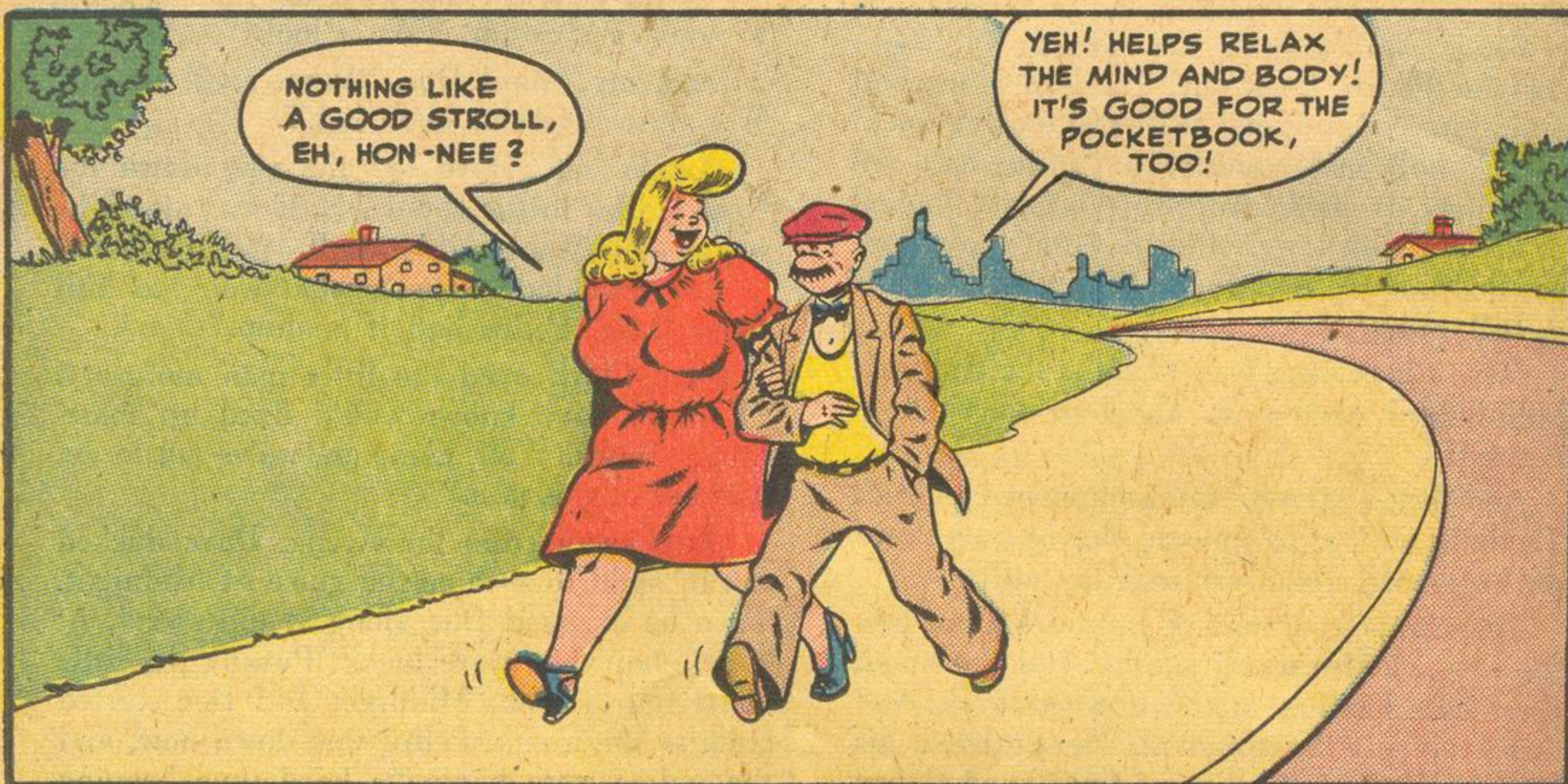
Pedro scrambled to his feet. They had left him, pinning the blame onto the little animal.

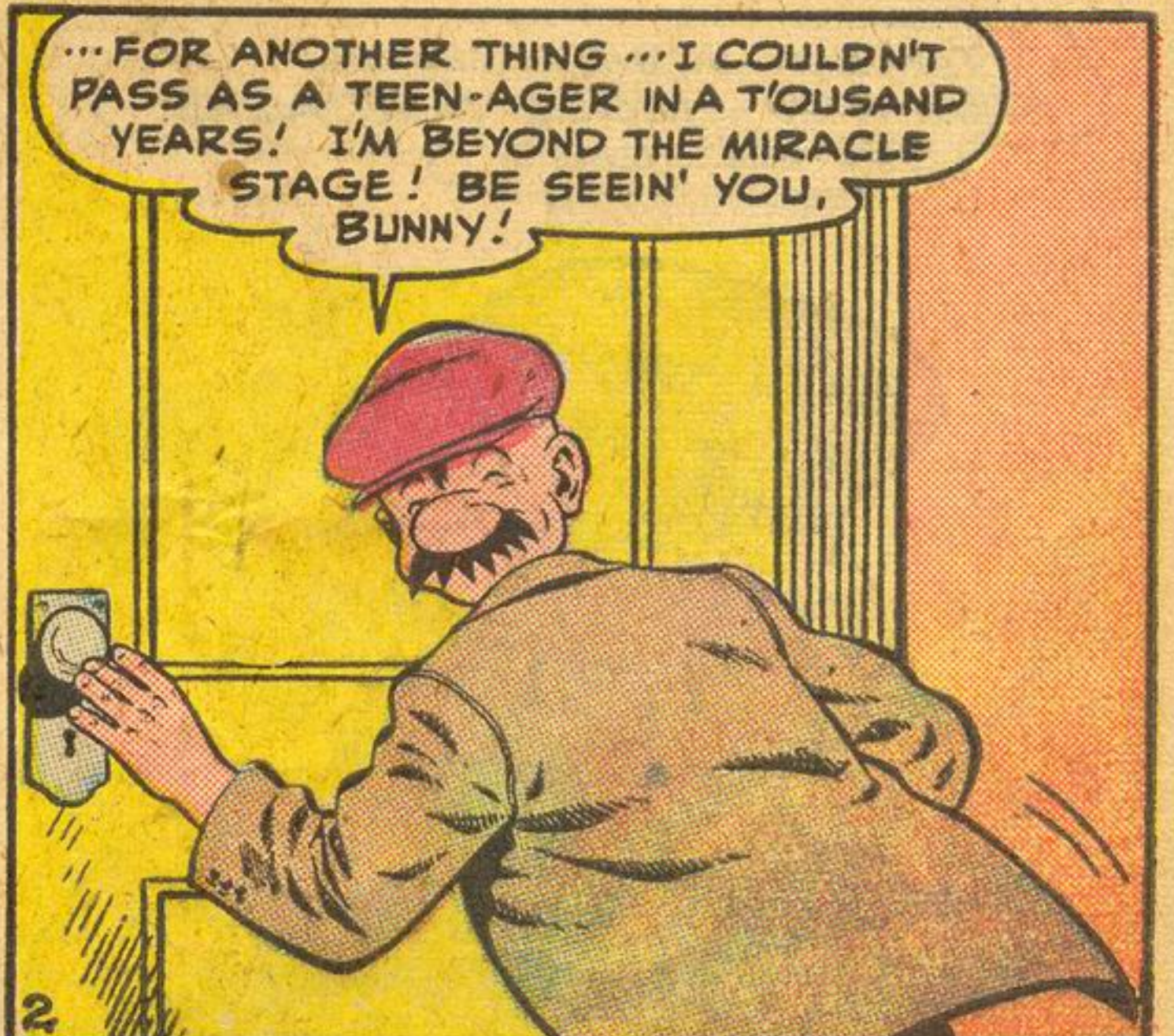
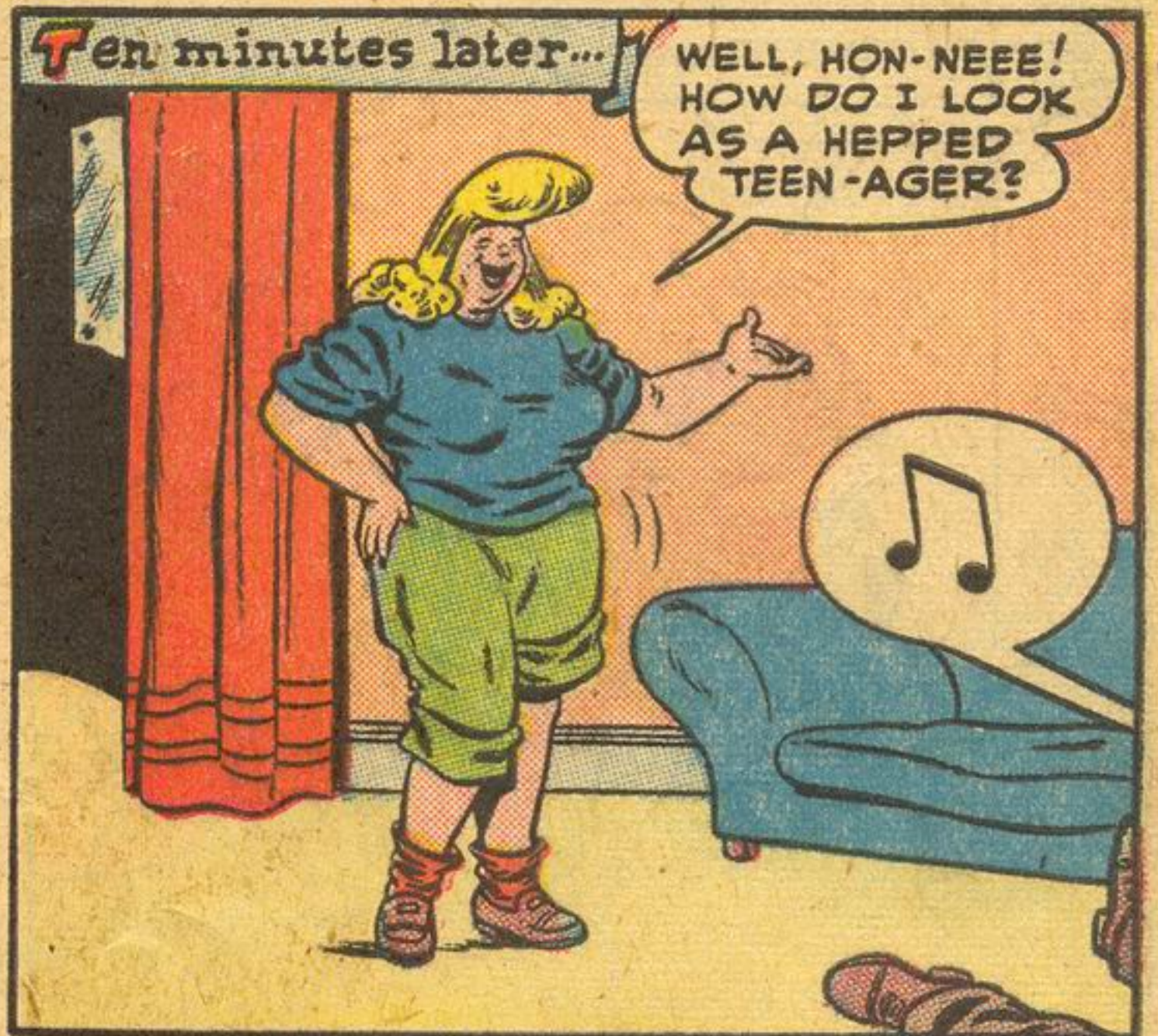
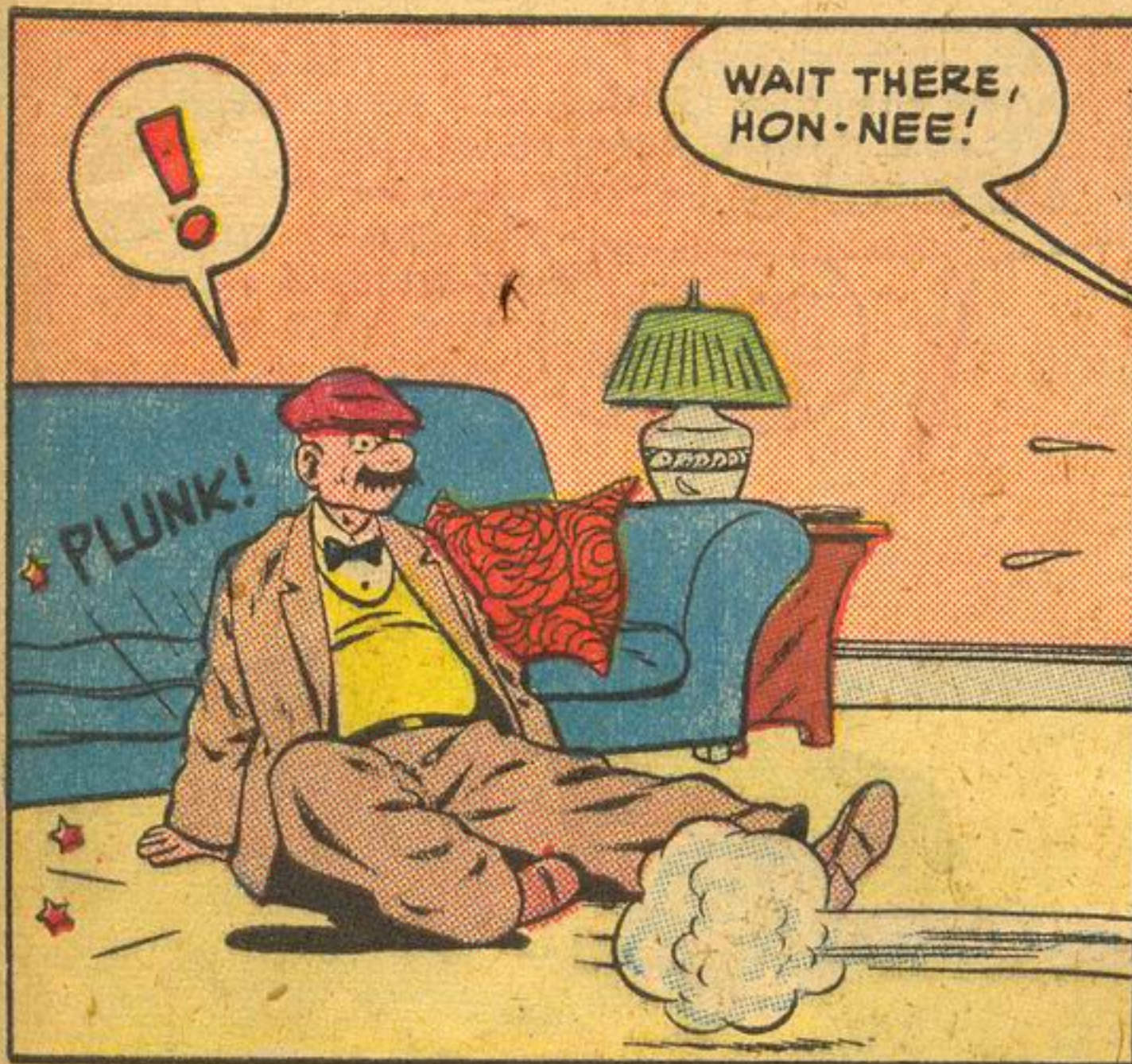
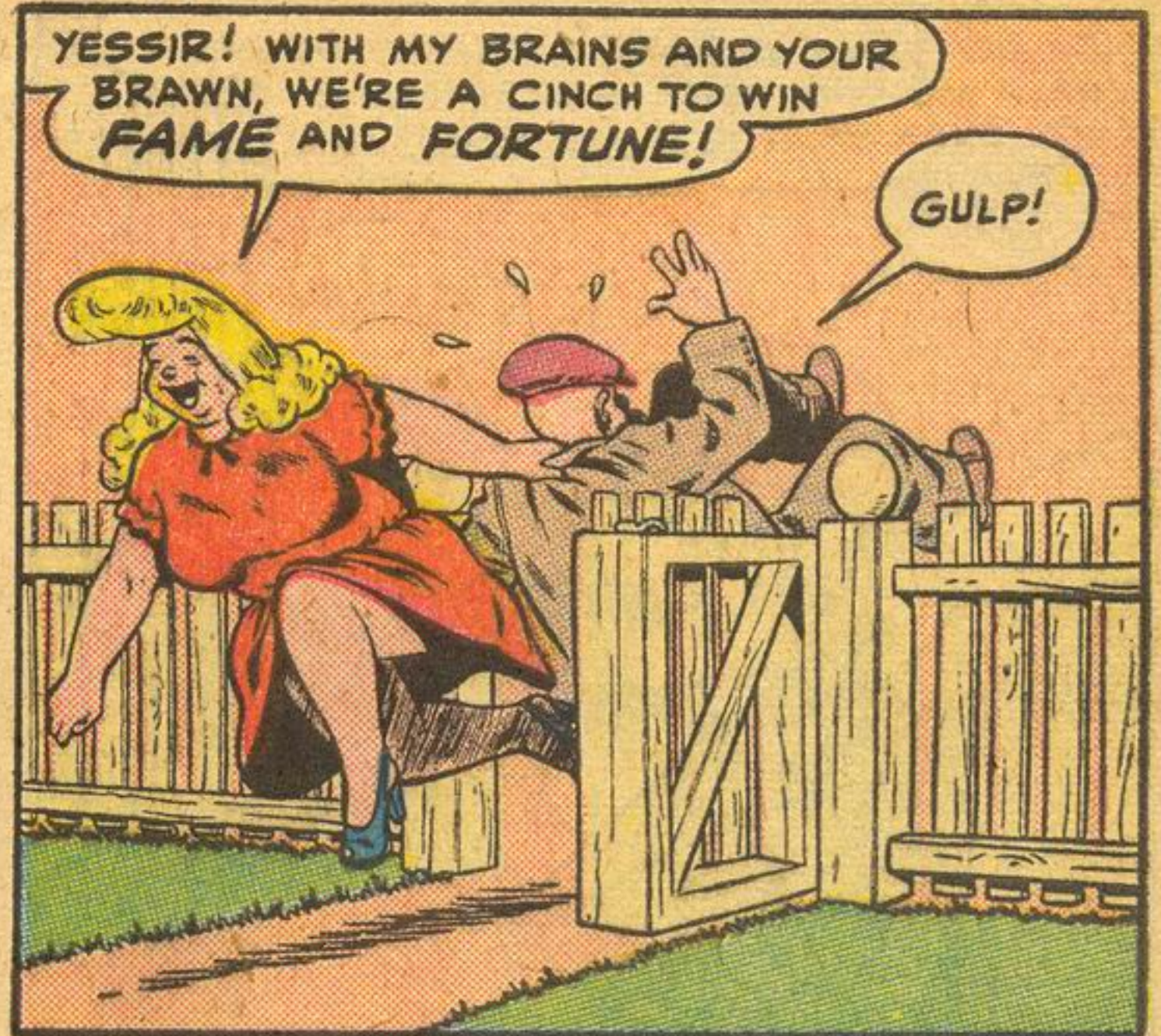
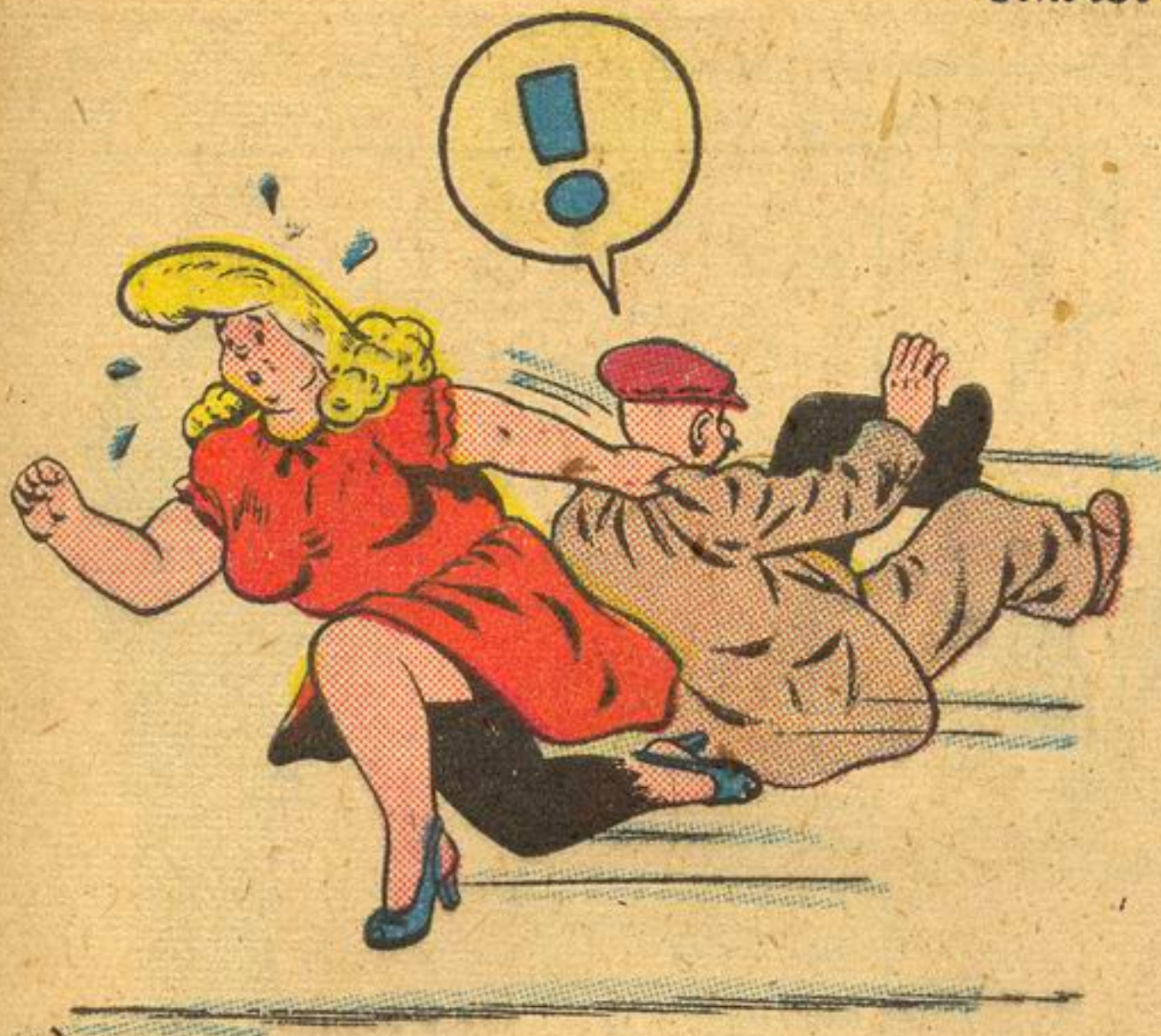
Doc was chuckling as he told Midnight the tale.

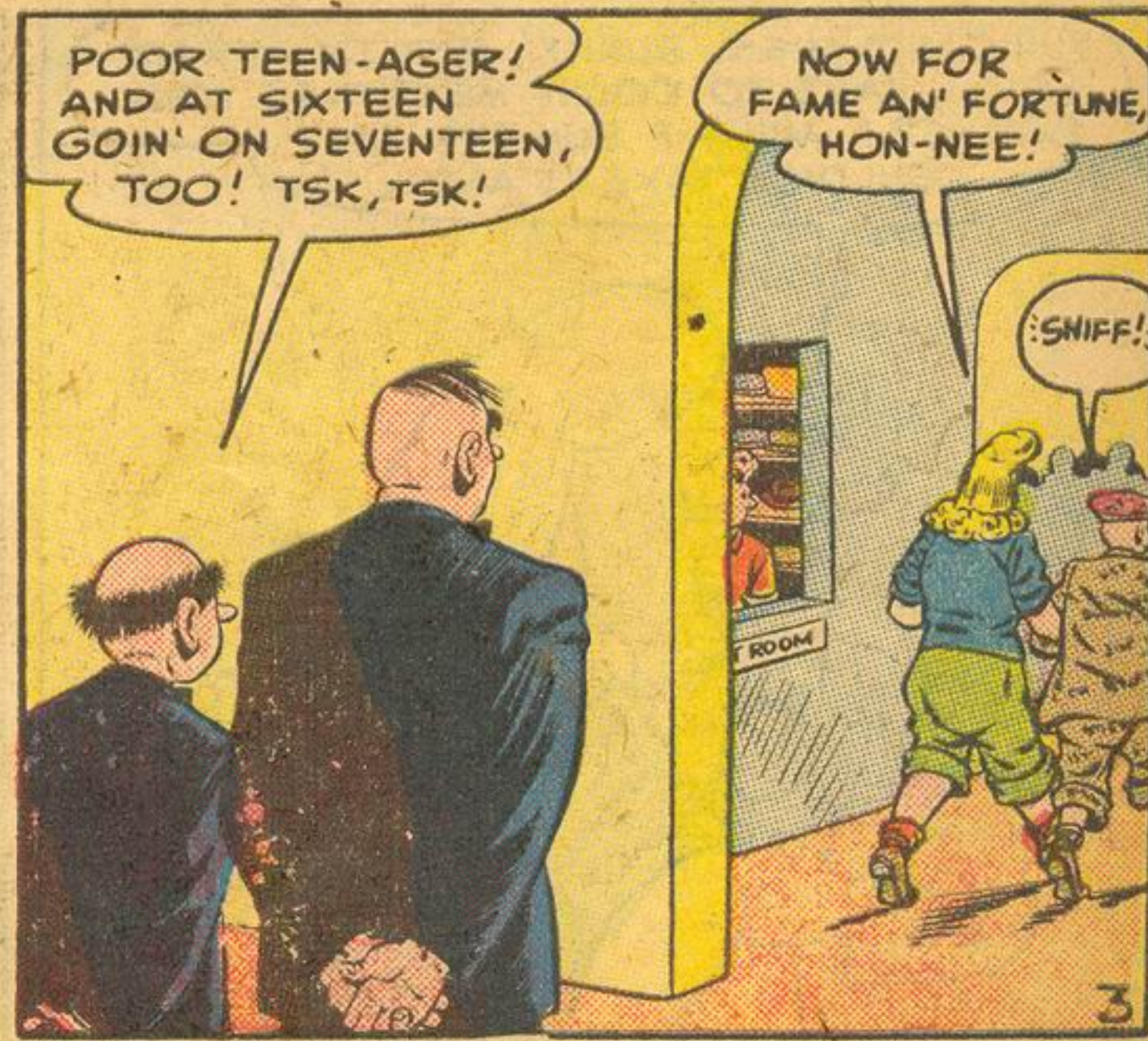
“You see, I didn't mean for Pedro to use it all in one squirt. He should've merely squeezed a bit—enough for the bull to get a sniff. But no. He gave it the works!”

Midnight pinned the little man with a glare. “Next time you use skunk odor in a bull fight, count me out!”

BATCH BACHELOR







PUFF! PUFF! GOOD OL' IGGY IS STILL HERE, JIVE LISTENERS! THE MARATHON IS NOW IN ITS TWENTIETH DAY, WITH ONLY TWO REMAINING COUPLES, THE MISS BUNNY BANANAS COUPLE AND THE WUFSHINSKI SON AND DAUGHTER TEAM! BRAVO, BROTHER! BRAVO, SISTER!



IT'S ALL OVER, RADIO LISTENERS, IT'S ALL OVER! THE WUFSHINSKI MARATHON CONTEST HAS FINALLY COME TO A WHIRLWIND FINISH!



LADEES, GENNULMEN AN' KIDDIES! BEFORE I ANNOUNCE THE LUCKY WINNING COUPLE... HAVE YOU ALL TRIED THAT BODY-BUILDING, ALL-AMERICAN BREAD... WUFSHINSKI'S RYE AN' PUMPERNICKEL BREAD WHICH COMES IN VARIOUS LOAF SIZES? IF NOT, THEN... BLAH, BLAH...



One hour later...

...AND NOW THE WINNERS NAMES OF THE WUFSHINSKI MARATHON CONTEST...

MISS BUNNY BANANAS AND MISTER BATCH BACHELOR!

SOB



Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z

HUBBA
H-HUB-B
B-B...



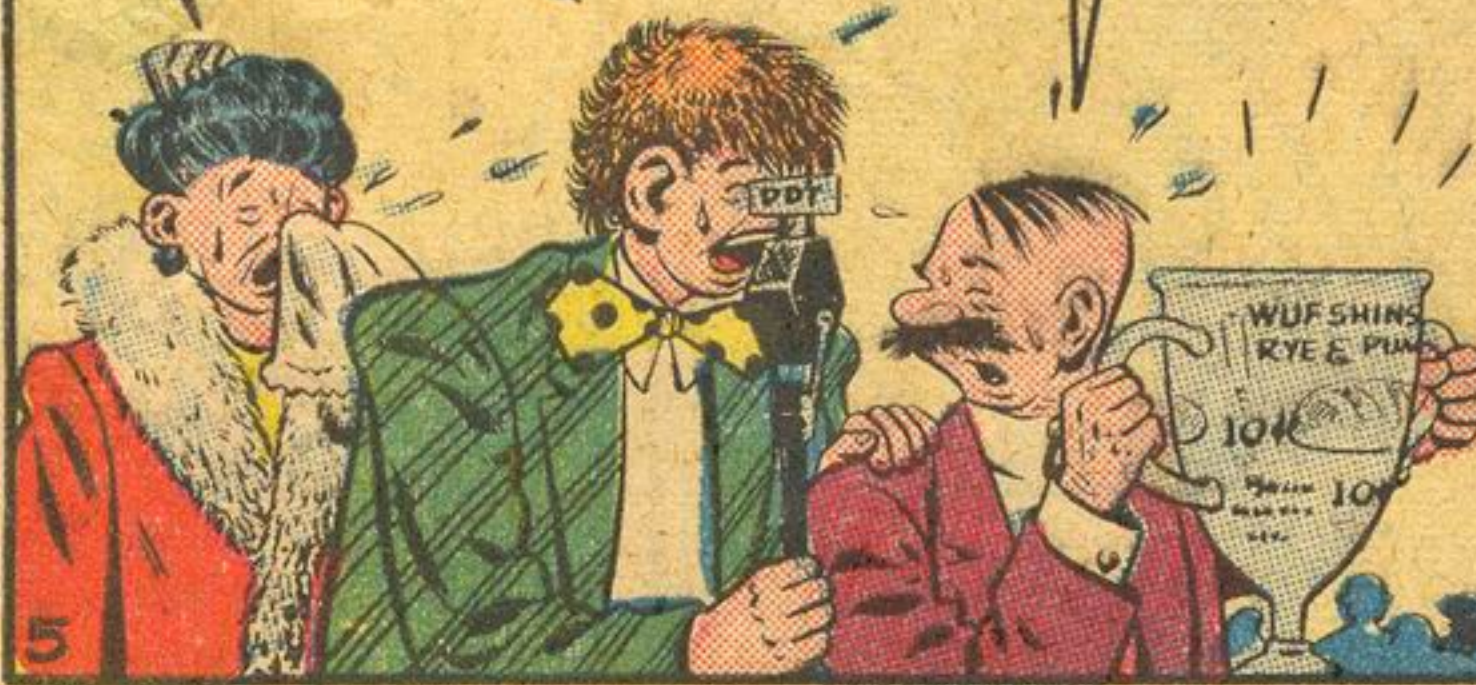
...AN' NOW SOB PAPA WUFSHINSKI WILL IN PERSON SNIFF GIVE THE WINNING COUPLE THEIR JUSTLY DESERVED P-PRIZE! SOB



SOB IN THE M-MIKE, PAPA... SNIFF SOB IN THE MIKE SOB

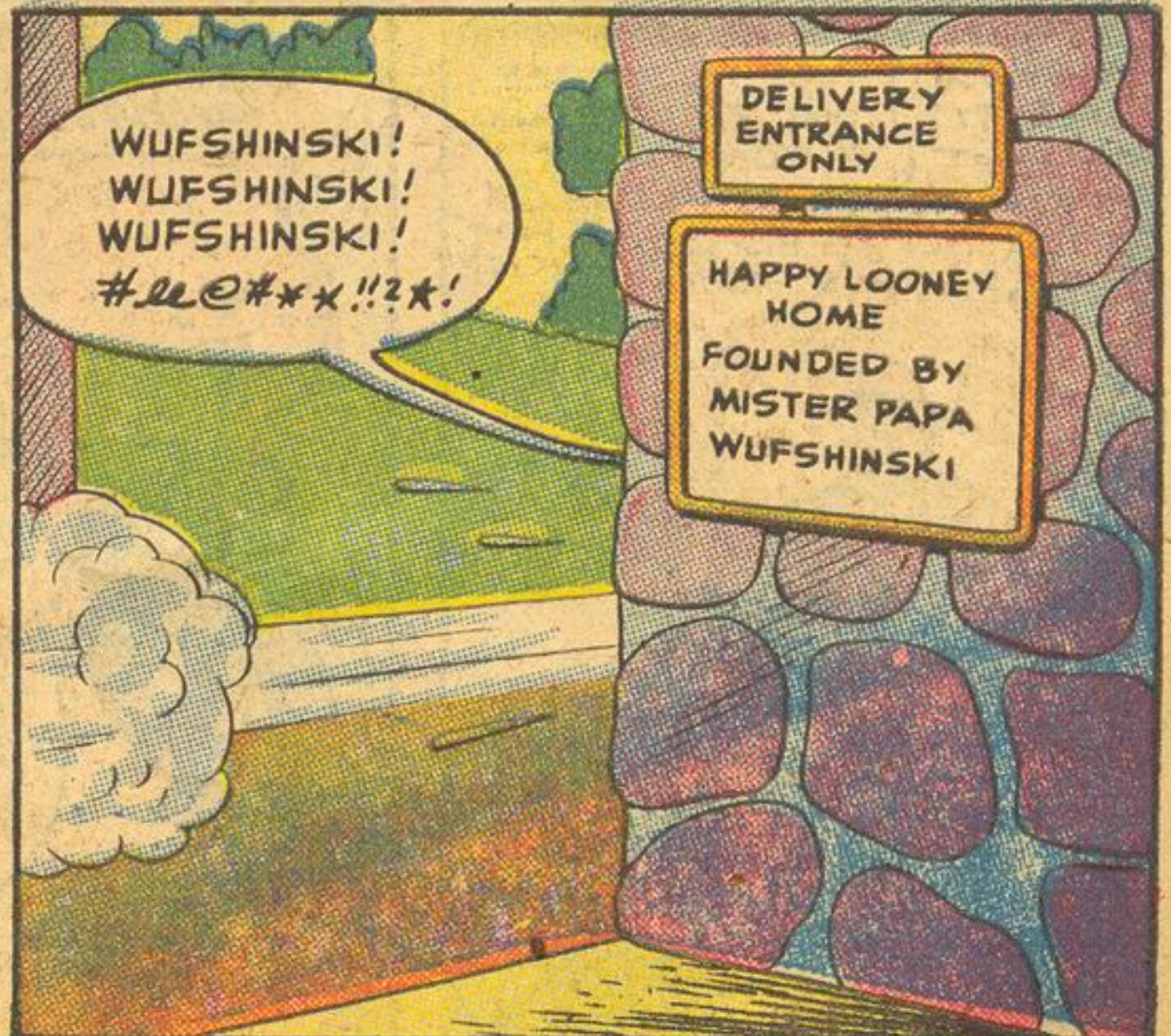
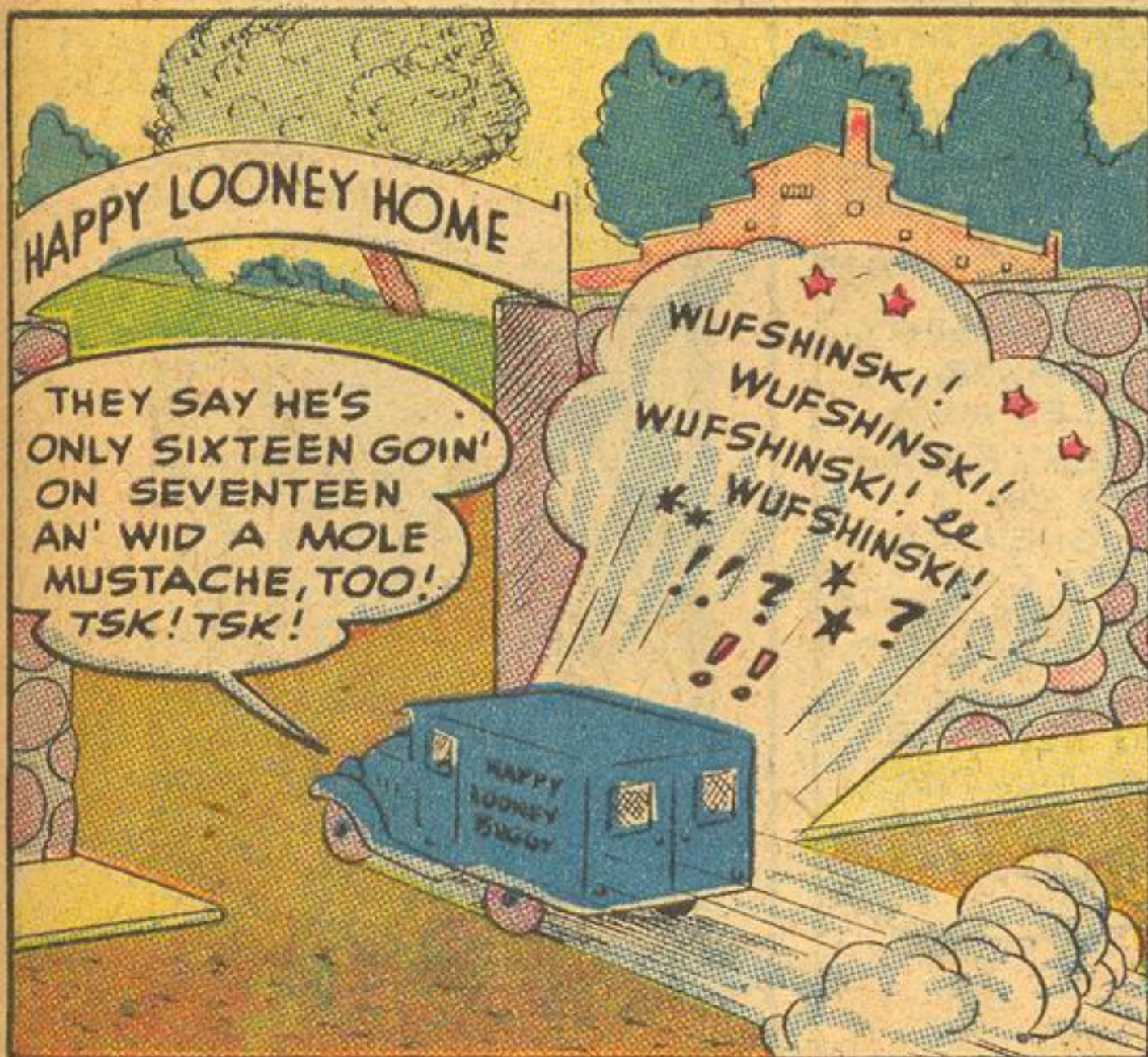
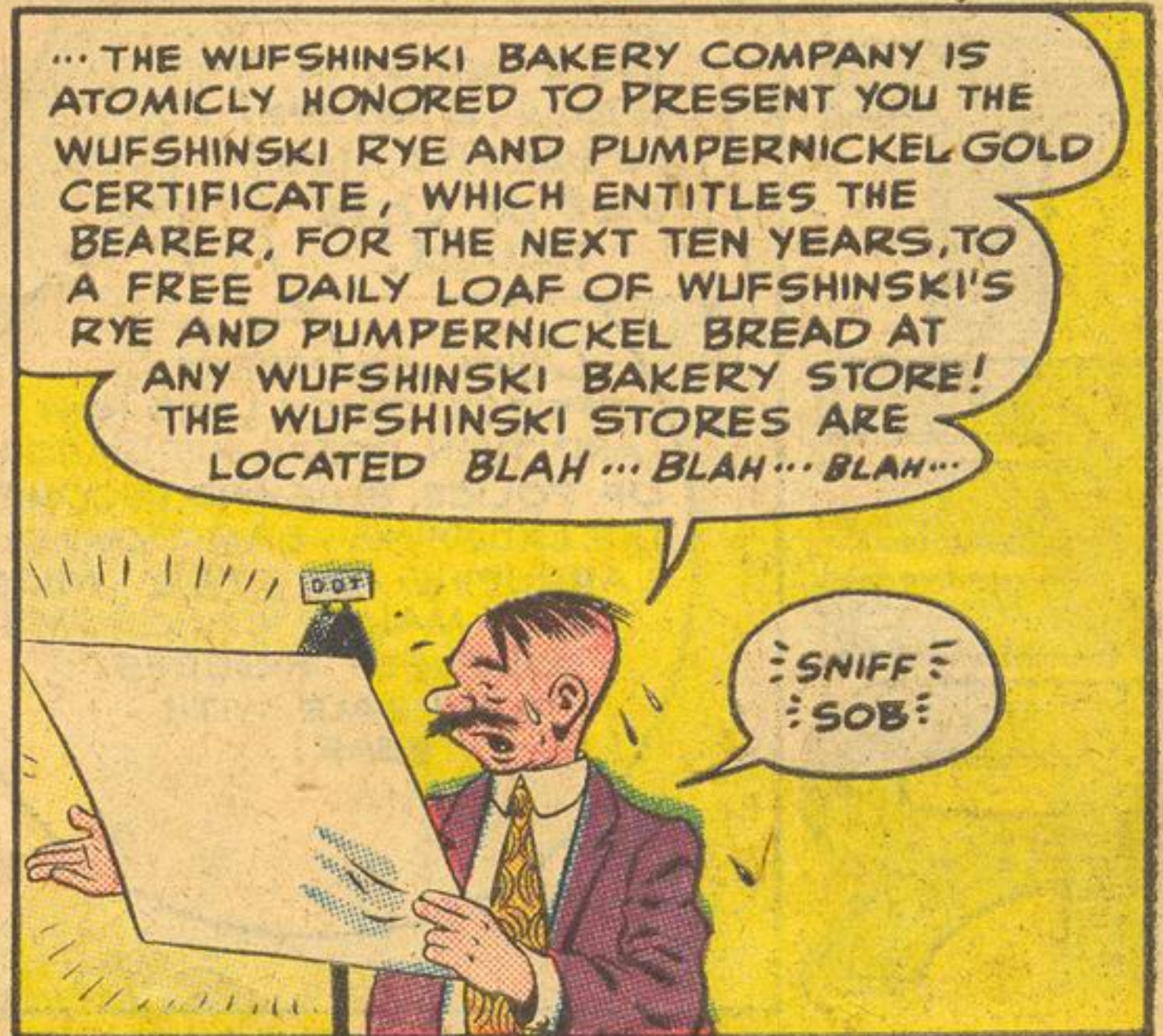
BOO
HOO!

AS FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE SOB WUFSHINSKI RYE AN' PUMPERNICKEL BAKERY COMPANY SNIFF 221 GRAIN STREET SOB ONLY TEN CENTS A LOAF... IT GIVES ME SOB PAPA WUFSHINSKI, G-GREAT ESTEEM PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO MISS BANANAS THIS SILVER CUP! SOB PLUS... PLUS...

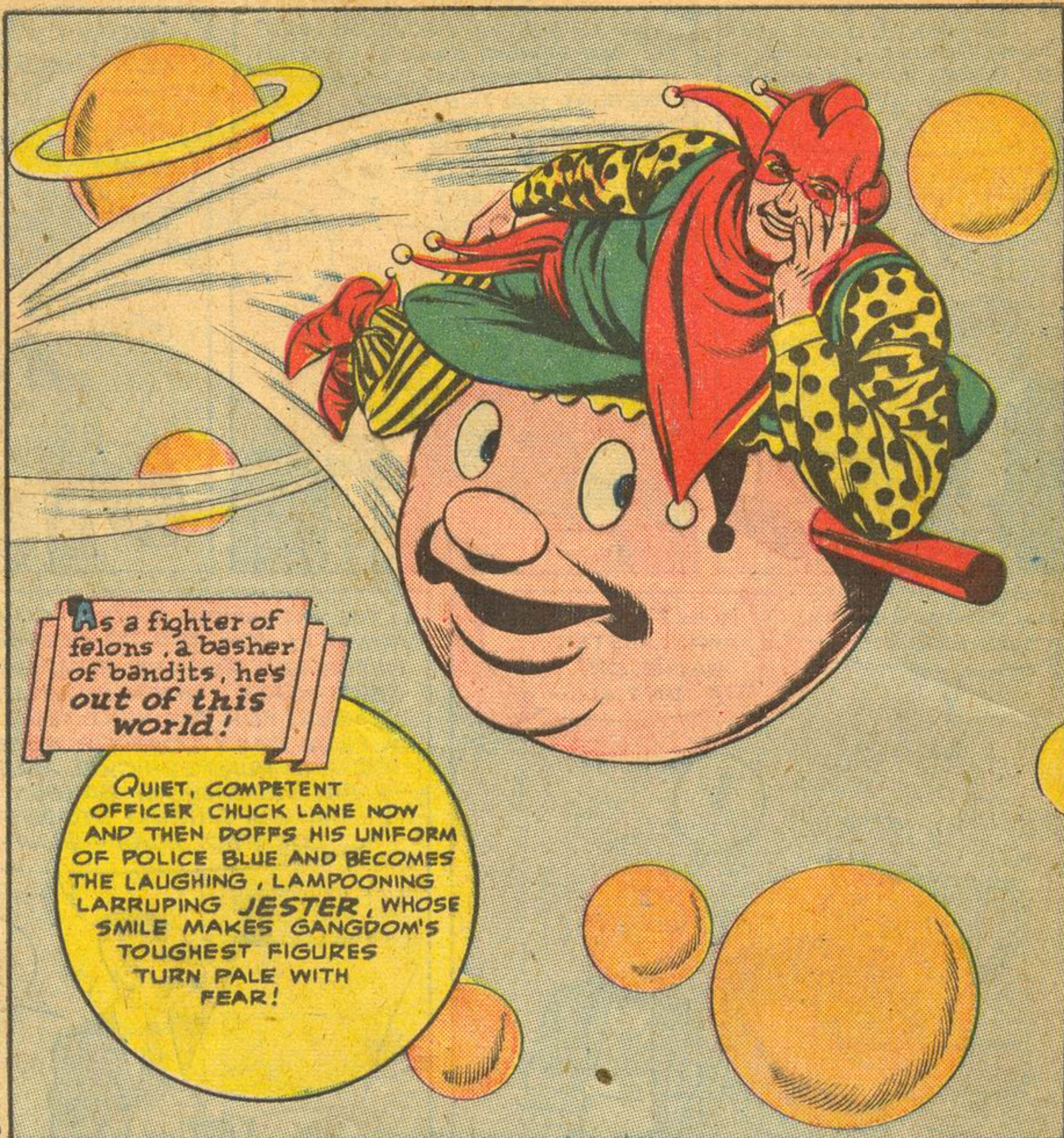


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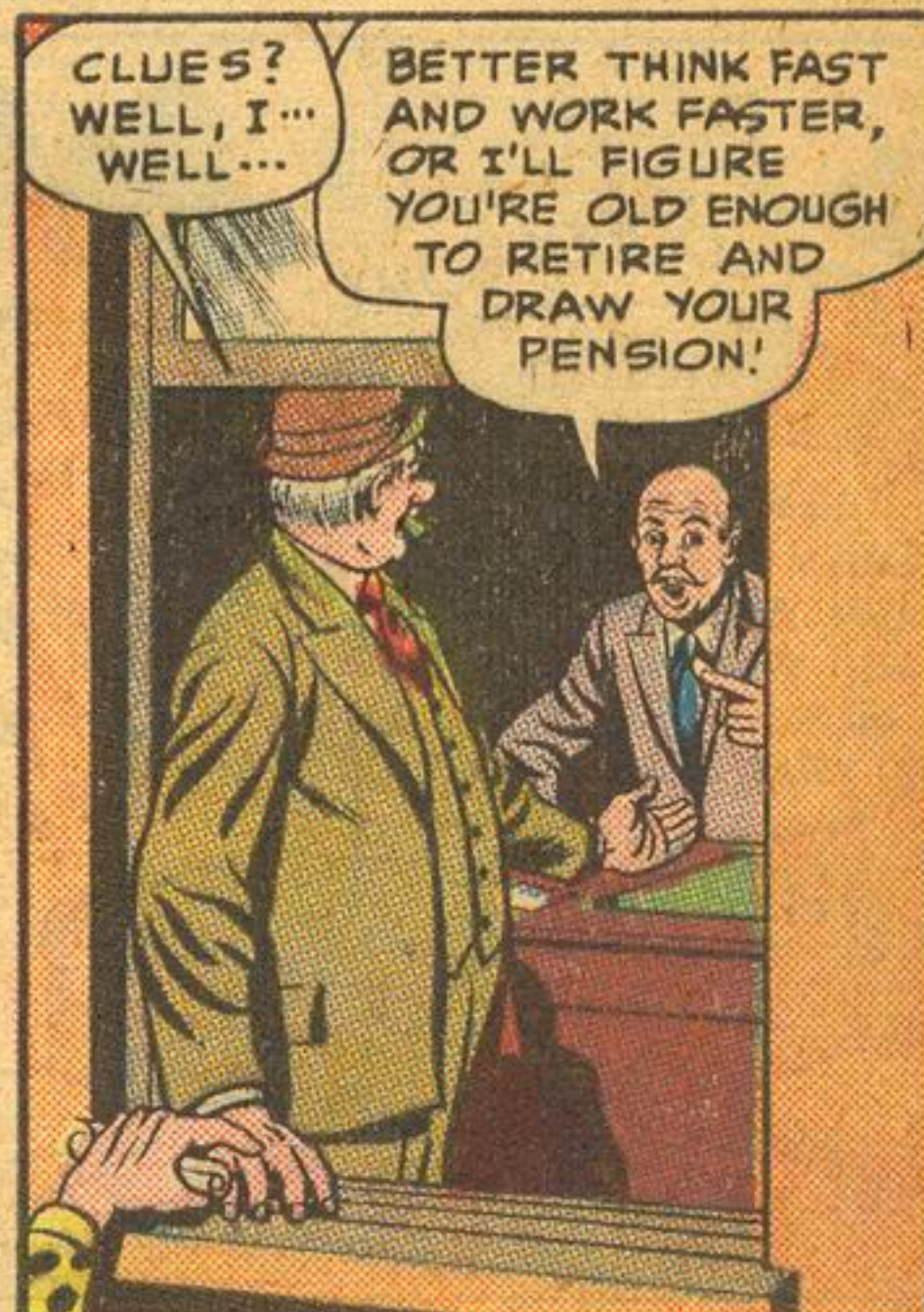


The JESTER



As a fighter of felons, a basher of bandits, he's out of this world!

QUIET, COMPETENT OFFICER CHUCK LANE NOW AND THEN DOPPS HIS UNIFORM OF POLICE BLUE AND BECOMES THE LAUGHING, LAMPOONING LARRUPING **JESTER**, WHOSE SMILE MAKES GANGDOM'S TOUGHEST FIGURES TURN PALE WITH FEAR!



SMASH COMICS

CLUES, WE WERE SAYING! AH! YES... CLUES...

SPEAK UP, MAN! YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME... YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THE MURDERERS NOW!



YOU SEE... JUST NOW, THIS NOTE...

NOTE? HMM... WELL, MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!



BUT...

NO BUTS, MCGINTY! YOUR HUNCH SOUNDS GOOD... GO OUT AND FOLLOW IT DOWN! I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR REPORT!



HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SEE THE NOTE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT, OR WHO SLIPPED IT TO ME! NOW I'M ON A TRAIL I DON'T EVEN KNOW!

DRY THOSE PRETTY EYES, MCGINTY! I WROTE THE NOTE AND I'LL HELP YOU FIND THE KILLERS OF THAT BANKER!



YOU, JESTER? WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY KNOW?

WHEN IT COMES TO THAT, WHAT DO YOU KNOW SO FAR?



HESKETH WAS KILLED IN HIS OFFICE... HIS BODY WASN'T ROBBED, MONEY WAS IN HIS DESK DRAWER... BUT A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK TELLS US A SECRET WALL SAFE WAS RIFLED!

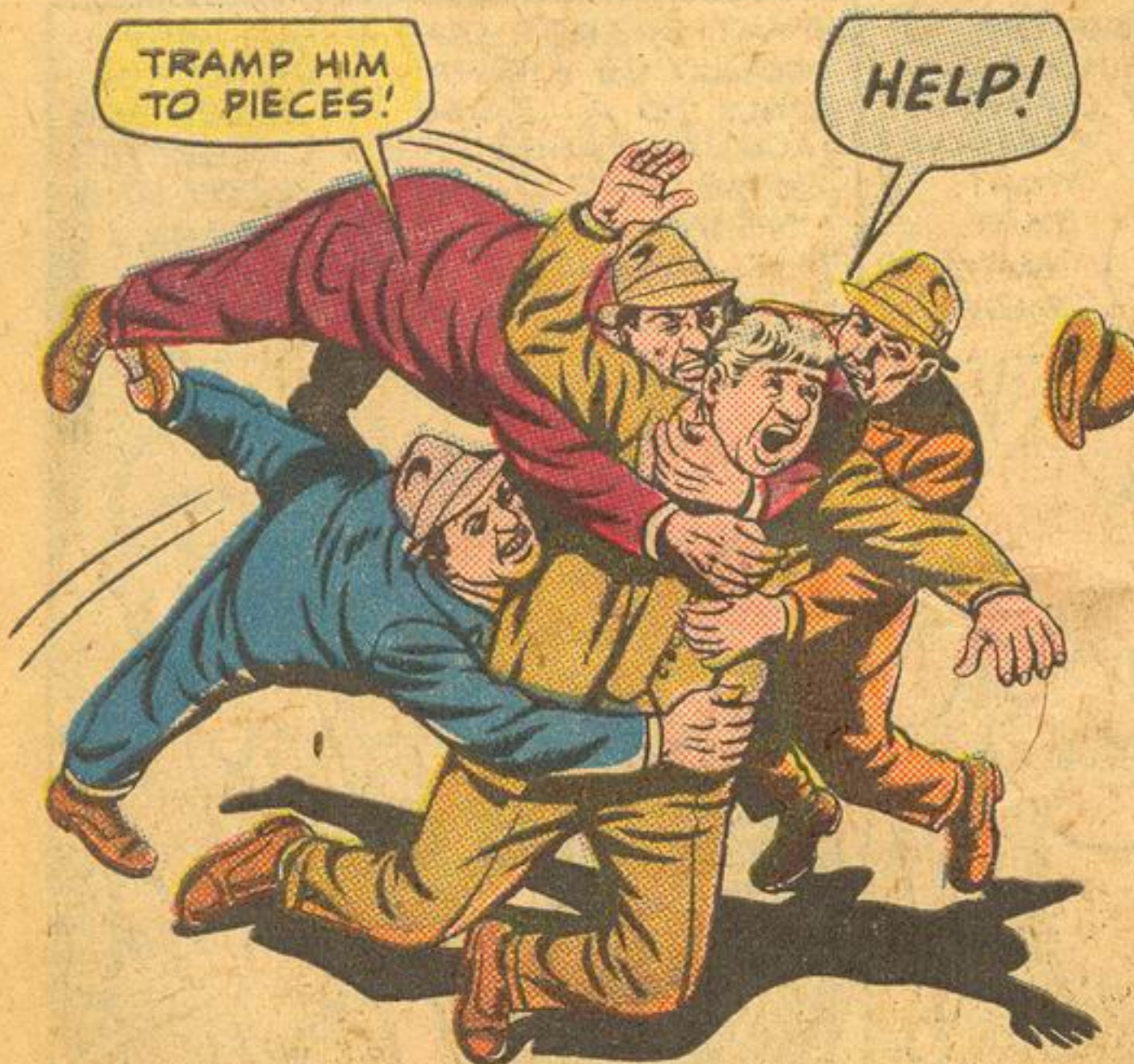
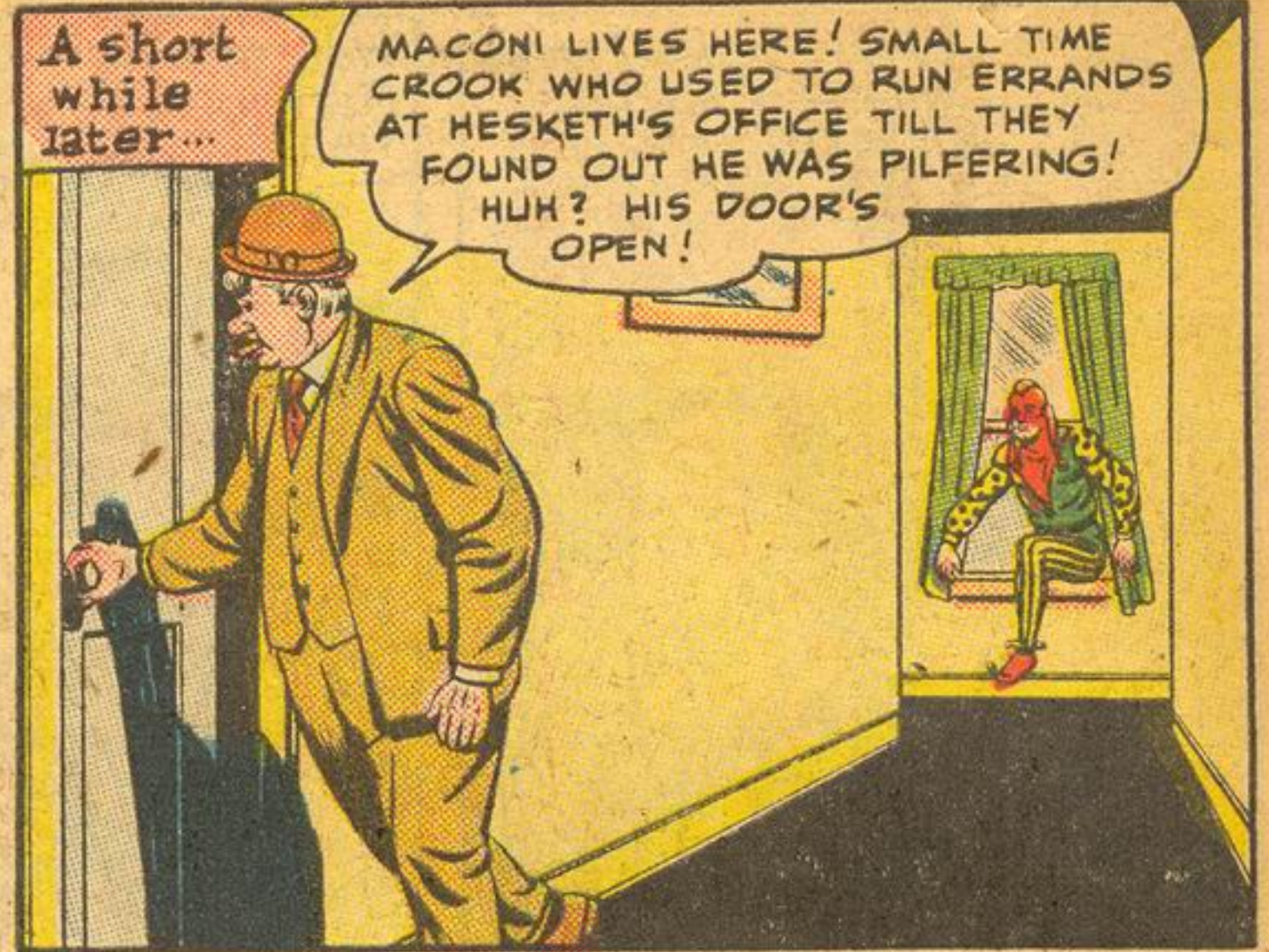
AND THE NOTE I GAVE YOU TELLS WHAT THAT MAY MEAN!



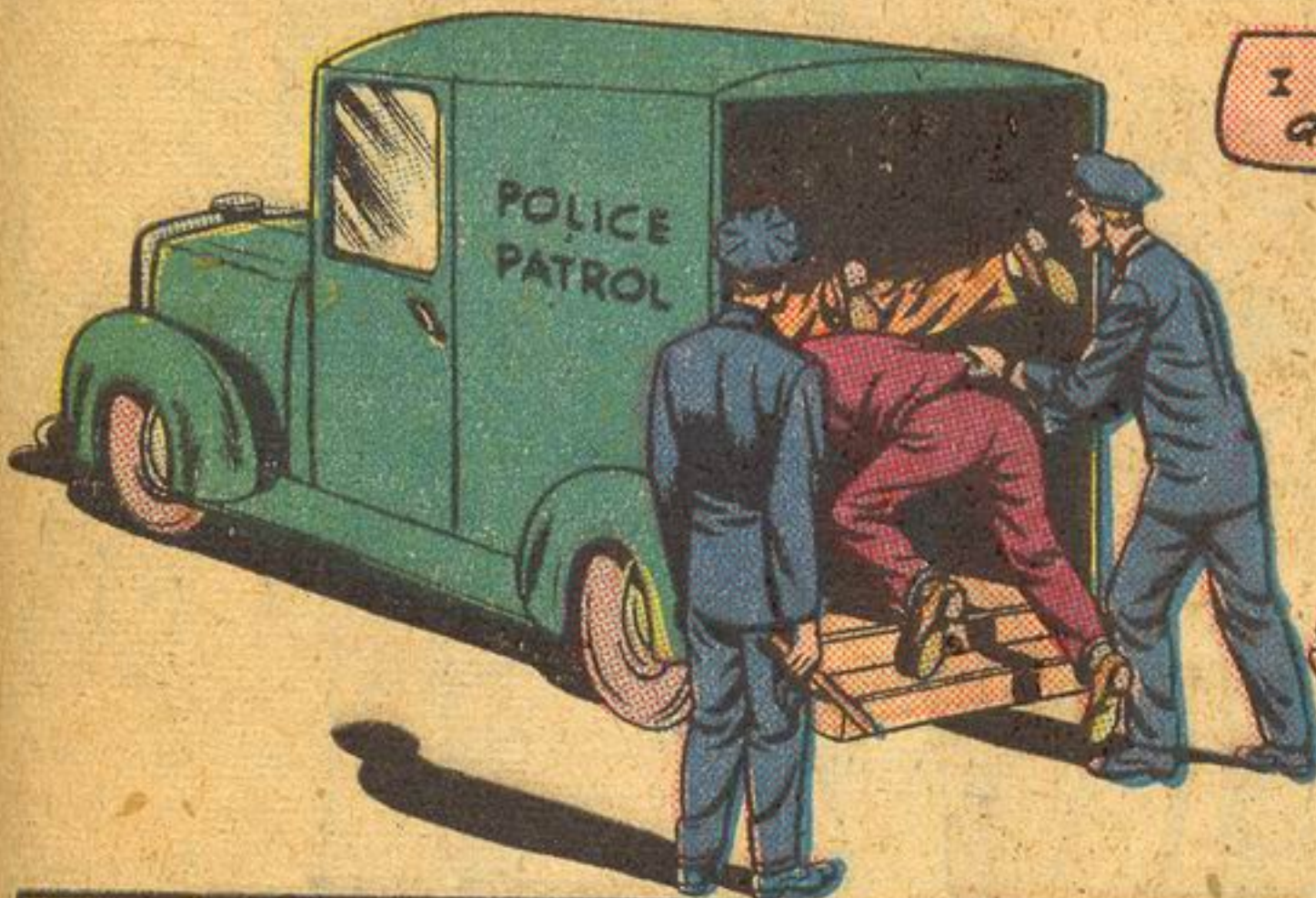
THAT SECRET SAFE WOULD BE KNOWN ONLY TO A CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE! IT'S SOME KIND OF INSIDE JOB! RIGHT?

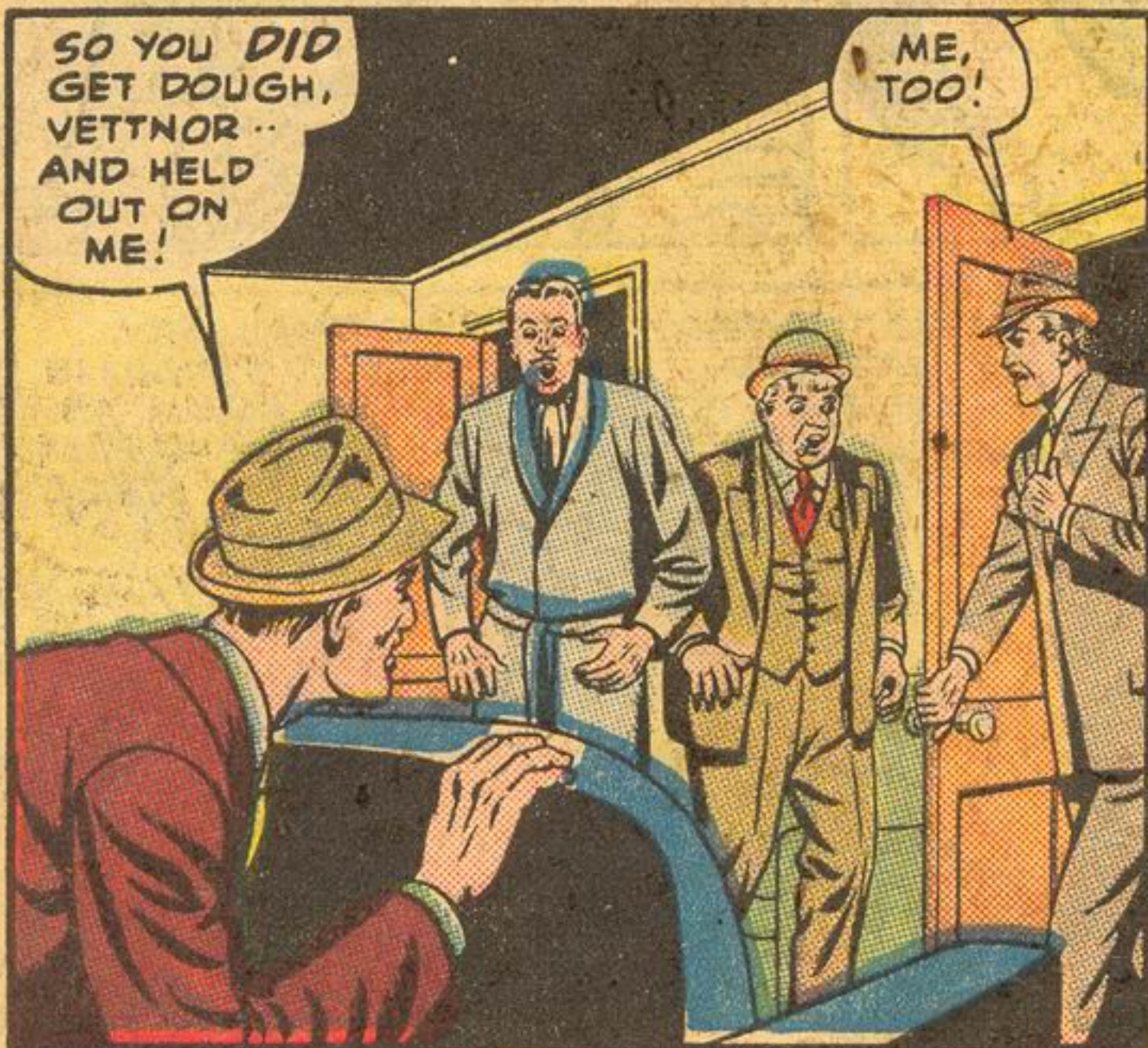
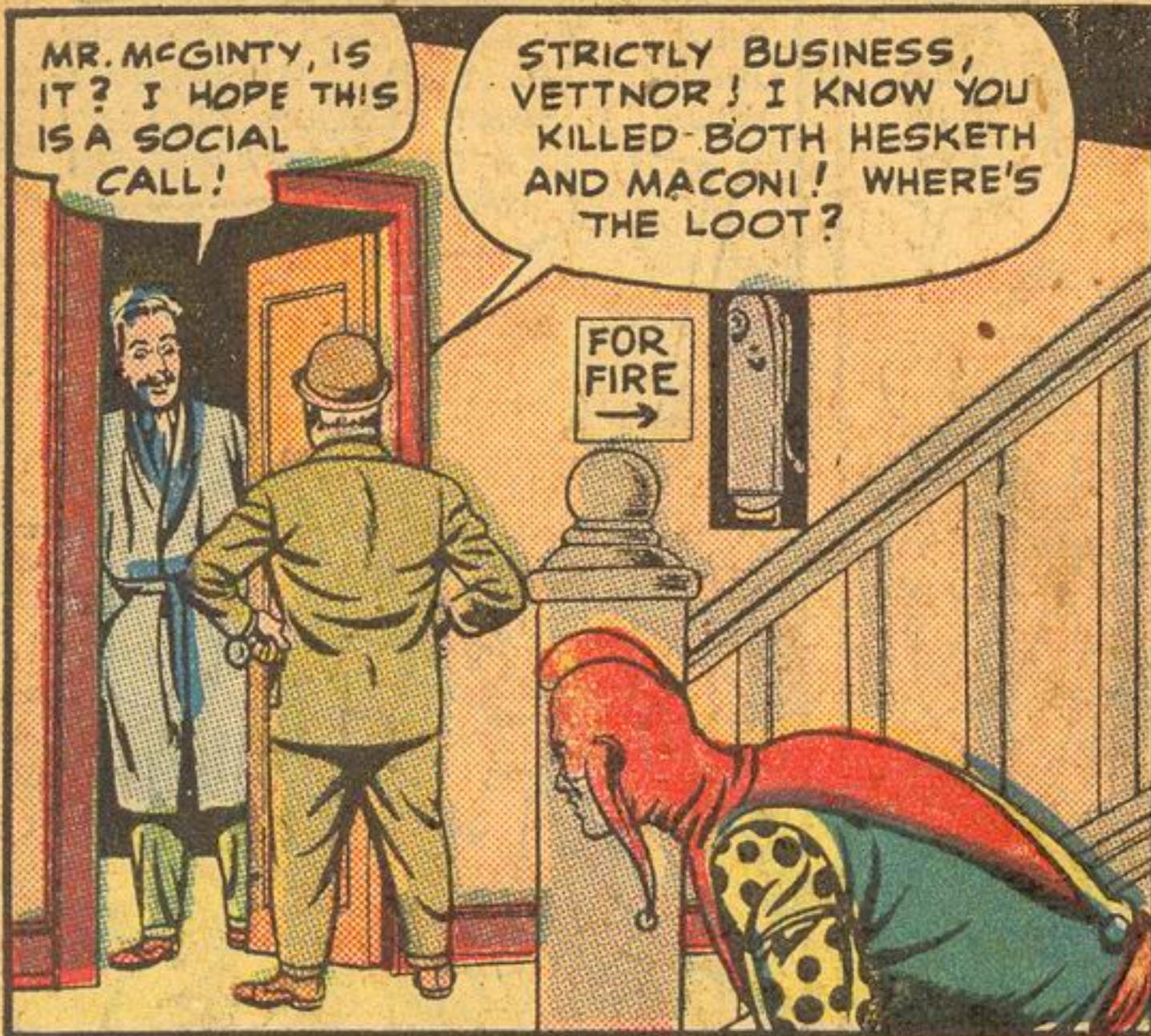
BUT WHY DIDN'T THE KILLER ROB HESKETH'S BODY AND DESK? IT'S SCREWY!

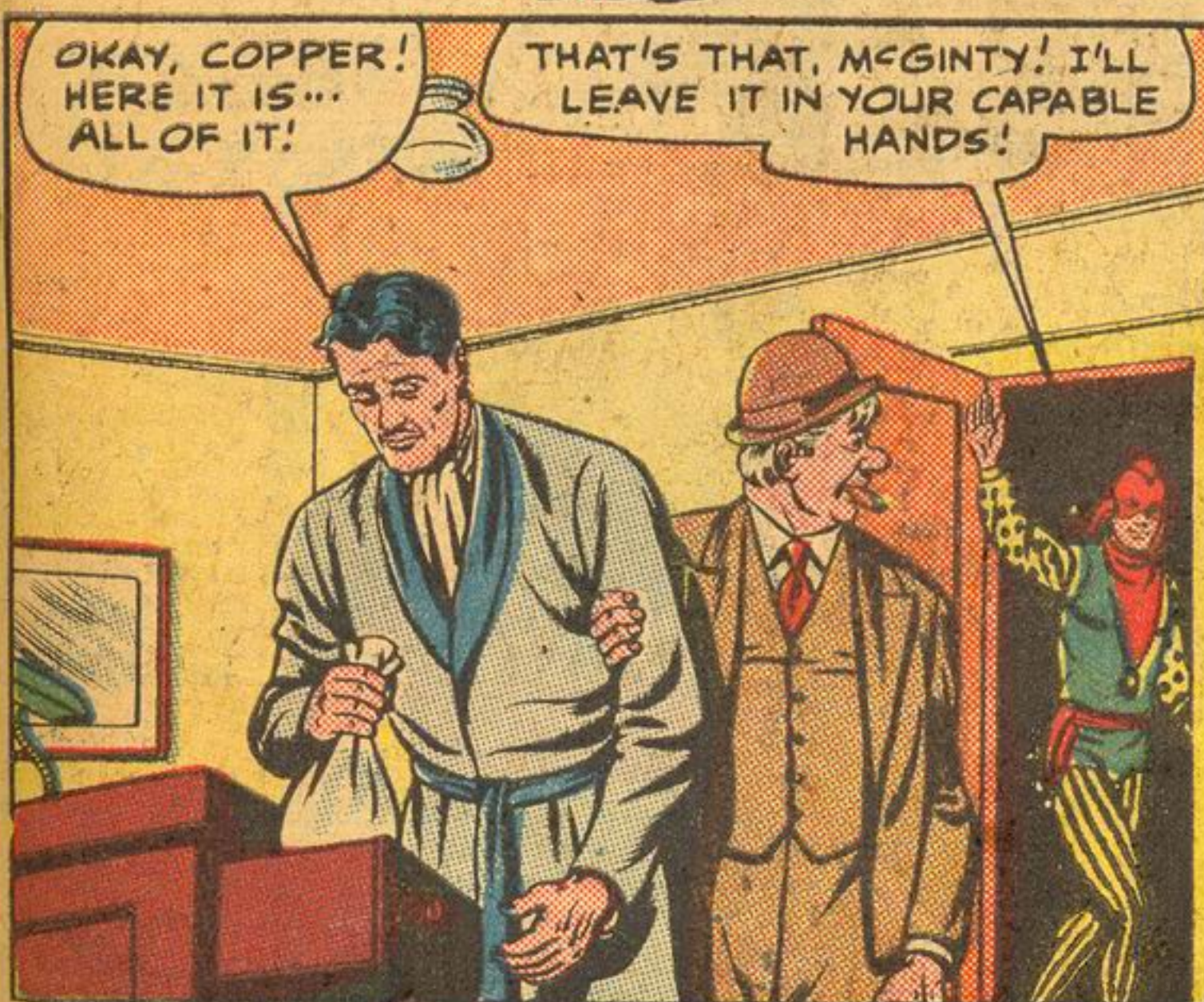
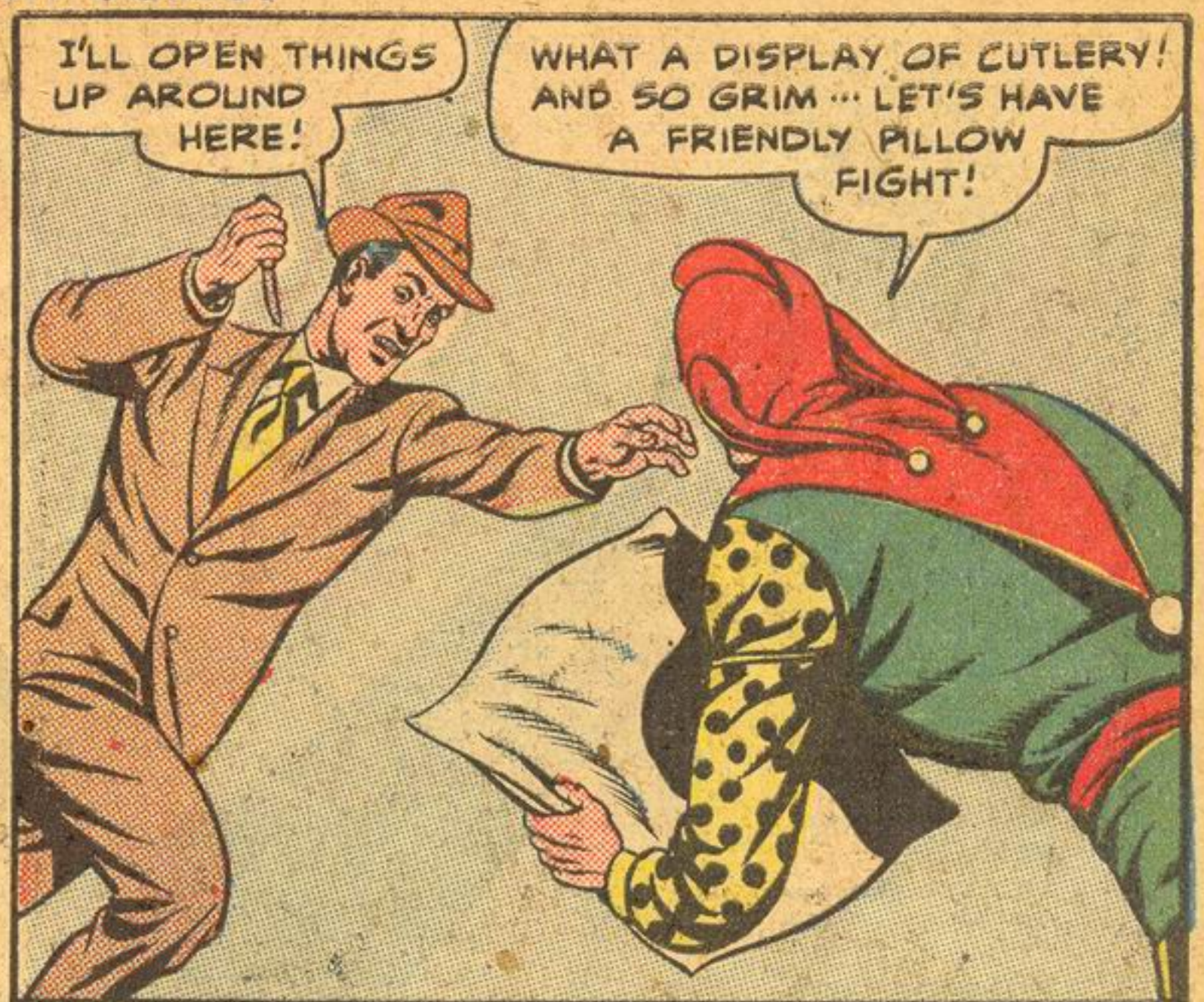




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Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

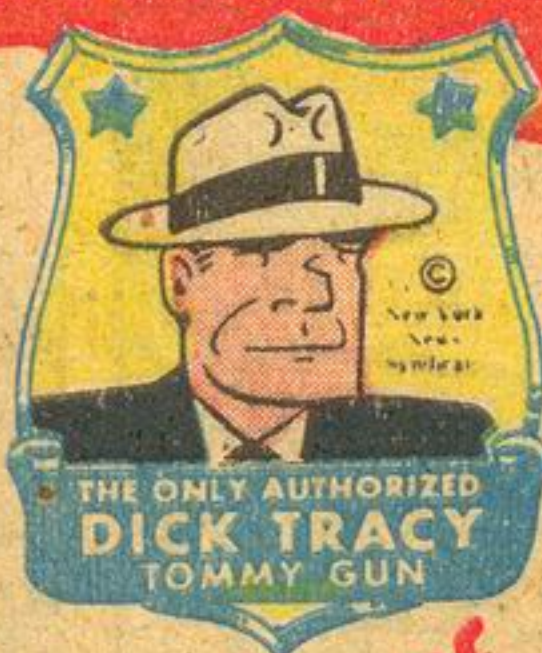
Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

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\$3.79
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FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT
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TRIGGER
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Much
larger
than pic-
tured herel
Actually
over 20
inches
long

A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
**SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son JUNIOR**

GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28!"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!

WHAT'S
THIS?

MEANWHILE "X-28" SON JUNIOR HEARS
VOICES INSIDE AND LOOKS THROUGH EYEDOLE
REACH FOR THE CEILING
FELLAS. I'LL
SHOOT THE
FIRST GUY
WHO MOVES

OKAY, KID. ONLY BE
CAREFUL WITH THAT
THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!

HURRY, OPERATOR SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY

I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR, THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING

IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME
IT LOOKS SO
MUCH LIKE THE
REAL THING, IT
FOOLS MOST
PEOPLE

YOU MEAN
TO SAY THAT
TOMMY GUN
ISN'T REAL?
WHY, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

YES, KIDS,
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
IT EITHER. AND
IMAGINE... YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
Mail the Coupon Now!

PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-136
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Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

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- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid. No C.O.D.'s.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

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**MAIL HANDY
COUPON NOW**



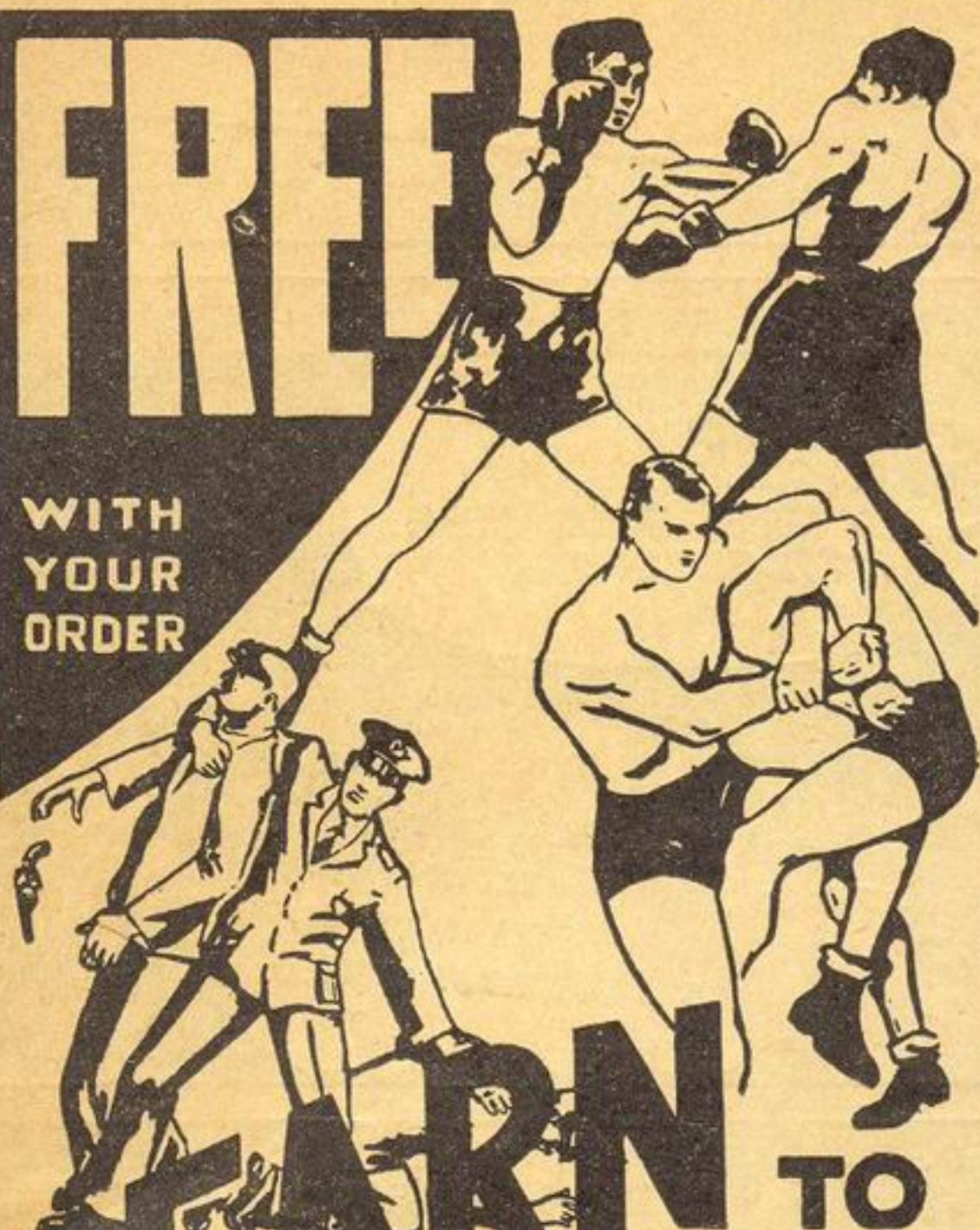
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It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

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— SORRY NO C. O. D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A. —

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

...and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express



THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

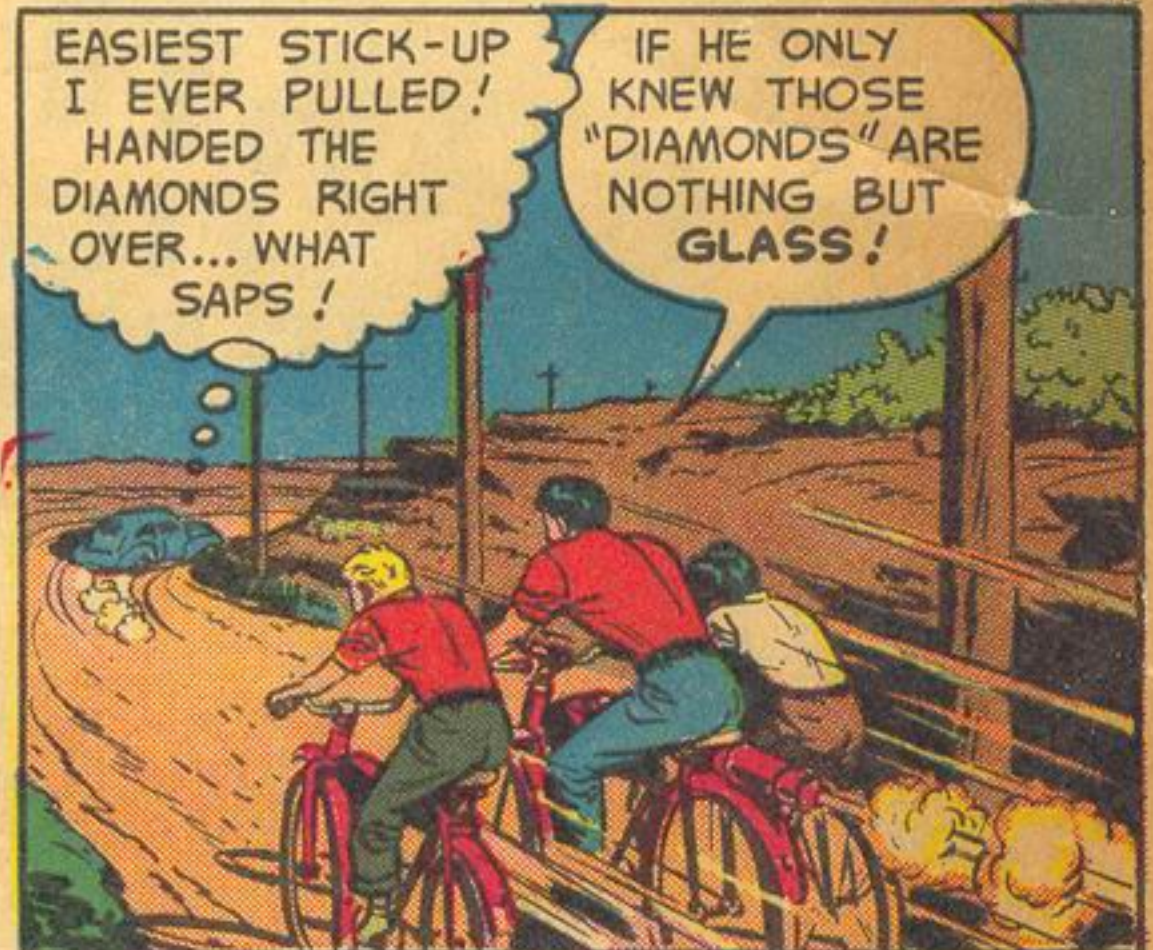
ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.



AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...

EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!



SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...

LATER...

YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!



FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!



"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL



HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

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